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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

THE

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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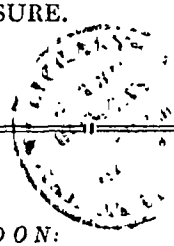
CONTAINING

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.



LONDON:

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1803.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

* MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.] The ſtory is taken from Arioſto, *Orl. Fur.* B. V. POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the ſtory of this play is to be found in the fifth Book of the *Orlando Furioſo*. In Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. iv. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of Bandello, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends have made their appearance in an Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt mentioned, viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

Arioſto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but I ſuſpect our poet to have been ſatisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (ſays Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *Engliſh* verſe ſome few years paſt, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Arioſto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. FARMER.

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don John, *his baſtard brother.*
Claudio, *a young lord of* Florence, *favourite to* *Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young lord of* Padua, *favourite likewiſe of Don* Pedro.
Leonato, *governor of* Meſſina.
Antonio, *his brother.*
Balthazar, *ſervant to Don* Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } *followers of Don* John.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh officers,*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula. } *gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Meſſengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO,[1] BEATRICE, *and others, with a* Meſſenger.

LEON. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Meſſina.

MESS. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEON. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

[1] *Innogen,* (the mother of Hero,) in the old quarto that I have ſeen of this play, printed in 1600, is mentioned to enter in two ſeveral ſcenes. The ſucceeding editions have all continued her name in the *Dramatis Perſonæ.* But I have ventured to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the play; no one ſpeech addreſſed to her, nor one ſyllable ſpoken by her. Neither is there any one paſſage, from which we have any reaſon to determine that Hero's mother was living. It ſeems as if the poet had in his firſt plan deſigned ſuch a character: which, on a ſurvey of it, he found would be ſuperfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

The name of Hero's mother occurs alſo in the firſt folio: "Enter Leonato governor of Meſſina, *Innogen his wife,*" &c. STEEVENS.

Mess. But few of any ſort,[2] and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhow itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.[3]

[2] ——*of any* ſort,] *Sort* is rank, diſtinction. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 16th Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"A ſhip, and in her many a man of *ſort*."

I incline, however, to Mr. M. Maſon's eaſier explanation. Of any *ſort*, ſays he, means of any kind whatſoever. *There were but few killed of any kind, and none of rank.* Steevens.

[3] ——*joy could not ſhow itſelf* modeſt *enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*] This is judiciouſly expreſſed. Of all the tranſports of joy, that which is attended with tears is leaſt offenſive; becauſe, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that uſually attends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a *modeſt* joy, ſuch a one as did not inſult the obſerver by an indication of happineſs unmixed with pain. Warburton.

A ſomewhat ſimilar expreſſion occurs in Chapman's verſion of the 10th Book of the *Odyſſey*:

"——our eyes wore
"The ſame wet *badge* of weak humanity."

This is an idea which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

"——my plenteous joys,
"Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
"In drops of ſorrow." Steevens.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great meaſure.[4]

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer[5] than thoſe that are ſo waſhed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is ſignior Montanto returned[6] from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.[7]

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleaſant as ever he was.

A *badge* being the diſtinguiſhing *mark* worn in our author's time by the ſervants of noblemen, &c. on the ſleeve of their liveries, with his uſual licence he employs the word to ſignify a *mark* or *token* in general. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Their hands and faces were all *badg'd* with blood."

MALONE.

[4] *In great meaſure.*] i. e. in abundance. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*no faces* truer—] That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*is ſignior* Montanto *returned*—] *Montante*, in Spaniſh, is a *huge two-handed ſword*, [a title] given, with much humour, to one [whom] the ſpeaker would repreſent as a boaſter or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-ſchool. So, in *Every Man in his Humour:* "—your punto, your reverſo, your ſtoccata, your imbrocata, your paſſada, your *montanto*," &c. Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"——thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy *montánt*."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*there was none ſuch in the army of any* ſort.] Not meaning there was none ſuch of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none ſuch of *any quality above the common.* WARBURTON.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in Meſſina,[8] and challenged cupid at the flight:[9] and my uncle's

[8] *He ſet up his bills* &c.] So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Shift ſays:

"This is rare, I have *ſet up* my *bills* without diſcovery."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"I have bought foils already, *ſet up bills*,
"Hung up my two-hand ſword," &c.

Again, in Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596:

"——*ſetting up bills*, like a bearward or fencer, what fights we ſhall have, and what weapons ſhe will meet me at."

The following account of one of theſe challenges, taken from an ancient MS. of which further mention is made in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. i. may not be unacceptable to the inquiſitive reader. "Item a challenge playde before the King's majeſtie (Edward VI.) at Weſtminſter, by three maiſters, Willyam Paſcall, Robert Greene, and W. Browne, at ſeven kynde of weapons. That is to ſay, the axe, the pike, the rapier and target, the rapier and cloke, and with two ſwords, agaynſt all alyens and ſtrangers being borne without the King's dominions, of what countrie ſo ever he or they were, geving them warninge by theyr *bills ſet up* by the three maiſters, the ſpace of eight weeks before the ſayd challenge was playde; and it was holden four ſeverall Sundayes one after another." It appears from the ſame work, that all challenges "to any maiſter within the realme of Englande being an Engliſhe man," were againſt the ſtatutes of the "Noble Science of Defence."

Beatrice means, that Benedick publiſhed a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. Steevens.

[9] ——*challenged Cupid at the* flight:] *Flight* (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me) does not here mean an *arrow*, but a ſort of ſhooting called *roving*, or ſhooting at long lengths. The arrows uſed at this ſport are called *flight*-arrows; as were thoſe uſed in battle for great diſtances. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"——not the quick rack ſwifter;
"The virgin from the hated raviſher
"Not half ſo fearful: not a *flight* drawn home,
"A round ſtone from a ſling,—."

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*, 1617:

"We have tied our geldings to a tree, two *flight-ſhot* off."

Again, in Middleton's *Game of Cheſs*:

"Who, as they ſay, diſcharg'd it like a *flight*."

fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[1]—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in theſe wars?

Again, in *The Entertainment at Cauſome Houſe*, &c. 1613:

" ——it being from the park about two *flight-ſhots* in length."

Again, in *The Civil Wars of Daniel*, B. VIII. ſt. 15:

" ——and aſſign'd
" The archers their *flight*-ſhafts to ſhoot away;
" Which th' adverſe ſide (with ſleet and dimneſs blind,
" Miſtaken in the diſtance of the way,)
" Anſwer with their *ſheaf-arrows*, that came ſhort
" Of their intended aim, and did no hurt."

Holinſhed makes the ſame diſtinction in his account of the ſame occurrence, and adds, that theſe *flights* were provided on purpoſe. Again, in Holinſhed, p. 649: "He cauſed the ſoldiers to ſhoot their *flights* towards the lord Audlies company."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that the length of a *flight-ſhot* ſeems aſcertained by a paſſage in Leland's *Itinerary*, 1769, Vol. IV. p. 44: "The paſſage into it at ful ſe is a *flite-ſhot* over, as much as the Tamiſe is above the bridge." It were eaſy to know the length of London-bridge, and Stowe's *Survey* may inform the curious reader whether the river has been narrowed by embanking ſince the days of Leland.

Mr. Douce, however, obſerves, that as the length of the ſhot depended on the ſtrength and ſkill of the archer, nothing can with certainty be determined by the paſſage quoted from Leland.

STEEVENS.

The *flight* was an arrow of a particular kind: In the Harleian Catalogue of MSS. Vol. I. n. 69, is "a challenge of the lady *Maiee's* ſervants to all comers, to be performed at *Greenwiche*—to ſhoot ſtandart arrow, or *flight*." I find the title-page of an old pamphlet ſtill more explicit—"A new *poſt*—a marke exceeding neceſſary for all men's arrows: whether the great man's *flight*, the gallant's *rover*, the wife man's *pricke-ſhaft*, the poor man's *but-ſhaft*, or the fool's *bird-bolt*." FARMER.

[1] ——*at the* bird-bolt.] The *bird-bolt* is a ſhort thick arrow without a point, and ſpreading at the extremity ſo much, as to leave a flat ſurface, about the breadth of a ſhilling. Such are to this day in uſe to kill rooks with, and are ſhot from a croſs-bow. So, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

" ——ignorance ſhould ſhoot
" His groſs-knobb'd *bird bolt*—."

But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promiſed to eat all of his killing.[2]

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,[3] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good ſervice, lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Mess. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" —— Cupid,
" Pox of his *bird-bolt!* Venus,
" Speak to thy boy to fetch his *arrow* back,
" Or ſtrike her with a *ſharp one!*" Steevens.

The meaning of the whole is—Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are uſed). In other words, he challenged him *to ſhoot at hearts*. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to ſhoot at crows with the croſs-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery uſed by fools, who, for obvious reaſons, were not permitted to ſhoot with pointed arrows: Whence the proverb—" A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot." Douce.

[2] *I promiſed to eat all of his killing.*] So in *King Henry V:*

" *Ram.* He longs to eat the Engliſh.
" *Con.* I think, he will eat all he kills." Steevens.

[3] —— *he'll be* meet *with you,*] This is a very common expreſſion in the midland counties, and ſignifies, *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you.*

So, in TEXNOΓAMIA, by B. Holiday, 1618:

" Go meet her, or elſe ſhe'll *be meet* with me."

Chapman has nearly the ſame phraſe in his verſion of the 22d *Iliad:*

" —— when—
" Paris and Phœbus *meet with thee*—." Steevens.

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuffed with all honourable virtues.[4]

Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuffed man: but for the ſtuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.[5]

Leon. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits[6] went halting off,

[4] ——ſtuffed *with all honourable virtues.*] *Stuffed,* in this firſt inſtance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards obſerves, that Mede, in his *Diſcourſes on Scripture,* ſpeaking of Adam, ſays, "—he whom God had *ſtuffed* with ſo many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——whom you know
"Of *ſtuff'd* ſufficiency."

Un homme bien *etoffé,* ſignifies, in French, *a man in good circumſtances.*" Steevens.

[5] ——*he is no leſs than a* ſtuffed *man: but for the* ſtuffing,—*Well, we are all mortal.*] Mr. Theobald plumed himſelf much on the pointing of this paſſage; which, by the way, he might learn from D'Avenant: but he ſays not a word, nor any one elſe that I know of, about the reaſon of this abruption. The truth is, Beatrice ſtarts an idea at the words *ſtuffed man*; and prudently checks herſelf in the purſuit of it. A *ſtuffed man* was one of the many cant phraſes for a *cuckold.* In Lyly's *Midas,* we have an inventory of *Motto's moveables:* "Item, ſays Petulus, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *bed's head.*—The *beaſt's* head, obſerves Licio; for *Motto is ſtuff'd in the head,* and theſe are among *unmoveable goods.*" Farmer.

[6] ——*four of his five* wits—] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So, *Davies on the Soul:*

"*Wit,* ſeeking truth, from cauſe to cauſe aſcends,
"And never reſts till it the firſt attain;
"*Will,* ſeeking good, finds many middle ends,
"But never ſtays till it the laſt do gain."

and now is the whole man governed with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; [7] for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn brother.[8]

Mess. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he wears his faith [9]

And, in another part:

" But if a phrenzy do poſſeſs the brain,
" It ſo diſturbs and blots the forms of things,
" As fantaſy proves altogether vain,
" And to the *wit* no true relation brings.
" Then doth the *wit*, admitting all for true,
" Build fond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds—."

The *wits* ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*if he have* wit enough to keep himſelf warm, *let him bear it for a* difference &c.] *Such a one has wit enough to keep himſelf warm*, is a proverbial expreſſion.

So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

" *Wit* kept by *warmth*."
" Thou art wiſe inough, if thou *keepe thee warme*,
" But the leaſt colde that cumth, kilth thy wit by harme."

Again, in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogsden*, 1638: " You are the wiſe woman, are you? and have *wit to keep yourſelf warm* enough, I warrant you." Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " —your whole ſelf cannot but be perfectly wiſe; for your hands have *wit enough to keep themſelves warm*."

To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſays:

" ——you may wear your rue with a *difference*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſworn brother.*] i. e. one with whom he hath *ſworn* (as was anciently the cuſtom among adventurers) to ſhare fortunes. See Mr. Whalley's note on—" we'll be all three *ſworn-brothers* to France," in *King Henry V.* Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*he wears his* faith—] Not religious profeſſion, but *profeſſion of friendſhip*; for the ſpeaker gives it as the reaſon of

but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.[1]

Mess. I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[2]

her aſking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new ſworn brother.* Warburton.

[1] ——*with the next* block.] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"Of what faſhion is this knight's wit? of what *block?*"

See a note on *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi.

The old writers ſometimes uſe the word *block*, for the hat itſelf. Steevens.

[2] ——*the gentleman is not* in your books.] This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books is to be in one's* codicils or will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies.* Johnson.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting books of the preſent age. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II. 1630:

"I am ſure her name was in my *table-book* once."

Or, perhaps the alluſion is to matriculation at the Univerſity. So, in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630:

"You muſt be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiæ.*"

Again: "What have you enrolled him in *albo?* Have you fully admitted him into the ſociety?—to be a member of the body academic?"

Again: "And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted into ſome of their *books*, let," &c.

And yet I think the following paſſage in *The Maid's Revenge*, by Shirley, 1639, will ſufficiently ſupport my firſt ſuppoſition:

"Pox of your compliment, you were beſt not write in her *table-books.*"

It appears to have been anciently the cuſtom to *chronicle the ſmall beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domeſtic, in *table-books.*

So, in the play laſt quoted:

"Devolve itſelf!—that word is not in my *table-books.*"

Hamlet likewiſe has,—"my *tables*," &c.

Again, in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"——Campeius!—Babylon

"His name hath *in her tables.*"

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer[3] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"We weyl haunſe thee, or ſet thy name into our *felowſhip boke*, with clappynge of handes," &c.

I know not exactly to what cuſtom this laſt quoted paſſage refers, unleſs to the *album*; for juſt after, the ſame expreſſion occurs again: that "—from henceforthe thou may'ſt have a place worthy for thee in our *whyte*: from hence thou may'ſt have thy name written in our *boke*."

It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in *The Taming of a Shrew*, that this phraſe might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me *in thy books!*"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 847, may be the beſt illuſtration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradſham, Gent. the owner of this book:

"Some write their fantaſies in verſe
"*In theire bookes* where they friendſhippe ſhewe,
"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearſe
"The great good will that they do owe," &c.

STEEVENS.

This phraſe has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the liſt of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandeville tells us, "alle the mynſtrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houſhold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

A *ſervant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, ſynonymous. Hence perhaps the phraſe—*to be in a perſon's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*.

MALONE.

There is a MS. of Lord Burleigh's, in the Marquis of Lanſdowne's library, wherein, among many other houſehold concerns, he has entered the names of all his ſervants, &c. DOUCE.

[3] —— *young* ſquarer—] A *ſquarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelſome fellow, for in this ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes the word to *ſquare*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, it is ſaid of Oberon and Titania, that *they never meet but they* ſquare. So the ſenſe may be, *Is there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON.

Mess. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, *attended by* Balthazar *and others, Don* John, Claudio, *and* Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good ſignior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge[4] too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

[4] ——*your* charge—] That is, your *burden*, your *incumbrance*. Johnson.

Charge does not mean, as Dr. Johnſon explains it, *burden, incumbrance*, but "the perſon committed to your care." So it is uſed in the relationſhip between guardian and ward. Douce.

Bene. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:[5]—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If ſignior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders, for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick?[6] Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your hu-

[5] ——*fathers herſelf:*] This phraſe is common in Dorſetſhire: "Jack *fathers* himſelf;" i. e. is like his father. Steevens.

[6] *Is it poſſible,* diſdain *ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick?*] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus,* Act II. ſc. i:

"Our very prieſts muſt become *mockers,* if they encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are." Steevens.

mour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; and ſo good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—ſignior Claudio, and ſignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: [7] I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

[7] *I thank you:*] The poet has judiciouſly marked the gloomineſs of Don John's character, by making him averſe to the common forms of civility. Sir J. Hawkins.

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment; or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkeſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likeſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack;[8] to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder,

[8] ——*the flouting* Jack;] *Jack*, in our author's time, I know, not why, was a term of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act III:

"——the prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"——raſcal fidler,

"And twangling *Jack*, with twenty ſuch vile terms," &c.

and Vulcan a rare carpenter? [9] Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong? [1]

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee

See in Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "A *Jack* ſauce, or ſaucie *Jack*." See alſo Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, ver. 14,816, and the note, edit. Tyrwhitt. Malone.

[9] ——*to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, &c.] I know not whether I conceive the jeſt here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick aſks, whether he is ſerious, or whether he only means to jeſt, and to tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praiſing a pretty lady in jeſt, may ſhow the quick ſight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?* Johnson.

I believe no more is meant by thoſe ludicrous expreſſions than this.—Do you mean, ſays Benedick, to amuſe us with improbable ſtories?

An ingenious correſpondent, whoſe ſignature is R. W. explains the paſſage in the ſame ſenſe, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not conſume what is combuſtible?" for both theſe propoſitions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter.* In other words, *would you convince me, whoſe opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being ſcorched?* Steevens.

I explain the paſſage thus: *Do you ſcoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-ſight; and that Vulcan, a blackſmith, is a rare carpenter?* Tollet.

After ſuch attempts at decent illuſtration, I am afraid that he who wiſhes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, muſt diſcover it by the aſſiſtance of many quibbling alluſions of the ſame ſort, about *hair* and *hoar*, in Mercutio's ſong in the ſecond Act of *Romeo and Juliet.* Collins.

[1] ——to go *in the ſong?*] i. e. to join with you in your ſong—to ſtrike in with you in the ſong. Steevens.

no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſſed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband; have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion?[2] Shall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays.[3] Look, Don Pedro is returned to ſeek you.

[2] ——*wear his* cap *with ſuſpicion?*] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy. Johnson.

In Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, p. 233, we have the following paſſage: "All they that *weare hornes* be pardoned to weare their *cappes* upon their heads." Henderson.

In our author's time none but the inferior claſſes wore caps, and ſuch perſons were termed in contempt *flat-caps*. All gentlemen wore *hats*. Perhaps therefore the meaning is,—Is there not one man in the world prudent enough to keep out of that ſtate where he muſt live in apprehenſion that his *night-cap* will be worn occaſionally by another? So, in *Othello*:

"For I *fear* Caſſio with my *night-cap* too." Malone.

If this remark on the diſuſe of *caps* among people of higher rank be accurate, Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, and other worthies of the court of Elizabeth, have been injuriouſly treated; for the painters of their time exhibit ſeveral of them with *caps* on their heads.—It ſhould be remembered that there was a material diſtinction between the *plain ſtatute-caps* of citizens, and the *ornamented ones* worn by gentlemen. Steevens.

[3] ——*ſigh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. Warburton.

I canot find this *proverbial* expreſſion in any ancient book whatever. I am apt to believe that the learned commentator

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance: —He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how ſhort his anſwer is:— With Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.[4]

has miſtaken the drift of it, and that it moſt probably alludes to the ſtrict manner in which the Sabbath was obſerved by the *Puritans*, who uſually ſpent that day in *ſighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

[4] Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.*] This and the three next ſpeeches I do not well underſtand; there ſeems ſomething omitted relating to Hero's conſent, or to Claudio's marriage, elſe I know not what Claudio can wiſh *not to be otherwiſe*. The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus:

Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it.*

Bene. *Uttered like the old tale*, &c.

Claudio gives a ſullen anſwer, *if it is ſo, ſo it is*. Still there ſeems ſomething omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wiſhing. JOHNSON.

Claudio, evading at firſt a confeſſion of his paſſion, ſays, if I had really confided ſuch a ſecret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next ſpeech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick ſays, *God forbid it ſhould be ſo*, i. e. God forbid he ſhould even wiſh to marry her,— Claudio replies, God forbid I ſhould not wiſh it. STEEVENS.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpoke mine.[5]

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

D. Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.[6]

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat

[5] ——*I* ſpoke *mine.*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—"I *ſpeak* mine." But the former is right. Benedick means, that he *ſpoke* his mind when he ſaid—"God forbid it ſhould be ſo;" i. e. that Claudio ſhould be in love, and marry in conſequence of his paſſion. Steevens.

[6] ——*but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the ſchools. Warburton.

winded in my forehead,[7] or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,[8] all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

[7] ——*but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead.*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.* A *recheate* is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakspeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold: his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Return from Parnassus:* "When you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then you must sound three notes, with three winds; and *recheat,* mark you, sir, upon the same three winds."

"Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the *recheat* before, so now you must sound the relief three times."

Again, in *The Book of Huntynge,* &c. b. l. no date: "Blow the whole *rechate* with three wyndes, the first wynde one longe and six shorte. The second wynde two shorte and one longe. The thred wynde one longe and two shorte."

Among Bagford's Collections relative to Typography, in the British Museum, 1044, II. C. is an engraved half sheet, containing the ancient Hunting Notes of England, &c. Among these, I find, Single, Double, and Treble *Recheats,* Running *Recheat,* Warbling *Recheat,* another *Recheat* with the tongue very hard, another smoother *Recheat,* and another warbling *Recheat.* The musical notes are affixed to them all. STEEVENS.

A *recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent: from the old French word *recet,* which was used in the same sense as *retraite.* HANMER.

[8] ——*hang my* bugle *in an invisible baldrick,*] *Bugle,* i. e. bugle-horn, hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compelled to carry a horn on my forehead where there is nothing visible to support it. So, in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boisteau's *Theatrum Mundi,* &c. bl. l. no date: "Beholde the hazard wherin thou art (sayth William de la Perriere) that thy round head become not forked, which were a fearfull sight *if it were visible and apparent.*"

It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets.* STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe, for the ſign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[9]

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[1]

[9] ——*notable argument.*] An eminent ſubject for ſatire. Johnson.

[1] ——*in a bottle like a cat,*] As to *the cat and bottle,* I can procure no better information than the following:

In ſome counties in England, a cat was formerly cloſed up with a quantity of ſoot in a wooden bottle, (ſuch as that in which ſhepherds carry their liquor,) and was ſuſpended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to eſcape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diverſion.

Again, in *Warres, or the Peace is broken,* bl. l: "—arrowes flew faſter than they did at a *catte in a baſket,* when Prince Arthur, or the Duke of Shordich, ſtrucke up the drumme in the field."

In a Poem, however, called *Cornu-copiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or an Antidote to the Head-ache,* 1623, p. 48, the following paſſage occurs:

"Fairer than any ſtake in Greys-inn field, &c.
"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
"Of bow-men bold, which *at a cat do ſhoot.*"

Again, *ibid:*

"Nor at the top a *cat-a-mount* was fram'd,
"Or ſome wilde beaſt that ne'er before was tam'd;
"Made at the charges of ſome archer ſtout,
"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

The foregoing quotations may ſerve to throw ſome light on Benedick's alluſion. They prove, however, that it was the cuſtom to ſhoot at factitious as well as real cats. Steevens.

and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the ſhoulder, and called Adam.[2]

D. Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:
In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.[3]

This practice is ſtill kept up at Kelſo, in Scotland, where it is called—*Cat-in-barrel.* See a deſcription of the whole ceremony in a little account of the town of Kelſo, publiſhed in 1789, by one Ebenezer Lazarus, a ſilly Methodiſt, who has interlarded his book with ſcraps of pious and other poetry. Speaking of this ſport, he ſays:

"The *cat in the barrel* exhibits ſuch a farce,
"That he who can reliſh it is worſe than an aſs."

Douce.

[2] ——*and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the ſhoulder, and called* Adam.] But why ſhould he therefore be called *Adam?* Perhaps, by a quotation or two we may be able to trace the poet's alluſion here. In *Law-Tricks,* or, *Who would have thought it,* (a comedy written by John Day, and printed in 1608,) I find this ſpeech: "Adam Bell, a ſubſtantial outlaw, and a paſſing good *archer,* yet no tobacconiſt." By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of reputation for his ſkill at the bow. I find him again mentioned in a burleſque poem of Sir William D'Avenant's, called *The long Vacation in London.* Theobald.

Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wyllyam of Cloudeſle, were, ſays Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whoſe ſkill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood, not far from Carliſle. At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballads on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood,* makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. See *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry,* Vol. I. p. 143, where the ballad on theſe celebrated outlaws is preſerved.

Steevens.

[3] *In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is from *The Spaniſh Tragedy,* or *Hieronymo,* &c. and occurs alſo, with a ſlight variation, in Watſon's Sonnets, 4to. bl. l. printed in 1581. See note on the laſt edition of Dodſley's *Old Plays,* Vol. XII. p. 387. Steevens.

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in Venice,[4] thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my houſe, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The ſixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with frag-

The Spaniſh Tragedy was printed and acted before 1593. Malone.

It may be proved that *The Spaniſh Tragedy* had at leaſt been written before 1592. Steevens.

[4] ——*if Cupid have not ſpent all his quiver in* Venice,] All modern writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. Warburton.

ments,[5] and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,[6] examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.

[5] ——guarded *with fragments,*] *Guards* were ornamental lace or borders. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— give him a livery "

" More *guarded* than his fellows."

Again, in *Henry IV.* Part I:

" —— velvet *guards,* and Sunday citizens." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ere you flout* old ends *&c.*] *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh yourſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think, is the meaning; or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms do not touch yourſelf.* JOHNSON.

The ridicule here is to the formal concluſions of Epiſtles dedicatory and Letters. Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the firſt edition of *Palingenius,* 12mo. 1560: " And thus *committyng* your Ladiſhip with all yours to the *tuicion* of the moſte merciſull *God,* I ende. From Staple Inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March." The practice had however become obſolete in Shakſpeare's time. In *A Poſie with a Packet of mad Letters,* by Nicholas Breton, 4to. 1607, I find a letter ending in this manner, entitled, " A letter to laugh at after the *old faſhion* of love to a Maide." REED.

Dr. Johnſon's latter explanation is, I believe, the true one. By *old ends* the ſpeaker may mean the concluſion of letters commonly uſed in Shakſpeare's time: " From my houſe this ſixth of July," &c. So, in the concluſion of a letter which our author ſuppoſes Lucrece to write:

" So I *commend* me *from our houſe* in grief;

" My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

See *The Rape of Lucrece,* p. 547, edit. 1780, and the note there.

Old ends, however, may refer to the quotation that D. Pedro had made from *The Spaniſh Tragedy:* " Ere you attack me on the ſubject of love, with fragments of old plays, examine whether you are yourſelf free from its power." So, *King Richard:*

" With odd *old ends,* ſtol'n forth of holy writ."

This kind of concluſion to letters was not obſolete in our author's time, as has been ſuggeſted. Michael Drayton concludes one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, thus:

Claud. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!

"And ſo wiſhing you all happineſs, *I commend you to God's tuition,* and reſt your aſſured friend." So alſo Lord Saliſbury concludes a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, April 7th, 1610: "And ſo I commit you to God's protection."
Winwood's *Memorials*, III. 147. Malone.

The practice might have become obſolete to the general though retained by certain individuals. An old faſhion has ſometimes a few ſolitary adherents, after it has been diſcarded from common uſe. Reed.

But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity:[7]
Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;[8]
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *The faireſt* grant *is the neceſſity:*] i. e. no one can have a better reaſon for granting a requeſt than the neceſſity of its being granted. Warburton.

Mr. Hayley with great acuteneſs propoſes to read:
"*The faireſt grant is* to *neceſſity*; i. e. neceſſitas quod cogit defendit." Steevens.

Theſe words cannot imply the ſenſe that Warburton contends for; but if we ſuppoſe that *grant* means *conceſſion*, the ſenſe is obvious; and that is no uncommon acceptation of that word.
M. Mason.

[8] —— 'tis once, *thou lov'ſt*;] This phraſe, with concomitant obſcurity, appears in other dramas of our author, viz. *The Merry Wives of Windſor, and King Henry VIII.* In *The Comedy of Errors*, it ſtands as follows:

"*Once this*—Your long experience of her wiſdom," &c.

Balthaſar is ſpeaking to the Epheſian Antipholis.

Once may therefore mean "*once* for all,"—"'tis enough to ſay at *once*." Steevens.

Once has here, I believe, the force of—*once for all.* So, in *Coriolanus*: "*Once*, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him." Malone.

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

LEON. How now, brother? Where is my couſin, your ſon? Hath he provided this muſick?

ANT. He is very buſy about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange news[9] that you yet dreamed not of.

LEON. Are they good?

ANT. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[1] in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince diſcovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

LEON. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

ANT. A good ſharp fellow: I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

[9] ——ſtrange *news*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio omits the epithet, which indeed is of little value. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a* thick-pleached *alley*—] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. So afterwards, Act III. ſc. i:

"——bid her ſteal into the *pleached bower.*"

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"——her hedges even-*pleach'd*—." STEEVENS.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several perſons croſs the ſtage.*] Couſins, you know[2] what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will uſe your ſkill:—Good couſins, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Con. What the goujere,[3] my lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

D. John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

[2] *Couſins,* you know—]—and afterwards,—*good couſins.*] *Couſins* were anciently enrolled among the dependants, if not the domeſticks, of great families, ſuch as that of Leonato.—Petruchio, while intent on the ſubjection of Katharine, calls out, in terms imperative, for his *couſin Ferdinand.* Steevens.

[3] *What the* goujere,] i. e. *morbus Gallicus.* The old copy corruptly reads, "good-year." The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *King Lear,* Act V. ſc. iii:

"The *goujeres* ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell."

See note on this paſſage. Steevens.

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſuſferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou ſay'ſt thou art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am:[4] I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend to no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.[5]

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

[4] *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[5] ——claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter. So, *the pope's claw-backs,* in Biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers.* The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Albion's England,* 1597, p. 125:

"The overweening of thy wits does make thy foes to ſmile,
"Thy friends to weepe, and *claw-backs* thee with ſoothings to beguile."

Again, in *Wylſon on Uſury,* 1571, p. 141: "—therefore I will *clawe* him, and ſaye well might he fare, and godds bleſſing have he too. For the more he ſpeaketh, the better it itcheth, and maketh better for me." REED.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace;[6] and it better fits my blood to be diſdained of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and enfranchiſed with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my

[6] *I had rather be a* canker *in a hedge, than a* roſe *in his grace;*] A *canker* is the *canker*-roſe, *dog-roſe, cynoſbatus,* or *hip.* The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expreſſion, *a roſe in his grace?* If he was a *roſe* of himſelf, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus: *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his* garden; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindneſs or cultivation. But a leſs change will be ſufficient: I think it ſhould be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe* by *his grace.* Johnson.

The *canker* is a term often ſubſtituted for the *canker-roſe.* Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs,* 1636, calls it the "*canker*-flower."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 54th Sonnet:

"The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die
"As the perfumed tincture of the *roſe.*"

I think no change is neceſſary. The ſenſe is,—I had rather be a neglected dog-roſe in a hedge, than a garden-flower of the ſame ſpecies, if it profited by his culture. Steevens.

The latter words are intended as an anſwer to what Conrade has juſt ſaid—"he hath ta'en you newly into his *grace,* where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true *root,*" &c. In *Macbeth* we have a kindred expreſſion:

"————Welcome hither:
"I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour
"To make thee full of *growing.*"

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"I'll *plant* Plantagenet, *root* him up who dares."

Malone.

cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

D. John. I make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only.[7] Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper ſquire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was ſmoking a muſty room,[8] comes me the prince and

[7] ——*for I uſe it* only.] i. e. for I make nothing elſe my counſellor. Steevens.

[8] ——*ſmoking a muſty room,*] The neglect of cleanlineſs among our anceſtors, rendered ſuch precautions too often neceſ-

Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference:[9] I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure,[1] and will aſſiſt me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ſary. In the Harleian Collection of MSS. No. 6850, fol. 90, in the Britiſh Muſeum, is a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Puckering's Steward, relative to Suffolk Place before Queen Elizabeth's viſit to it in 1594. The 15th article is—"The *ſwetyynge* of the houſe in all places by any means." Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 261: "—the ſmoake of juniper is in great requeſt with us at Oxford, to *ſweeten* our chambers." See alſo *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. iv. Steevens.

[9] ——*in* ſad *conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in future inſtances, ſignifies *ſerious*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "My father, and the gentlemen, are in *ſad* talk." Steevens.

[1] ——*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. So, in *Macbeth*: "Thou *ſure* and firm-ſet earth—." Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

LEON. Was not count John here at ſupper?

ANT. I ſaw him not.

BEAT. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.[2]

HERO. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

BEAT. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

LEON. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

BEAT. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

LEON. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

ANT. In faith, ſhe is too curſt.

[2] —— heart-burned *an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks.

JOHNSON.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.[3]

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take ſixpence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell?[4]

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get*

[3] ——*in the* woollen.] I ſuppoſe ſhe means—between blankets, without ſheets. Steevens.

[4] *Well then*, &c.] Of the two next ſpeeches Dr. Warburton ſays, *All this impious nonſenſe thrown to the bottom, is the players', and foiſted in without rhyme or reaſon.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deſerve indeed ſo honourable a place; yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is ſometimes trying to purchaſe merriment at too dear a rate. Johnson.

I have reſtored the lines omitted. Steevens.

you to heaven; here's no place for you maids: ſo deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ſhows me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To* Hero.] I truſt, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my couſin's duty to make courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you:*—but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another courteſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſtered with a piece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's ſons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important,[5] tell him, there is meaſure in every thing,[6] and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me,

[5] ——*if the prince be too* important,] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate.* Johnson.

So, in *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

" ——great France
" My mourning, and *important* tears hath pitied."

Steevens.

[6] ——*there is* meaſure *in every thing,*] A *meaſure* in old language, beſide its ordinary meaning, ſignified alſo a *dance.* Malone.

Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, till he ſink into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar;[7] *Don* John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and others, maſked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?[8]

So, in *King Richard II:*

" My legs can keep no *meaſure* in delight,
" When my poor heart no *meaſure* keeps in grief."

Steevens.

[7] —— *Balthazar*;] The quarto and folio add—*or dumb John.* Steevens.

Here is another proof that when the firſt copies of our author's plays were prepared for the preſs, the tranſcript was made out by the ear. If the MS. had lain before the tranſcriber, it is very unlikely that he ſhould have miſtaken *Don* for *dumb:* but, by an inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, they might eaſily be confounded. Malone.

Don John's taciturnity has been already noticed. It ſeems therefore not improbable that the author himſelf might have occaſionally applied the epithet *dumb* to him. Reed.

[8] ——*your* friend?] *Friend,* in our author's time, was the common term for a *lover.* So alſo in French and Italian. Malone.

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

D. Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend,[9] the lute ſhould be like the caſe![1]

D. Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.[2]

Mr. Malone might have added, that this term was equally applicable to both ſexes; for, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio tells Iſabella that her brother had "got his *friend* with child." Steevens.

[9] ——for God *defend*,] i. e. forbid. So in the ancient MS. Romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 38:

"But ſaide, dameſel, thou arte woode;
"Thy fadir did us alle *defende*
"Both mete and drinke, and other goode
"That no man ſhulde them thider ſende."

See *Othello*, Act I. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[1] ——*the* lute *ſhould be like the* caſe!] i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and coarſe as your maſk. Theobald.

[2] *My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is* Jove.] The firſt folio has—*Love*; the quarto, 1600—*Iove*; ſo that here Mr. Theobald might have found the very reading which, in the following note, he repreſents as a conjecture of his own. Steevens.

'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet deſcribes it, lived in a thatch'd cottage:

"——*ſtipulis & canna tecta paluſtri.*"

But why, *within this houſe is* love? Though this old pair lived in a cottage, this cottage received two ſtraggling Gods, (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. So, Don Pedro is a prince; and though his viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to Hero, that he has ſomething *godlike* within: alluding either to his dignity, or the qualities of his mind and perſon. By theſe circumſtances, I am ſure, the thought is mended: as, I think ve-

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

[*Takes her aſide.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight, when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him ſo ill-well,[3] unleſs

rily, the text is too, by the addition of a ſingle letter—*within the houſe is* Jove. Nor is this emendation a little confirmed by another paſſage in our author, in which he plainly alludes to the ſame ſtory. *As you like it:*

"Jaques. *O, knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than* Jove *in a thatched houſe!*" Theobald.

The line of Ovid above quoted is thus tranſlated by Golding, 1587:

"The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with ſtraw and fenniſh reede." Malone.

[3] *You could never do him ſo* ill-well,] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *The Merchant of Venice:*

you were the very man: Here's his dry hand[4] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;[5]—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

" He hath a *letter bad* habit of frowning, than the Count Palatine." Steevens.

[4] —— *his* dry *hand*—] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. To this, Maria, in *Twelfth-Night*, alludes, Act I. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[5] —— *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakſpeare alludes, might be an old tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was publiſhed at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is ſaid to have been written by ſome of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a tranſlation of it prior to the time of Shakſpeare.

In *The London Chaunticleres*, 1659, this work, among others, is cried for ſale by a ballad-man: " The Seven Wiſe Men of Gotham; a *Hundred merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jeſts," &c.

Again, in *The Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— the Almanacs,

" The *Hundred Novels*, and the Books of Cookery."

Of this collection there are frequent entries in the regiſter of the Stationers' Company. The firſt I met with was in Jan. 1581. Steevens.

This book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Laneham's Letter concerning the entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders:[6] none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy;[7]

Again, in *The Engliſh Courtier and the Cuntrey Gentleman*, bl. l. 1586, ſig. H 4: "——wee want not alſo pleaſant mad headed knaves that bee properly learned and well reade in diverſe pleaſant bookes and good authors. As Sir Guy of Warwicke, the Foure Sonnes of Aymon, the Ship of Fooles, the Budget of Demandes, *the Hundredth merry Tales*, the Booke of Ryddles, and many other excellent writers both witty and pleaſaunt." It has been ſuggeſted to me that there is no other reaſon than the word *hundred* to ſuppoſe this book a tranſlation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. I have now but little doubt that Boccace's *Decameron* was the book here alluded to. It contains juſt one hundred Novels. So, in Guazzo's *Civile Converſation*, 1586, p. 158: "——we do but give them occaſion to turne over the *Hundred Novelles* of Boccace, and to write amorous and laſcivious letters." Reed.

[6] ——*his gift is in deviſing* impoſſible *ſlanders*:] We ſhould read *impaſſible*, i. e. ſlanders ſo ill invented, that they will paſs upon no body. Warburton.

Impoſſible ſlanders are, I ſuppoſe, ſuch ſlanders as, from their abſurdity and impoſſibility, bring their own confutation with them. Johnson.

Johnſon's explanation appears to be right. Ford ſays, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, that he ſhall ſearch for Falſtaff in "*impoſſible* places." The word *impoſſible* is alſo uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe in Jonſon's *Sejanus*, where Silius accuſes Afer of—

"Malicious and manifold applying,
"Foul wreſting, and *impoſſible* conſtruction."

M. Mason.

[7] ——*his* villainy;] By which ſhe means his malice and im-

for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing ſaved, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. [*Muſick within.*] We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.[8]

D. John. Are not you ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his

piety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates, he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. Warburton.

[8] ——*his* bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanor. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"How I may formally in perſon *bear* me." Steevens.

birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* John *and* Borachio.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain ſo;—the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore,[9] all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.[1]

[9] *Therefore,* &c.] *Let* which is found in the next line, is underſtood here. Malone.

[1] —— *beauty is a witch,*
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.] i. e. as wax when oppoſed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preſerves the figure of the perſon whom it was deſigned to repreſent, but flows into a ſhapeleſs lump; ſo fidelity, when confronted with beauty, diſſolves into our ruling paſſion, and is loſt there like a drop of water in the ſea.

That *blood* ſignifies (as Mr. Malone has alſo obſerved) *amorous heat,* will appear from the following paſſage in *All's well that ends well,* Act III. ſc. vii:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny
"That ſhe'll demand."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the third *Iliad,* Helen, ſpeaking of Agamemnon, ſays:

"And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my blood,
"And was more worthy:—" Steevens.

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the ſame.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain?[2] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUD. I wiſh him joy of her.

BENE. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover;

[2] ——*uſurer's* chain?] *Chains* of gold, of conſiderable value, were in our author's time, uſually worn by wealthy citizens, and others, by the Aldermen of London. See *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling-Street,* Act III. ſc. iii. *Albumazar,* Act I. ſc. vii. and other pieces. REED.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topic of invective: I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philoſophie, and Poetrie,* by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three ſortes of people, in reſpect of uſe in neceſſitie, may be accounted good:—*Merchantes,* for they may play the *uſurers,* inſtead of the Jewes." Again, *ibid:* "There is a ſcarcitie of Jewes, becauſe Chriſtians make an occupation of *uſurie.*"

MALONE.

ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: it is the baſe, the bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon,[3] and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. Now, ſignior, where's the count; Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[4] I told him, and, I think, I told

[3] ——*it is the baſe,* the *bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon,*] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

The old copies read—*baſe,* though *bitter:* but I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe.* I believe, we may ſafely read,—*It is the baſe,* the *bitter diſpoſition.* Johnson.

I have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, though I once thought it unneceſſary. Steevens.

[4] ——*as melancholy as a* lodge *in a warren;*] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of *Iſaiah,* where the prophet,

him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady;[5] and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhows it his companion, and he ſteals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. I learn from Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "ſo ſoone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, theſe lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From theſe forſaken buildings, it ſhould ſeem, the prophet takes his compariſon. Steevens.

[5] —— *of this young lady*;] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio.

Steevens.

I have regulated the entries accordingly. Malone.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, ſhe is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſuſed me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwered her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold[6] with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible conveyance,[7] upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark,

[6] ——*my viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold*—] 'Tis whimſical, that a ſimilar thought ſhould have been found in the tenth *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 658:

" ——ipſa inſanire videtur
" Sphynx galeæ cuſtos—." Steevens.

[7] ——*ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance,*] Dr. Warburton reads *impaſſable:* Sir Thomas Hanmer *impetuous,* and Dr. Johnſon *importable,* which, ſays he, is uſed by Spenſer, in a ſenſe very congruous to this paſſage, for *inſupportable, or not to be ſuſtained.* Alſo by the laſt tranſlators of the Apocrypha; and therefore ſuch a word as Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have written. Reed.

Importable is very often uſed by Lidgate, in his Prologue to the tranſlation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas,* &c. as well as by Holinſhed.

Impoſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has already ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" You would look for ſome moſt *impoſſible* antick."

Again, in *The Roman Actor,* by Maſſinger:

" ——to loſe,
" Ourſelves, by building on *impoſſible* hopes."

Steevens.

Impoſſible may have been what Shakſpeare wrote, and be uſed in the ſenſe of *incredible* or *inconceivable,* both here and in the beginning of the ſcene, where Beatrice ſpeaks of *impoſſible* ſlanders. M. Mason.

I believe the meaning is—*with a rapidity equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impoſſibilities. We have the

with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards,[8] and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſſed: ſhe would have made Hercules have turned ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Até in good apparel.[9] I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her;[1] for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

ſame epithet again in *Twelfth-Night*: "There is no Chriſtian can ever believe ſuch *impoſſible* paſſages of groſſneſs." So Ford ſays, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:—"I will examine *impoſſible* places." Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Now bid me run,
"And I will ſtrive with *things impoſſible*,
"And get the better of them."

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *ſleight of hand*. MALONE.

[8] *She* ſpeaks poniards,] So, in *Hamlet*:
"I'll *ſpeak daggers* to her—." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the infernal* Até *in good apparel*.] This is a pleaſant alluſion to the cuſtom of ancient poets and painters, who repreſent the *Furies* in rags. WARBURTON.

Até is not one of the *Furies*, but the *Goddeſs of Revenge*, or *Diſcord*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſome ſcholar would* conjure *her*;] As Shakſpeare always attributes to his *exorciſts* the power of raiſing ſpirits, he gives his *conjurer*, in this place, the power of laying them. M. MASON.

Re-enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE.

D. PEDRO. Look, here ſhe comes.

BENE. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;[2] do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. PEDRO. None, but to deſire your good company.

BENE. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.[3] [*Exit.*

[2] ——*bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;*] i. e. I will undertake the hardeſt taſk, rather than have any converſation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

So, Cartwright, in his comedy called *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, 1651:

"——bid me take the Parthian king by the beard; or draw an eye-tooth from the jaw royal of the Perſian monarch."

Such an achievement, however, *Huon of Bourdeaux* was ſent to perform, and performed it. See chap. 46, edit. 1601: "—he opened his mouth, and tooke out his foure great teeth, and then cut off his beard, and tooke thereof as much as pleaſed him." STEEVENS.

"Thou muſt goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudiſſe, to bring me thy hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his greateſt teeth. Alas, my lord, (quoth the Barrons,) we ſee well you deſire greatly his death, when you charge him with ſuch a meſſage." *Huon of Bourdeaux*, ch. 17. BOWLE.

[3] ——my *lady Tongue.*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*this* lady Tongue. STEEVENS.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it,[4] a double heart for his ſingle one: marry, once before, he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange,[5] and ſomething of that jealous complexion.[6]

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

[4] ——*I gave him* uſe *for it,*] *Uſe,* in our author's time, meant *intereſt* of money. Malone.

[5] ——*civil* as an *orange,*] This conceit occurs likewiſe in *Naſhe's Four Letters confuted,* 1592: "For the order of my life, it is as *civil as an orange.*" Steevens.

[6] ——*of* that *jealous complexion.*] Thus the quarto, 1600; the folio reads, *of a jealous complexion.* Steevens.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool,[7] it keeps on the windy ſide of care:—My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance![8]—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burned;[9]

[7] ——*poor fool,*] This was formerly an expreſſion of tenderneſs. See *King Lear*, laſt ſcene: "And my *poor fool* is hang'd." Malone.

[8] *Good lord, for* alliance!] Claudio has juſt called Beatrice *couſin*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the meaning is,—Good Lord, here have I got a new kinſman by marriage. Malone.

I cannot underſtand theſe words, unleſs they imply a wiſh for the ſpeaker's *alliance* with a huſband. Steevens.

[9] *Thus goes every one to the* world *but I, and I am* ſun-burned;] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate; but why is the unmarried lady *ſun-burnt?* I believe we ſhould read,—*Thus goes every one to the* wood *but I, and I am ſun-burnt.* Thus does every one but I find a ſhelter, and I am left expoſed to wind and *ſun*. The *neareſt way to the* wood, is a phraſe for the readieſt means to

I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danced, and under that was I born.—Couſins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element

any end. It is ſaid of a woman, who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt taken a crooked ſtick. But conjectural criticiſm has always ſomething to abate its confidence. Shakſpeare, in *All's well that ends well*, uſes the phraſe, *to go to the world*, for *marriage*. So that my emendation depends only on the oppoſition of *wood* to *ſun-burnt*. Johnson.

I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer ſuch an object as can tempt a man to marry. Steevens.

in her,[1] my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamed of unhappineſs,[2] and waked herſelf with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means; ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themſelves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time

[1] *There's little of the* melancholy element *in her,*] "Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements?*" ſays Sir Toby, in *Twelfth-Night.* So, alſo in *King Henry V:* "He is pure air and fire, and the *dull elements* of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." Malone.

[2] ——*ſhe hath often dreamed of* unhappineſs,] So all the editions; but Mr. Theobald alters it to, *an happineſs,* having no conception that *unhappineſs* meant any thing but misfortune, and that, he thinks, ſhe could not laugh at. He had never heard that it ſignified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of *The Maid of the Mill:*

"My *dreams* are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent:
"Yours are *unhappy.*" Warburton.

ſhall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring ſignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other.[3] I

[3] ——*into a* mountain *of affection, the one with the other.*] *A mountain of affection with one another,* is a ſtrange expreſſion, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written *to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a* mooting *of affection*; to bring them not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or converſation of love. This reading is confirmed by the prepoſition *with*; *a mountain* with *each other*, or *affection* with *each other*, cannot be uſed, but *a mooting* with *each other* is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word propoſed by Dr. Johnſon may appear, it is uſed in ſeveral of the old plays. So, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ——— one who never
" Had *mooted* in the hall, or ſeen the revels
" Kept in the houſe at Chriſtmas."

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" It is a plain caſe, whereon I *mooted* in our temple."

Again:

" —— at a *mooting* in our temple." *Ibid.*

And yet, all that I believe is meant by a *mountain of affection* is, *a great deal of affection.*

In one of Stanyhurſt's poems is the following phraſe to denote a large quantity of love:

" Lumps of love promiſt, nothing perform'd," &c.

Again, in *The Renegado*, by Maſſinger:

" —— 'tis but parting with
" *A mountain* of vexation."

Thus, alſo in *King Henry VIII.* we find " a *ſea* of glory." In *Hamlet*, " a *ſea* of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hiſtory of Venice:* " though they ſee *mountains* of miſeries heaped on one's back." Again, in Bacon's *Hiſtory of King Henry VII:* " Perkin ſought to corrupt the ſervants to the lieutenant of the tower by *mountains* of promiſes." Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:* " —the *mountain* of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me." Little can be inferred from the preſent offence againſt grammar; an offence which may not ſtrictly be imputable to Shakſpeare, but rather to the negligence or ignorance of his tranſcribers or printers. STEEVENS.

would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain,[4] of approved valour, and confirmed honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practice on Benedick, that, in deſpite of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach,[5] he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no

Shakſpeare has many phraſes equally harſh. He who would hazard ſuch expreſſions as *a ſtorm of fortune*, a *vale of years*, and *a tempeſt of provocation*, would not ſcruple to write *a mountain of affection*. Malone.

[4] ——*a* noble *ſtrain*,] i. e. deſcent, lineage. So, in *The Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. viii. ſ. 33:

"Sprung from the auncient ſtocke of prince's *ſtraine*."

Again, B. V. c. ix. ſ. 32:

"Sate goodly temperaunce in garments clene,
"And ſacred reverence yborn of heavenly *ſirene*."

It was uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Shadwell, in his *Virtuoſo*, Act I: "Gentlemen care not upon what *ſtrain* they get their ſons." Reed.

Again, in *King Lear*, Act V. ſc. iii:

"Sir, you have ſhown to-day your valiant *ſtrain*."

Steevens.

[5] ——*queaſy* ſtomach,] i. e. ſqueamiſh. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Who *queaſy* with his inſolence already—." Steevens.

longer an archer; his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. JOHN. It is ſo; the count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORA. Yea, my lord; but I can croſs it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

BORA. Not honeſtly, my lord; but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how.

BORA. I think, I told your lordſhip, a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. JOHN. I remember.

BORA. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORA. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; ſpare not to

tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other iſſue?

D. John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

[6] *Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw

[6] Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me;——offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee* me *at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me* Claudio; *and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding:*] Thus the whole ſtream of the editions from the firſt quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a ſhort account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueſtionable. The buſineſs ſtands thus: Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by his interceſſions with her father, to be married to fair Hero; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his ſpleen zealous to diſappoint the match. Borachio, a raſcally dependant on Don John, offers his aſſiſtance, and engages to break off the marriage by this ſtratagem. "Tell the prince and Claudio (ſays he) that Hero is in love with *me*; they won't believe it: offer them proofs, as, that they ſhall ſee me converſe with her in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her waiting-woman, Margaret; and I'll prevail with Margaret, at a dead hour of night, to perſonate her miſtreſs Hero; do you then bring the Prince and Claudio to overhear our diſcourſe; and they ſhall have the torment to hear *me* addreſs Margaret by the name of Hero, and her ſay ſweet things to me by the name of Claudio."—This is the ſubſtance of Borachio's device to make Hero ſuſpected of diſloyalty; and to break off her match with Claudio. But, in the name of common ſenſe, could it diſpleaſe Claudio, to hear his miſtreſs making uſe of *his* name tenderly? If he ſaw another man with her,

Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal[7] both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the ſemblance of a maid,—that you have diſcovered thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall

and heard her call him Claudio, he might reaſonably think her betrayed, but not have the ſame reaſon to accuſe her of diſloyalty. Beſides, how could her naming Claudio, make the Prince and Claudio believe that ſhe loved Borachio, as he deſires Don John to inſinuate to them that ſhe did? The circumſtances weighed, there is no doubt but the paſſage ought to be reformed, as I have ſettled in the text—*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me,* Borachio. THEOBALD.

Though I have followed Mr. Theobald's direction, I am not convinced that this change of names is abſolutely neceſſary. *Claudio* would naturally reſent the circumſtance of hearing another called by his own name; becauſe, in that caſe, baſeneſs of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonneſs of inſult; and, at the ſame time, he would imagine the perſon ſo diſtinguiſhed to be *Borachio,* becauſe *Don John* was previouſly to have informed both him and *Don Pedro,* that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

We ſhould ſurely read *Borachio* inſtead of *Claudio.* There could be no reaſon why Margaret ſhould call him *Claudio;* and that would ill agree with what Borachio ſays in the laſt Act, where he declares that Margaret knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to him. M. MASON.

Claudio would naturally be enraged to find his miſtreſs, Hero, (for ſuch he would imagine Margaret to be,) addreſs Borachio, or any other man, by his name, as he might ſuppoſe that ſhe called him by the name of Claudio in conſequence of a ſecret agreement between them, as a cover, in caſe ſhe were overheard; and *he* would know, without a poſſibility of error, that it was not Claudio, with whom, in fact, ſhe converſed.

* * * * * * * MALONE.

[7] ——intend *a kind of zeal*—] i. e. *pretend.* So, in *King Richard III:*

"*Intending* deep ſuſpicion." STEEVENS.

bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

D. John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[8]

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee

[8] ——*in the* orchard.] Gardens were anciently called *orchards.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb."

STEEVENS.

hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet.[9] He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he

[9] ——*carving the faſhion of a new doublet.*] This folly, ſo conſpicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "We are almoſt as fantaſtic as the Engliſh gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of ſheers in his hand, as not being reſolved after what faſhion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

The Engliſh gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*. In Barnaby Riche's *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. 1606, p. 6, we have the following account of a *Faſhionmonger*: "—here comes firſt the Faſhionmonger that ſpends his time in the contemplation of ſutes. Alas! good gentleman, there is ſomething amiſſe with him. I perceive it by his ſad and heavie countenance: for my life his tailer and he are at ſome ſquare about the making of his new ſute; he hath cut it after the old ſtampe of ſome ſtale faſhion that is at the leaſt of a whole fortnight's ſtanding."

REED.

The Engliſh gentleman is repreſented [by Borde] naked, with a pair of tailor's ſheers in one hand, and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verſes:

"I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
"Muſing in my mynde what rayment I ſhall were,
"For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,
"Now I will were I cannot tell what," &c.

See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 17. MALONE.

turn'd orthographer;[1] his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may tranſform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.[2] Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

[1] ——*orthographer*;] The old copies read—*orthography*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and her* hair *ſhall be of what* colour *it pleaſe God.*] Perhaps Benedick alludes to a faſhion, very common in the time of Shakſpeare, that of *dying the hair*.

Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595, ſpeaking of the attires of women's heads, ſays: "If any have haire of her owne naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they *die* it in divers colours." STEEVENS.

The practice of dying the hair was one of thoſe faſhions ſo frequent before and in Queen Elizabeth's time, as to be thought worthy of particular animadverſion from the pulpit. In the Homily againſt exceſs of apparel, b. l. 1547, after mentioning the common excuſes of ſome nice and vain women for painting their faces, *dying their hair*, &c. the preacher breaks out into the following invective: "Who can paynt her face, and curle her heere, and *chaunge it into an unnaturall coloure*, but therein doth worke reproſe to her Maker who made her? as thoughe ſhe coulde make herſelfe more comelye than God hath appoynted the meaſure of her beautie. What do theſe women but go about to refourme that which God hath made? not

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. PEDRO. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

CLAUD. Yea, my good lord:—How ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

D. PEDRO. See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?

CLAUD. O, very well, my lord: the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.[3]

knowyng that all thynges naturall is the worke of God: and thynges diſguyſed and unnatural be the workes of the devyll," &c. REED.

Or he may allude to the faſhion of wearing *falſe hair*, "of whatever colour it pleaſed God." So, in a ſubſequent ſcene: "I like the new tire within, if the *hair* were a thought browner." Fines Moryſon, deſcribing the dreſs of the ladies of Shakſpeare's time, ſays: "Gentlewomen virgins weare gownes cloſe to the body, and aprons of fine linnen, and go bareheaded, with their hair curiouſly knotted, and raiſed at the forehead, but *many* (againſt the cold, as they ſay,) weare caps of hair that *is not their own.*" See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* MALONE.

The practice of colouring the hair in Shakſpeare's time, receives conſiderable illuſtration from *Maria Magdalene her Life and Repentance*, 1567, where *Infidelitie* (the Vice) recommends her to a goldſmith to die her hair yellow with ſome preparation, when it ſhould fade; and *Carnal Concupiſcence* tells her likewiſe that there was "other geare beſides goldſmith's water," for the purpoſe. DOUCE.

[3] Pedro. *See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?*
Claudio. *O, very well, my lord: the muſick ended,*
We'll fit the kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now diſcovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, ſignifies in Chaucer:

"The ſoothfaſtneſs that now is hid,
"Without coverture ſhall be *kid*,
"When I undoen have this dreming."
Romaunt of the Roſe, 2171, &c.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with muſick.*[4]

D. PEDRO. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.[5]

BALTH. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

D. PEDRO. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, ſing, and let me woo no more.

BALTH. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit

" Perceiv'd or ſhew'd.
" He *kidde* anon his bone was not broken."
Troilus and Creſſida, Lib. I. 208.
" With that anon ſterte out daungere,
" Out of the place where he was hidde;
" His malice in his cheere was *kidde.*"
Romaunt of the Roſe, 2130. GREY.

It is not impoſſible but that Shakſpeare choſe on this occaſion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor ſhould chooſe to read—*hid* fox, he may obſerve that Hamlet has ſaid—" *Hide* fox and all after." STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads as Mr. Steevens propoſes. MALONE.

A *kid-fox* ſeems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub.* In *As you like it,* we have the expreſſion of—" two *dog-apes.*
RITSON.

[4] ——*with muſick.*] I am not ſure that this ſtage-direction (taken from the quarto, 1600,) is proper. Balthazar might have been deſigned at once for a vocal and an inſtrumental performer. Shakſpeare's orcheſtra was hardly numerous; and the firſt folio, inſtead of Balthazar, only gives us *Jacke Wilſon,* the name of the actor who repreſented him. STEEVENS.

[5] *Come,* Balthazar, *we'll hear that ſong again.*] *Balthazar,* the muſician and ſervant to Don Pedro, was perhaps thus named from the celebrated Baltazarini, called *De Beaujoyeux,* an Italian performer on the violin, who was in the higheſt fame and favour at the court of Henry II. of France, 1577. BURNEY.

To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks;
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting![6] [*Muſick.*

Now. *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſhed!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps' guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *ſings.*

I.

BALTH. *Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,*[7]
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore;
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

[6] ——*and* noting!] The old copies—*nothing*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[7] *Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,*]
"Weep no more, woful ſhepherds, weep no more."
Milton's *Lycidas*. STEEVENS.

II.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou ſingeſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[8] come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To* Claudio.]—Doſt thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do ſo: farewell. [*Exeunt* Balthazar *and muſick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with ſignior Benedick?

[8] ——*I pray God, his bad voice* bode no miſchief! *I had as lief have heard the* night-raven,] i. e. the owl; νυκτικοραξ. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. ſc. vi:

"The *night-crow* cried, *aboding luckleſs time.*"

Steevens.

Thus alſo, Milton, in *L'Allegro*:

"And the *night-raven* ſings." Douce.

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, ſtalk on; the fowl ſits.[9] [*Aſide to* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an

[9] *Stalk on, ſtalk on; the fowl ſits.*] This is an alluſion to the *ſtalking-horſe*; a horſe either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently ſheltered himſelf from the ſight of the game.

So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

"Lye there, thou happy warranted caſe
"Of any villain. Thou haſt been my *ſtalking-horſe*
"Now theſe ten months."

Again, in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"One underneath his *horſe* to get a ſhoot doth *ſtalk*."

Again, in his *Muſes' Elyſium*:

"Then underneath my horſe, I *ſtalk* my game to ſtrike."

Steevens.

Again, in *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, by John Gee, quarto, p. 23: "Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, ſuch as I have knowne in the fenne countries and els-where, that doe ſhoot at woodcockes, ſnipes, and wilde fowle, by ſneaking behind a painted cloth which they carrey before them, having pictured in it the *ſhape of a horſe*; which while the ſilly fowle gazeth on, it is knockt down with hale ſhot, and ſo put in the fowler's budget." Reed.

A *ſtalking-bull*, with a cloth thrown over him, was ſometimes uſed for deceiving the game; as may be ſeen from a very elegant cut in *Loniceri Venatus et Aucupium*. Francofurti, 1582, 4to. and from a print by F. Valeggio, with the motto—

"*Veſte boves operit, dum ſturnos fallit edaces.*"

Douce.

enraged affection,—it is paſt the infinite of thought.[9]

D. Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was

[9] ——*but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,—it is paſt the* infinite *of thought.*] It is impoſſible to make ſenſe and grammar of this ſpeech. And the reaſon is, that the two beginnings of two different ſentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection,* is only part of a ſentence, which ſhould conclude thus—*is moſt certain.* But a new idea ſtriking the ſpeaker, he leaves his ſentence unfiniſhed, and turns to another,—*It is paſt the infinite of thought,*—which is likewiſe left unfiniſhed; for it ſhould conclude thus—*to ſay how great that affection is.* Thoſe broken disjointed ſentences are uſual in converſation. However, there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the ſenſe; and that is *infinite.* Human thought cannot ſurely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I ſuppoſe the true reading was *definite.* This makes the paſſage intelligible. *It is paſt the* definite *of thought,*—i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline:*

" For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
" Be wiſely *definite*—."

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the caſe.

WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raiſed only to ſhow how eaſily they can be removed. The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with an* enraged *affection: It* (this affection) *is paſt the infinite of thought.* Here are no abrupt ſtops, or imperfect ſentences. *Infinite* may well enough ſtand; it is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought,* though in itſelf *unbounded,* cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNSON.

The meaning I think is,—*but with what an enraged affection ſhe loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.*

MALONE.

Shakſpeare has a ſimilar expreſſion in *King John:*

" Beyond the *infinite* and boundleſs reach
" Of mercy—." STEEVENS.

counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhows ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide itſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aſide.*

D. Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and ſwears ſhe never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I,* ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encountered him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:[2]—my daughter tells us all.

[2] *This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there will ſhe ſit in*

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand

her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:] Shakſpeare has more than once availed himſelf of ſuch incidents as occurred to him from hiſtory, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A ſtriking inſtance of flattery to James occurs in *Macbeth*; perhaps the paſſage here quoted was not leſs grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell:

"I am *nakit*, and ganging to ſleep, and zit I ceaſe not to ſcribble all this paper, in ſo meikle as reſt is thairof." *That is*, I am naked, and going to ſleep, and yet I ceaſe not to ſcribble to the end of my paper, much as there remains of it unwritten on. Henley.

Mr. Henley's obſervation muſt fall to the ground; the word in every edition of Mary's letter which Shakſpeare could poſſibly have ſeen, being *irkit*, not *nakit*. The French verſion (as Mr. Whitaker obſerves in his *Vindication* of this unfortunate Princeſs, 2d edit. Vol. I. p. 522, &c.) "we know to talk egregious nonſenſe at times.—It even miſtakes *irkit* for *nakit*; ſtrips the delicate Queen in the month of January, and at the hour of midnight; and keeps her in this ſituation '*toute* nuë,' without even the cover of a ſmock upon her, writing a long letter to her lover." *Irkit*, Scotch, is likewiſe rendered "nudatæ," by the Latin tranſlator.

"I am *irkit*" means, I am *vexed*, *uneaſy*. So, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

"And is even *irkt* that ſo ſweete comedie
"By ſuch unſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"And yet it *irks* me, the poor dappled fools," &c.

Again, in *King Henry VI*:

"It *irks* his heart he cannot be reveng'd." Steevens.

half-pence;[3] railed at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him,* ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes;—*O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience.*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the ecſtaſy[4] hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to herſelf; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

D. Pedro. An he ſhould, it were an alms to

[3] *O! ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand* halfpence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. So, in *As you like it:*

"——they were all *like one another,* as *halfpence are.*"

THEOBALD.

A *farthing,* and perhaps a *halfpenny,* was uſed to ſignify any ſmall particle or diviſion. So, in the character of the *Prioreſs* in Chaucer:

"That in hirre cuppe was no *ferthing* ſene
"Of greſe, whan ſhe dronken hadde hire draught."
Prol. to the Cant. Tales, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 135.

STEEVENS.

See *Mortimeriados,* by Michael Drayton, 4to. 1596:

"She now begins to write unto her lover,—
"Then turning back to read what ſhe had writ,
"She teyrs the paper, and condemns her wit."

MALONE.

[4] ——*and the* ecſtaſy—] i. e. alienation of mind. So, in *The Tempeſt,* Act III. ſc. iii: "Hinder them from what this *ecſtaſy* may now provoke them to." STEEVENS.

hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and, out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood[5] combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[6] all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely, ſhe will die: for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not; and ſhe will die ere ſhe makes her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will 'bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſneſs.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.[7]

[5] ——*and* blood—] I ſuppoſe-*blood*, in this inſtance, to mean *nature*, or diſpoſition. So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we're forbidden."

See p. 45, n. 1. Steevens.

Blood is here, as in many other places, uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *paſſion*, or rather *temperament of body*. Malone.

[6] ——*have* daff'd—] To *daff* is the ſame as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aſide. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——to *doff* their dire diſtreſſes." Steevens.

[7] ——contemptible *ſpirit*.] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is

Claud. He is a very proper man.[8]

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhow ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a moſt chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſee Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

therefore no need of changing the word with Sir Thomas Hanmer to *contemptuous*. Johnson.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by Lord Sterline, 1603, it is ſaid, that Darius wrote to Alexander "in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous*.

Again, Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*, ſpeaking in praiſe of a hermit, ſays, that he—

"The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forſook,
"And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook."

Steevens.

[8] ——*a very* proper man.] i. e. a very handſome one. So, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper man*." Steevens.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy ſo good a lady.[9]

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her; and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him in to dinner. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, Claudio, *and* Leonato.

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne.[1]—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have their full bent.[2] Love me! why, it

[9] ——*unworthy ſo good a lady.*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The firſt folio unneceſſarily reads—"unworthy *to have* ſo good a lady." Steevens.

[1] ——*was ſadly borne.*] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. Steevens.

[2] ——*have their* full bent.] Metaphor from the exerciſe of the bow. So, in *Hamlet*:

"And here give up ourſelves in the *full bent*,
"To lay our ſervice freely at your feet."

The firſt folio reads—"*the* full bent." I have followed the quarto, 1600. Steevens.

muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſured: they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it; and wiſe, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have railed ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure in the meſſage?

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon

a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no ſtomach, ſignior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio:[3]
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

[3] Propoſing *with the Prince and Claudio:*] *Propoſing* is converſing, from the French word—*propos*, diſcourſe, talk. Steevens.

Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our propoſe:[4] This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearſay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

[4] ——*our* propoſe:] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpoſe*. *Propoſe* is right. See the preceding note. Steevens.

Purpoſe, however, may be equally right. It depends only on the manner of accenting the word, which, in Shakſpeare's time, was often uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *propoſe*. Thus, in Knox's *Hiſtory of the Reformation in Scotland*, p. 72: "—with him ſix perſons; and getting entrie, held *purpoſe* with the porter." Again, p. 54: "After ſupper he held comfortable *purpoſe* of God's choſen children." Reed.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[5]

Urs. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?

Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him[6] wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman

[5] *As* haggards *of the rock.*] Turberville, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a ſtranger and a paſſenger;" and Latham, who wrote after him, ſays, that, "ſhe keeps in ſubjection the moſt part of all the fowl that fly, inſomuch, that the taſſel gentle, her natural and chiefeſt companion, dares not come near that coaſt where ſhe uſeth, nor ſit by the place where ſhe ſtandeth. Such is the greatneſs of her ſpirit, *ſhe will not admit of any ſociety*, until ſuch a time as nature worketh," &c. So, in *The tragical Hiſtory of Didaco and Violenta*, 1576:

"Perchaunce ſhe's not of *haggard's* kind,
"Nor heart ſo hard to bend," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* wiſh *him*—] i. e. *recommend* or *deſire*. So, in *The Honeſt Whore*, 1604:

"Go *wiſh* the ſurgeon to have great reſpect," &c.

Again, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614: "But lady mine that ſhall be, your father, hath *wiſh'd* me to appoint the day with you." REED.

Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,[7]
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing[8] what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak:[9] ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward:[1] if fair-faced,

[7] ——*as* full, *&c.*] So in *Othello:*

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" &c.

Mr. M. Maſon very juſtly obſerves, that what Urſula means to ſay is, "that he is as deſerving of complete happineſs in the marriage ſtate, as Beatrice herſelf." Steevens.

[8] *Miſpriſing*—] Deſpiſing, contemning. Johnson.

To *miſpriſe* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——a great deal *miſpriſing*
"The knight oppos'd." Steevens.

[9] ——*that to her*
All matter elſe ſeems weak:] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"——to your huge ſtore
"Wiſe things *ſeem fooliſh*, and rich things but poor."
Steevens.

[1] ——*ſpell him* backward:] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.

She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot:[2] if tall, a lance ill-headed;

The following paſſages containing a ſimilar train of thought, are from Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581:

"If one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dowlte: if given to ſtudy, they proclaim him a dunce: if merry, a jeſter: if ſad, a ſaint: if full of words, a ſot: if without ſpeech, a cypher: if one argue with him boldly, then is he impudent: if coldly, an innocent: if there be reaſoning of divinitie, they cry, *Quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos:* if of humanite, *ſententias loquitur carnifex.*"

Again, p. 44, b: "——if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude: if meene in apparel, a ſloven: if tall, a lungis: if ſhort, a dwarf: if bold, blunt: if ſhamefaſt, a cowarde," &c. P. 55: "If ſhe be well ſet, then call her a boſſe: if ſlender, a haſill twig: if nut brown, black as a coal: if well colour'd, a painted wall: if ſhe be pleaſant, then is ſhe wanton: if ſullen, a clowne: if honeſt, then is ſhe coye."

STEEVENS.

[2] *If* black, *why, nature, drawing of an* antick,
Made a foul blot:] The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old Engliſh farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhows that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by Apuleius: "*mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*" WARBURTON.

I believe what is here ſaid of the old Engliſh farces, is ſaid at random. Dr. Warburton was thinking, I imagine, of the modern Harlequin. I have met with no proof that the face of the antick or Vice of the old Engliſh comedy was blackened. By the word *black* in the text, is only meant, as I conceive, ſwarthy, or dark brown. MALONE.

A *black man* means a man with a dark or thick beard, not a ſwarthy or dark-brown complexion, as Mr. Malone conceives.

DOUCE.

When Hero ſays, that—"nature *drawing* of an *antick*, made a foul *blot*," ſhe only alludes to *a drop of ink* that may caſually fall out of a pen, and ſpoil a *groteſque drawing*. STEEVENS.

If low, an agate very vilely cut:[3]

[3] *If low, an* agate *very vilely cut:*] But why an *agate*, if low? For what likeneſs between a *little man* and an *agate?* The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

——*an* aglet *very vilely cut:*

An *aglet* was a tag of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aiguillettes.* Mezeray, ſpeaking of Henry the Third's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of Conti, ſays, "*—portant meme ſur les* aiguillettes *des petites tetes de mort.*" And as a *tall* man is before compared to a *lance ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little man* is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. *Vilely cut* may not only mean aukwardly cut by a tool into ſhape, but groteſquely veined by nature as it grew. To this circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, Drayton alludes in his *Muſes' Elizium:*

"With th' *agate,* very oft that is
"*Cut ſtrangely* in the quarry;
"As nature meant to ſhow in this
"How ſhe herſelf can vary."

Pliny mentions that the ſhapes of various beings are to be diſcovered in *agates*; and Mr. Addiſon has very elegantly compared Shakſpeare, who was born with all the ſeeds of poetry, to the *agate* in the ring of Pyrrhus, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton reads *aglet,* which was adopted, I think, too haſtily by the ſubſequent editors. I ſee no reaſon for departing from the old copy. Shakſpeare's compariſons ſcarcely ever anſwer completely on both ſides. Dr. Warburton aſks, "What likeneſs is there between a little man and an *agate?*" No other than that both are *ſmall.* Our author has himſelf, in another place, compared a *very little man* to an *agate.* "Thou whorſon mandrake, (ſays Falſtaff to his *page,*) thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never ſo *man'd* with an *agate* till now." Hero means no more than this: "If a man be low, Beatrice will ſay that he is as diminutive and unhappily formed as an ill-cut agate."

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;[4]
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urs. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be ſo odd,[5] and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me

It appears both from the paſſage juſt quoted, and from one of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, 4to. 1618, that agates were commonly worn in Shakſpeare's time:

THE AUTHOR TO A DAUGHTER NINE YEARS OLD.

"Though pride in damſels is a hateful vice,
"Yet could I like a noble-minded girl,
"That would demand me things of coſtly price,
"Rich velvet gowns, pendents, and chains of pearle,
"Cark'nets of *agats, cut* with *rare device,*" &c.

Theſe lines, at the ſame time that they add ſupport to the old reading, ſhew, I think, that the words "vilely *cut,*" are to be underſtood in their uſual ſenſe, when applied to precious ſtones, viz. *awkwardly wrought by a tool,* and not, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, *groteſquely veined* by nature. MALONE.

[4] ——*a vane blown with all winds;*] This compariſon might have been borrowed from an ancient black-letter ballad, entitled *A Compariſon of the Life of Man:*

"I may compare a *man* againe,
"Even like unto a *twining vane,*
"That changeth even as doth the wind;
"Indeed ſo is man's fickle mind." STEEVENS.

[5] *No:* not *to be ſo odd,* &c.] I ſhould read—*nor* to be ſo odd, &c. M. MASON.

Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.[6]
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.[7]

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

Urs. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,[8]
As ſhe is priz'd to have,) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,

[6] ——*preſs me to death*—] The alluſion is to an ancient puniſhment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being indicted, refuſed to plead. In conſequence of their ſilence, they were preſſed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. This puniſhment the good ſenſe and humanity of the legiſlature have within theſe few years aboliſhed. MALONE.

[7] *Which is as bad as die with* tickling.] The author meant that *tickling* ſhould be pronounced as a triſyllable; *tickeling*. So, in Spenſer, B. II. canto xii:

"——a ſtrange kind of harmony;
"Which Guyon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*," &c. MALONE.

——*ſo* ſwift *and excellent a wit*,] *Swift* means *ready*. So, in *As you like it*, Act V. ſc. iv:

"He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." STEEVENS.

For ſhape, for bearing, argument,[9] and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam? "

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll ſhow thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urs. She's lim'd[1] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.

[*Exeunt* Hero *and* Ursula.

Beatrice *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?[2] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.

[9] ——*argument,*] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning. Johnson.

Argument, in the preſent inſtance, certainly means *converſation*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "It would be *argument* for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever."
Steevens.

[1] *She's* lim'd—] She is enſnared and entangled as a ſparrow with *birdlime*. Johnson.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"Which ſweet conceits are *lim'd* with ſly deceits."

The folio reads—She's *ta'en*. Steevens.

[2] *What fire is in mine ears?*] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. Warburton.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;[3]
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

The opinion from whence this proverbial ſaying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover, is not this an opinion generally received, That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, ſome there be that in our abſence doe talke of us?" Philemon Holland's tranſlation, B. XXVIII. p. 297, and Brown's *Vulgar Errors*. REED.

Thus, in *The Caſtell of Courteſie, whereunto is adioyned The Holde of Humilitie, &c. &c. By James Yates Seruingman*, 4to. 1582, p. 73:

"Of the *burning of the eares.*"
"That I doe credite giue
"vnto the ſaying old,
"Which is, *when as the eares doe burne,*
"*ſome thing on thee is told.*"

Chapman has tranſplanted this vulgariſm into his verſion of the 22d *Iliad*:

"——Now *burnes* my ominous *eare*
"*With whiſpering*, Hector's ſelfe conceit hath caſt
away his hoſt." STEEVENS.

[3] *Taming my* wild *heart to thy loving hand*;] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand*. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

CLAUD. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

D. PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhow a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.[4] I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him:[5] he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and

[4] ——*as to ſhow a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"As is the night before ſome feſtival,
"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
"And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the little* hangman *dare not ſhoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives;
"While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
"(At Juno's ſuite, who much did Argus love,)
"In this our world a *hangman* for to be
"Of all thoſe fooles that will have all they ſee."
B. II. ch. xiv. FARMER.

his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.[6]

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can maſter a grief,[7] but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes;[8] as, to be a Dutch-man to-day; a French-man to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries

[6] ——*as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper*; &c.] A covert alluſion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh
"So the bell clinketh." Steevens.

[7] —— can *maſter a grief*,] The old copies read corruptly—*cannot*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] *There is no appearance of* fancy &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour, caprice*, or *affectation*. Johnson.

at once,[9] as, a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops;[1] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:[2] Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.[3]

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman,

[9] ——*or in the ſhape of two countries at once,* &c.] So, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London,* by Tho. Decker, 1606, 4to. bl. l: "For an Engliſhman's ſute is like a traitor's bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is ſet up in ſeverall places: his codpiece is in Denmarke; the collor of his dublet and the belly, in France: the wing and narrow ſleeve, in Italy: the ſhort waſte hangs ouer a Dutch botcher's ſtall in Utrich: his huge ſloppes ſpeaks Spaniſh: Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mocke euerie nation, for keeping one faſhion, yet ſteale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride; and are now laughing-ſtocks to them, becauſe their cut ſo ſcurvily becomes us." Steevens.

[1] ——*all* ſlops;] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches,* or *trowſers,* worn only by ſailors at preſent. They are mentioned by Jonſon, in his *Alchymiſt*:

"——fix great *ſlops*
"Bigger than three Dutch hoys."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks,* 1611:

"——three pounds in gold
"Theſe *ſlops* contain." Steevens.

Hence evidently the term *ſlop-ſeller,* for the venders of ready made clothes. Nichols.

[2] ——*a Spaniard from the hip upward,* no *doublet:*] There can be no doubt but we ſhould read, *all* doublet, which correſponds with the actual dreſs of the old Spaniards. As the paſſage now ſtands, it is a negative deſcription, which is in truth no deſcription at all. M. Mason.

——*no doublet:*] or, in other words, all cloak. The words—"Or in the ſhape of two countries," &c. to "no doublet," were omitted in the folio, probably to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604. Malone.

[3] ——*have it appear he is.*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio, 1623, reads—"have it *to* appear," &c. Steevens.

there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o' mornings; What ſhould that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuffed tennis-balls.[4]

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a luteſtring,[5] and now governed by ſtops.

[4] —— *and the old ornament of his cheek hath already* ſtuffed tennis-balls.] So, in *A wonderful, ſtrange, and miraculous aſtrological Prognoſtication for this Year of our Lord,* 1591, written by Naſhe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey: "— they may ſell their haire by the pound, to *ſtuffe tennice balles.*"

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks,* 1611:

"Thy *beard* ſhall ſerve to *ſtuff* thoſe *balls* by which I get me heat at tenice."

Again, in *The Gentle Craft,* 1600:

"He'll ſhave it off, and *ſtuffe tenice balls* with it."

HENDERSON.

[5] —— *crept into a* luteſtring,] *Love*-ſongs in our author's time were generally ſung to the muſick of the lute. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"—— as melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute.*"

MALONE.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know, too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards.[6]

[6] *She ſhall be buried with her* face *upwards.*] Thus the whole ſet of editions: but what is there any way particular in this? Are not all men and women buried ſo? Sure, the poet means, in oppoſition to the general rule, and by way of diſtinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have choſen the firſt reading, becauſe I find it the expreſſion in vogue in our author's time. Theobald.

This emendation, which appears to me very ſpecious, is rejected by Dr Warburton. The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. Johnson.

Mr. Theobald quite miſtakes the ſcope of the poet, who prepares the reader to expect ſomewhat uncommon or extraordinary; and the humour conſiſts in the diſappointment of that expectation, as at the end of Iago's poetry in *Othello*:

"She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)—
"To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer." Heath.

Theobald's conjecture may, however, be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Wild Gooſe Chaſe* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——love cannot ſtarve me;
"For if I die o' th' firſt fit, I am unhappy,
"And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*"

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may likewiſe be countenanced by a paſſage in an old black letter book, without date, intitled, *A merye Jeſt of a Man that was called* Howleglas, &c. "How *Howleglas* was buried."—"Thus as *Howleglas* was deade, then they brought him to be buryed. And as they would have put the coffyn into the pytte with 11 cordes, the corde at the fete brake, ſo that the fote of the coffyn fell into the botome of the pyt, and the coffyn ſtood bolt upryght in the middes of the grave. Then deſired the people that ſtode

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

about the grave that tyme, to let the coffyn to ſtand bolt upryght. For in his lyfe tyme he was a very marvelous man, &c. and ſhall be buryed as marvailouſly; and in this maner they left *Howleglaſs*," &c.

That this book was once popular, may be inferred from Ben Jonſon's frequent alluſions to it in his *Poetaſter*:

"What do you laugh, *Owleglas?*"

Again, in *The Fortunate Iſles*, a maſque:

"What do you think of *Owlglas*,
"Inſtead of him?"

And again, in *The Sad Shepherd*. This hiſtory was originally written in Dutch. The hero is there called *Uyle-ſpegel*. Under this title he is likewiſe introduced by Ben Jonſon in his *Alchymiſt*, and the maſque and paſtoral already quoted. Menage ſpeaks of Uleſpeigle as a man famous for *tromperies ingenieuſes*; adds that his Life was tranſlated into French, and quotes the title-page of it. I have another copy publiſhed *A Troyes*, in 1714, the title of which differs from that ſet down by Menage.

The paſſage indeed may mean only—*She ſhall be buried in her lover's arms*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"*Flo.* What? like a corſe?
"*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
"Not like a corſe:——or if,—not to be *buried*,
"*But quick and in my arms.*"

On the whole, however, I prefer Mr. Theobald's conjecture to my own explanation. Steevens.

This laſt is, I believe, the true interpretation. Our author often quotes Lilly's Grammar; and here perhaps he remembered a phraſe that occurs in that book, p. 59, and is thus interpreted: "Tu cubas ſupinus, thou lieſt *in bed with thy face upwards*." *Heels* and *face* never could have been confounded by either the eye or the ear.

Beſides; Don Pedro is evidently playing on the word *dies* in Claudio's ſpeech, which Claudio uſes metaphorically, and of which Don Pedro avails himſelf to introduce an alluſion to that conſummation which he ſuppoſes Beatrice was *dying* for.

Malone.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leiſure ſerved, I would ſpeak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it pleaſe you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordſhip to be married to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, cir-

cumſtances ſhortened, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.[7]

Claud. Diſloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhow you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

D. John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhow itſelf.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

[7] ——*Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has tranſplanted this ſarcaſm into his *All for Love:*

"Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra." Steevens.

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges,[8] *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[9] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bleſſed you with a good name: to be a well-

[8] ——Dogberry *and* Verges,] The firſt of theſe worthies had his name from the *Dog-berry*, i. e. the female cornel, a ſhrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *Verjuice*.

Steevens.

[9] *Well, give them their* charge,] To *charge* his fellows, ſeems to have been a regular part of the duty of the conſtable of the watch. So, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639: "My watch is ſet—*charge given*—and all at peace." Again, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1613: "Come on, my hearts; we are the city's ſecurity—I'll give you your *charge*."

Malone.

favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen:[1]—Well, you are to call at all the ale-

[1] ——bills *be not ſtolen*:] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of Engliſh infantry, which, ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſecuris falcata.* JOHNSON.

houſes, and bid thoſe that are drunk get them to bed.

About Shakſpeare's time *halberds* were the weapons borne by the watchmen, as appears from Blount's *Voyage to the Levant*: "—certaine Janizaries, who with great ſtaves guard each ſtreet, as our night watchmen with *holberds* in London." REED.

The weapons to which the care of Dogberry extends, are mentioned in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

"——Well ſaid, neighbours;
"You're chatting wiſely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns,
"As becomes watchmen of diſcretion."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"————the watch
"Are coming tow'rd our houſe with glaives and *bills*."

The following repreſentation of a *watchman*, with his *bill* on his ſhoulder, is copied from the title-page to Decker's *O per ſe O*, &c. 4to. 1612:

STEEVENS.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhow himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.[3]

[2] ——*bid* thoſe *that are drunk*——] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio, 1623, reads—"bid *them* that," &c. Steevens.

[3] *If you hear a child cry* &c.] It is not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among theſe I find the following:

22. "No man ſhall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whilſt after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of impriſonment.

23. "No man ſhall uſe to go with viſoures, or diſguiſed by night, under like paine of impriſonment.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues,[4] he may ſtay him: marry,

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eviſdroppers, like puniſhment.

25. "No hammer-man, as a ſmith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great ſound, ſhall not worke after the houre of nyne at night, &c.

30. "No man ſhall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any ſuch ſuddaine outcry be made in the ſtill of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or ſervant, or ſinging, or revyling in his houſe, to the diſturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iiis. iiiid." &c. &c.

Ben Jonſon, however, appears to have ridiculed this ſcene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair:*

"And then a ſubſtantial *watch* to have ſtole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *miſtaking words*, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens obſerves, and I believe juſtly, that Ben Jonſon intended to ridicule this ſcene in his Induction to *Bartholomew-Fair*; yet in his *Tale of a Tub*, he makes his wife men of Finſbury ſpeak juſt in the ſame ſtyle, and blunder in the ſame manner, without any ſuch intention. M. Mason.

[4] ——*the* ſtatues,] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto, 1600, reads—"the ſtatutes." But whether the blunder was deſigned by the poet, or created by the printer, muſt be left to the conſideration of our readers. Steevens.

not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels and your own,[5] and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a ſcab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-

[5] ——*keep your fellows' counſels and your own,*] This is part of the oath of a grand juryman; and is one of many proofs of Shakſpeare's having been very converſant, at ſome period of his life, with legal proceedings and courts of juſtice. Malone.

houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard,[6] utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich;[7] for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhows, thou art unconfirmed:[8] Thou knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a

[6] ——*like a true* drunkard,] I ſuppoſe, it was on this account that Shakſpeare called him *Borachio*, from *Borracho*, Spaniſh, a drunkard; or *Borracha*, a leathern receptacle for wine. Steevens.

[7] ——*any* villainy *ſhould be ſo rich*;] The ſenſe abſolutely requires us to read, *villain*. Warburton.

The old reading may ſtand. Steevens.

[8] ——*thou art* unconfirmed:] i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the world. Warburton.

vile thief this ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſomebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy painting;[9] ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts[1] in the old church window; ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules[2] in the ſmirched[3]

[9] ——reechy *painting*:] Is painting diſcoloured by ſmoke. So, in *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

"——he look'd ſo *reechily*,

"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

From Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek, fumare.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*like god Bel's prieſts*—] Alluding to ſome aukward repreſentation of the ſtory of *Bel and the Dragon*, as related in the Apocrypha. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules* &c.] By the *ſhaven Hercules* is meant *Sampſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occaſion, when he brings his knight and 'ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of Dido and Æneas repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On Sancho's ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſorts of works, that fortune will ſend them a better artiſt.—What authoriſed the poet to give this name to Sampſon was the folly of certain Chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewiſh Sampſon. The retenue of our author is be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion. Shakſpeare is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro ſays of Benedick, in this

worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Con. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs' chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſſed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them,

comedy, may be well enough applied to him: *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make.* WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakſpeare knew nothing of theſe Chriſtian mythologiſts, and by *the ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had *the ſhaved Hercules* been meant to repreſent Sampſon, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw bone* inſtead of a *club*.

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſmirched*—] *Smirched* is ſoiled, obſcured. So, in *As you like it*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"And with a kind of umber *ſmirch* my face."

STEEVENS.

but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw over-night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.[4]

Con. Maſters, maſters.[5]

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Maſters,—

[4] —— *wears a* lock.] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"He whoſe thin fire dwells in a ſmoky roofe,
"Muſt take tobacco, and muſt wear *a lock*."

See Dr. Warburton's note, Act V. ſc. i. Steevens.

[5] Con. *Maſters, maſters*, &c.] In former copies:

Con. *Maſters.*

2 Watch. *You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.*

Con. *Maſters never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*

The regulation which I have made in this laſt ſpeech, though againſt the authority of all the printed copies, I flatter myſelf, carries its proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not deſigned to talk abſurd nonſenſe. It is evident, therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own juſtification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office. Theobald.

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe men's bills.[6]

Con. A commodity in queſtion,[7] I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* Ursula.

[6] ——*a goodly* commodity, *being* taken up *of theſe men's* bills.] Here is a cluſter of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly as now, the uſual term for an article of merchandiſe. To *take up*, beſides its common meaning, (*to apprehend,*) was the phraſe for obtaining goods on credit. "If a man is thorough with them in honeſt *taking up*, (ſays Falſtaff,) then they muſt ſtand upon ſecurity." *Bill* was the term both for a ſingle bond, and a halberd.

We have the ſame conceit in *King Henry VI.* P. II: "My lord, When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills?*" Malone.

[7] *A commodity in* queſtion,] i. e. a commodity ſubject to judicial trial or examination. Thus Hooker: "Whoſoever be found guilty, the communion book hath deſerved leaſt to be called *in queſtion* for this fault." Steevens.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato[8] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:[9] and your gown's

[8] —— *rebato*—] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage ſaith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turn'd back towards the ſhoulders. T. Hawkins.

This article of dreſs is frequently mentioned by our ancient comic writers.

So, in the comedy of *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"Broke broad jeſts upon her narrow heel,
"Pok'd her *rabatoes*, and ſurvey'd her *ſteel*."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "Your ſtiff-necked *rebatoes* (that have more arches for pride to row under, than can ſtand under five London-bridges) durſt not then," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Untruſſing the Humourous Poet*: "What a miſerable thing it is to be a noble bride! There's ſuch delays in riſing, in ſitting gowns, in pinning *rebatoes*, in *poaking*," &c.

The firſt and laſt of theſe paſſages will likewiſe ſerve for an additional explanation of the *poking-ſticks of ſteel*, mentioned by Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*. Steevens.

[9] —— *if the hair were a thought browner:*] i. e. the falſe hair attached to the cap; for we learn from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, p. 40, that ladies were "not ſimplie content with their own haire, but did buy up other haire either of horſes, mares, or any other ſtrange beaſts, dying it of what colour they liſt themſelves." Steevens.

—— *a* thought *browner:*] i. e. a degree, a little, or as would now be ſaid, a *ſhade* browner. Thus, in Shirley's *Honoria and Mammon*, 1659:

"*Col.* They have city faces.
"*Squ.* And are *a thought* too handſome to be ſerjeants."

a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the ducheſs of Milan's gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves,[1] and ſkirts round, underborne with a

Again, in *Guzman de Alfarache*, fol. 1628, P. II. B. II. ch. v: "——that I ſhould leſſen it *a thought* in the waiſt, for that it ſits now well before." Reed.

[1] ——ſide-*ſleeves*,] *Side*-ſleeves, I believe, mean *long* ones. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "As great ſelfe-love lurketh in a *ſide*-gowne, as in a *ſhort* armour." Again, in Laneham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle, 1575, the minſtrel's "gown had *ſide*-ſleeves down to the mid-leg." Clement Paſton (See *Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 145, 2d edit.) had "a *ſhort* blue gown that was made of a *ſide*-gown," i. e of a *long* one. Again, in *The laſt Voyage of Captaine Frobiſher*, by Dionyſe Settle, 12mo. bl. l. 1577: "They make their apparel with hoodes and tailes, &c. The men have them not ſo *ſyde* as the women."

Such long ſleeves, within my memory, were worn by children, and were called *hanging-ſleeves*, a term which is preſerved in a line, I think, of Dryden:

"And miſs in *hanging-ſleeves* now ſhakes the dice."

Side or *ſyde* in the North of England, and in Scotland, is uſed for *long* when applied to the garment, and the word has the ſame ſignification in the Anglo-Saxon and Daniſh. Vide Gloſſary to Gawine Douglas's Virgil. See alſo A. Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. IX. ch. viii. v. 120:

"And for the hete tuk on *ſid* gwnys."

To remove an appearance of tautology, as *down-ſleeves* may ſeem ſynonymous with *ſide-ſleeves*, a comma muſt be taken out, and the paſſage printed thus—"Set with pearls down ſleeves, or down *th*' ſleeves." The ſecond paragraph of this note is copied from the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786.

Steevens.

Side-ſleeves were certainly *long*-ſleeves, as will appear from the following inſtances. Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 327, tempore Hen. IV: "This time was uſed exceeding pride in garments,

blueiſh tinſel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon, by the weight of a man.[2]

Hero. Fye upon thee! art not aſhamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence,—*a huſband:* an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife; otherwiſe 'tis light, and not heavy: Aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

gownes with deepe and broad ſleeves commonly called poke ſleeves, the ſervants ware them as well as their maſters, which might well have been called the receptacles of the devil, for what they ſtole they hid in their ſleeves, whereof ſome hung downe to the feete, and at leaſt to the knees, full of cuts and jagges, whereupon were made theſe verſes: [i. e. by Tho Hoccleve.]

"Now hath this land little neede of broomes,
"To ſweepe away the filth out of the ſtreete,
"Sen *ſide-ſleeves* of pennileſſe groomes
"Will it up licke be it drie or weete."

Again, in Fitzherbert's *Book of Huſbandry:* "Theyr cotes be ſo *ſyde* that they be fayne to tucke them up whan they ride, as women do theyr kyrtels when they go to the market," &c.

REED.

[2] *'Twill be* heavier *ſoon, by the weight of a man.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——the *heavier* for a whore." STEEVENS.

Enter BEATRICE.

HERO. Good morrow, coz.

BEAT. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

HERO. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

BEAT. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARG. Clap us into—*Light o' love*:[3] that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

[3] —— *Light o'love*:] This tune is alluded to in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen*. The gaoler's daughter, ſpeaking of a horſe, ſays:

"He gallops to the tune of *Light o'love*."

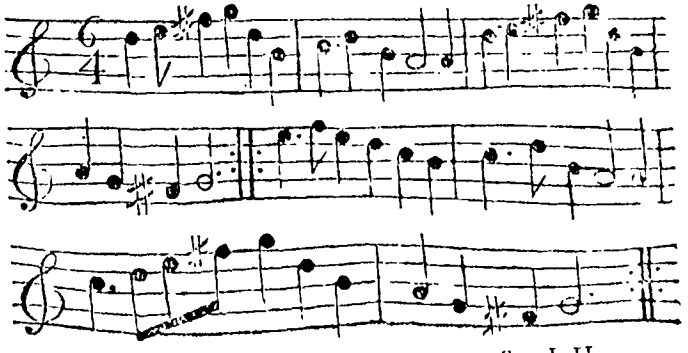
It is mentioned again in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Beſt ſing to the tune of *Light o'love*."

And in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher. Again, in *A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578: "The lover exhorteth his lady to be conſtant to the tune of—

"Attend go play thee—

"Not *Light of love*, lady," &c. STEEVENS.

This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS. and it is as follows:

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.[4]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?[5]

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[6]

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk,[7] there's no more sailing by the star.

[4] ——*no* barns.] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. Johnson.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*.

"Mercy on us, a *barn!* a very pretty *barn!*"

Steevens.

[5] ——hey ho!

Marg. For *a hawk, a horse, or a* husband?] "*Heigh ho for a Husband*, or the willing Maid's Wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepysian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. Malone.

[6] *For the letter that begins them all*, H.] This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is for an *ache*, or *pain*. Johnson.

Heywood, among his Epigrams, published in 1566, has one on the letter H:

"H is worst among letters in the cross-row;
"For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
"In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
"In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
"Into what place soever H may pike him,
"Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

Steevens.

[7] ——*turn'd Turk*,] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion. Warburton.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[8]

Marg. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuffed, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtilled Carduus Benedictus,[9] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

This interpretation is ſomewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. Johnson.

Hamlet uſes the ſame expreſſion, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk. To turn Turk*, was a common phraſe for a change of condition or opinion. So, in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1616:

"If you *turn Turk* again," &c. Steevens.

[8] *What means the fool, trow?*] This obſolete exclamation of enquiry, is corrupted from *I trow*, or *trow you*, and occurs again in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Who's there, *trow?*" To *trow* is to *imagine*, to *conceive*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurſe ſays: "'Twas no need, I *trow*, to bid me trudge."

Steevens.

[9] ——*Carduus Benedictus,*] "*Carduus Benedictus*, or bleſſed thiſtle, (ſays Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595,) ſo worthily named for the ſingular virtues that it hath."—"This herbe may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a ſalve for every ſore, not knowen to phyſitians of old time, but lately revealed by the ſpeciall providence of Almighty God."

Steevens.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have ſome moral[1] in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging:[2] and how you may be converted, I

[1] ——*ſome* moral—] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly the true one, though it has been doubted. In *The Rape of Lucrece* our author uſes the verb to *moralize* in the ſame ſenſe:

"Nor could ſhe *moralize* his wanton ſight."

i. e. inveſtigate the *latent meaning* of his looks.

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "—and has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or *moral* of his ſigns and tokens." MALONE.

Moralizations (for ſo they were called) are ſubjoined to many of our ancient Tales, reducing them into Chriſtian or moral leſſons. See the *Geſta Romanorum*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*he eats his meat without grudging*:] I do not ſee how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorouſneſs to ſay, *he eats* not *his meat without grudging*; but it is impoſſible to fix the meaning of proverbial expreſſions: perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithſtanding his boaſts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.[3]

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome conſidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Johnſon conſiders this paſſage too literally. The meaning of it is, that Benedick *is in love, and takes kindly to it.* M. Mason.

The meaning, I think, is, "and yet now, in ſpite of his reſolution to the contrary, he *feeds* on *love*, and likes his food." Malone.

[3] ——*you look with your eyes as other women do.*] i. e. you direct your eyes toward the ſame object; viz. a huſband. Stevens.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little off the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows.[4]

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.[5]

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous: *palabras,*[6] neighbour Verges.

[4] —— *honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. Steevens.

So, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* 1575:

"I am as true, I would thou knew, as *ſkin betwene thy brows.*"

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary,* Act V. ſc. ii:

"I am as *honeſt as the ſkin that is between thy brows.*" Reed.

[5] *I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good ſenſe, under the covering of this blundering expreſſion. It is a ſly inſinuation, that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men,* as Shakſpeare expreſſes it, take off the gloſs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit [Swift] ſays, *Youth is the ſeaſon of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt.* Warburton.

Much of this is true; but I believe Shakſpeare did not intend to beſtow all this reflection on the ſpeaker. Johnson.

[6] —— *palabras,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* the Tinker ſays, *pocas pallabras,* i. e. few words. A ſcrap of Spaniſh, which might once have been current among the vulgar, and had appeared, as Mr. Henley obſerves, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:* "*Pocas pallabras,* milde as the lambe." Steevens.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers;[7] but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dogb. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee![8]—Well ſaid,

[7] ——*we are the* poor duke's *officers*;] This ſtroke of pleaſantry (ariſing from a tranſpoſition of the epithet—*poor*,) has already occurred in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. i. where Elbow ſays: "If it pleaſe your honour, I am the *poor duke's* conſtable." Steevens.

[8] ——*it is a world to ſee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. So, in *All for Money*, an old morality, 1594: "*It is a world to ſee* how greedy they be of money." The ſame phraſe often occurs, with the ſame meaning, in Holinſhed. Steevens.

Again, in a letter from the Earl of Worceſter to the Earl of Saliſbury, 1609: "While this tragedee was acting *yt was a world* to heare the reports heare."

Lodge's Illuſtrations, Vol. III. p. 380. Reed.

Rather, *it is worth ſeeing*. Barret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains "It is a world to heare," by *it is a thing worthie the hearing*. Audire eſt operæ pretium. *Horat.*

i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man;[9] an two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind:[1]—An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhipped: All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, ſir: our watch, ſir, have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and

And in *The Myrrour of good Manners compyled in Latyn by Domynike Mancyn and tranſlate into Engliſhe by Alexander Bercley preſt. Imprynted by Rychard Pynſon*, bl. l. no date, the line "*Eſt operæ pretium* doctos ſpectare colonos"—is rendered "*A world it is to ſe* wyſe tyllers of the grounde."

HOLT WHITE.

[9] ——*well*, God's a good man;] So, in the old Morality or Interlude of *Luſty Juventus*:

"He wyl ſay, that *God is a good Man*,
"He can make him no better, and ſay the beſt he can."

Again, in *A mery Geſte of Robin Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"For God is hold *a righteous man*,
"And ſo is his dame," &c.

Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 670: "*God is a good man*, and will doe no harme," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*an two men ride* &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride behind*. The *firſt* place of rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.

bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Meſſenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination theſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non com:*[2] only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*to a* non com:] i. e. to a *non compos mentis*; put them out of their wits:—or, perhaps, he confounds the term with *non-plus*. Malone.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Inſide of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

LEON. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

CLAUD. No.

LEON. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

FRIAR. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

HERO. I do.

FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment[3] why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

CLAUD. Know you any, Hero?

HERO. None, my lord.

FRIAR. Know you any, count?

LEON. I dare make his anſwer, none.

[3] *If either of you know any inward impediment* &c.] This is borrowed from our Marriage Ceremony, which (with a few ſlight changes in phraſeology) is the ſame as was uſed in the time of Shakſpeare. DOUCE.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then ſome be of laughing,[4] as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift.

D. Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here:
O, what authority and ſhow of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhows? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:[5]
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty

[4] ——*ſome be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. Johnson.

[5] ——luxurious *bed*:] That is, *laſcivious*. *Luxury* is the confeſſor's term for unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. Johnson.

Thus Piſtol, in *King Henry V.* calls Fluellen a—
"——damned and *luxurious* mountain goat."
Steevens.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my ſoul[6] to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof[7]
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would ſay; If I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the 'forehand ſin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;[8]
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhow'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Claud. Out on thy ſeeming![9] I will write againſt it:[1]
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;

Again, in *The Life and Death of Edward II.* p. 129:
"*Luxurious* Queene, this is thy foule deſire." Reed.

[6] Not knit *my ſoul* &c.] The old copies read, injuriouſly to metre,—Not *to* knit, &c. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—*Nor* knit, &c. Steevens.

[7] Dear *my lord, if you, in your own proof*—] In *your own proof* may ſignify *in your own trial of her.* Tyrwhitt.

Dear like *door, fire, hour,* and many ſimilar words, is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

[8] ——*word too* large;] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious, not reſtrained within due bounds.* Johnson.

[9] ——thy *ſeeming!*] The old copies have *thee.* The emendation is Mr. Pope's. In the next line Shakſpeare probably wrote—*ſeem'd.* Malone.

[1] ——*I will* write againſt it:] So, in *Cymbeline,* Poſthumus ſpeaking of women, ſays:
"——I'll *write againſt them,*
"Deteſt them, curſe them." Steevens.

As chaſte as is the bud [2] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide? [3]

Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?

D. Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken? or do I but dream? [4]

D. John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;

[2] ——*chaſte as is the bud*—] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. Johnson.

[3] ——*that he doth ſpeak ſo* wide?] i. e. ſo remotely from the preſent buſineſs. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "No, no; no ſuch matter, you are *wide*." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, *ſo wide* of his own reſpect." Steevens.

[4] *Are theſe things ſpoken? or do I but dream?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
"Or have we," &c. Steevens.

And, by that fatherly and kindly power[5]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—
Leonato,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,[6]

[5] ——kindly *power*—] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. Johnson.

Thus, in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*:
"This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle ſirs."
i. e. *naturally*. Steevens.

[6] ——liberal *villain*,] *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means *frank beyond honeſty*, or *decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily reads, *illiberal*.
Johnson.

So, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605:
"But Vallinger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
"D'd give her ſcandalous ignoble terms."

Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

D. John. Fye, fye! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been,[6]
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture[7] hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.[8]

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?[9] [Hero *ſwoons.*

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"And give allowance to your *liberal* jeſts
"Upon his perſon." Steevens.

This ſenſe of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the "many aſperſions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully beſtowed upon him." Farmer.

[6] ——*what a Hero hadſt thou been,*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. Johnson.

[7] ——*conjecture*——] Conjecture is here uſed for ſuſpicion. Malone.

[8] *And never ſhall it more be* gracious.] i. e. lovely, attractive. Malone.

So, in *King John*:
"There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born."
Steevens.

[9] *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*] So, in *Venice Preſerved*:

Beat. Why, how now, couſin? wherefore ſink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, *Don* John, *and* Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?[1]

Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?[2]—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

"A thouſand daggers, all in honeſt hands!
"And have not I a friend to ſtick one here?"
Steevens.

[1] *Doſt thou look up?*] The metre is here imperfect. Perhaps our author wrote—*Doſt thou ſtill look up?* Steevens.

[2] *The ſtory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.* Johnson.

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? [3]
O, one too-much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmirched thus,[4] and mired with infamy,
I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

[3] *Chid I for that at frugal nature's* frame?] *Frame* is contrivance, order, diſpoſition of things. So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1603:

"And therefore ſeek to ſet each thing in *frame*."

Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, p. 555: "—there was no man that ſtudied to bring the unruſie to *frame*."

Again, in Daniel's *Verſes on Montaigne*:

"——extracts of men,
"Though in a troubled *frame* confus'dly ſet."

Again, in this play:

"Whoſe ſpirits toil in *frame* of villainies." STEEVENS.

It ſeems to me, that by *frugal nature's frame*, Leonato alludes to the particular formation of himſelf, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the univerſal ſyſtem of things. *Frame* means here *framing*, as it does where Benedick ſays of John, that—

"His ſpirits toil in *frame* of villainies."

Thus Richard ſays of Prince Edward, that he was—

"*Fram'd* in the prodigality of nature."

And, in *All's well that ends well*, the King ſays to Bertram:

"Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
"Hath well *compos'd* thee."

But Leonato, diſſatisfied with his own *frame*, was wont to complain of the *frugality of nature*. M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is,—Grieved I at nature's being ſo *frugal* as to have *framed* for me only one child? MALONE.

[4] *Who* ſmirched *thus*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—"ſmeared." To *ſmirch* is to *daub*, to ſully. So, in *King Henry V*:

"Our gayneſs and our gilt are all *beſmirch'd*." &c.
STEEVENS.

And mine that I was proud on; [5] mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe—O, ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again; [6]
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh! [7]

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,

[5] *But mine,* and *mine I lov'd,* and *mine I prais'd,*
And *mine that I was proud on*;] The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read, *as* in theſe three places. The reaſoning of the ſpeaker ſtands thus—*Had this been my adopted child, her ſhame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine,* as *mine I loved her, praiſed her, was proud of her: conſequently, as I claimed the glory, I muſt needs be ſubject to the ſhame,* &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this ſmall alteration there is no need. The ſpeaker utters his emotion abruptly. But *mine, and mine* that *I lov'd,* &c. by an ellipſis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *the wide ſea*
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;] The ſame thought is repeated in *Macbeth:*
" Will all great Neptune's *ocean waſh* this blood
" *Clean* from my hand?" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *which may* ſeaſon *give*
To her foul tainted fleſh!] The ſame metaphor from the kitchen occurs in *Twelfth-Night:*
" —— all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love." STEEVENS.

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions ſtart
Into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors[8] that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book;[9] truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?[1]

[8] *To* burn *the* errors—] The ſame idea occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Tranſparent *hereticks* be *burnt* for liars." Steevens.

[9] ——*of my* book;] i. e. of what I have read. Malone.

[1] Friar. ——*what man is he you are accus'd of?*] The Friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in fiſhing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this queſtion to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no name

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;[2]
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.

mentioned. Why then ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that in that hurry and confuſion of ſpirits, into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The Friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that were ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.—I only take notice of this to ſhow how admirably well Shakſpeare knew how to ſuſtain his characters.

WARBURTON.

[2] ——bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is uſed by our author for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick ſays of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;[3]
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation;[4]
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that, dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.

[3] *Your daughter here the* princes *left for dead;*] In former copies—

Your daughter here the princeſs (*left for dead;*)

But how comes Hero to ſtart up a princeſs here? We have no intimation of her father being a prince; and this is the firſt and only time ſhe is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a ſingle letter, and of the parentheſis, will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning:

Your daughter here the princes *left for dead;*

i. e. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon; and his baſtard brother, who is likewiſe called a prince. Theobald.

[4] —— *oſtentation;*] Show, appearance. Johnson.

She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value;[5] then we find
The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not ſhow us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe died upon his words,[6]
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed:—then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver,[7])
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,

[5] ——*we* rack *the value*;] i. e. we exaggerate the value. The alluſion is to *rack-rents*. The ſame kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"What our contempts do often hurl from us,
"We wiſh it ours again." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*died* upon *his words*,] i. e. died *by* them. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"To die *upon* the hand I love ſo well." STEEVENS.

[7] (*If ever* love *had intereſt in his* liver,)] The liver, in conformity to ancient ſuppoſition, is frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare as the ſeat of love. Thus Piſtol repreſents Falſtaff as loving Mrs. Ford—"with *liver* burning hot." STEEVENS.

The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation,)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs[8] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.[9]

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, Hero, *and* Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice,[1] have you wept all this while?

[8] ——*my* inwardneſs—] i. e. intimacy. Thus Lucio, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, ſpeaking of the Duke, ſays—"I was an *inward* of his." Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Who is moſt *inward* with the noble duke?"

Steevens.

[9] *The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.*] This is one of our author's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. Johnson.

[1] *Lady Beatrice*, &c.] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhown a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhow ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou loveſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that ſays, I love not you.

lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into, had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once.

WARBURTON.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be deviſed to it: I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;[2]—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

[2] *I am gone, though I am here;*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in perſon before you. Steevens.

I cannot approve of Steevens's explanation of theſe words, and believe Beatrice means to ſay, "I am gone," that is, "I am loſt to you, though I am here." In this ſenſe Benedick takes them, and deſires to be friends with her. M. Mason.

Or, perhaps, my affection is withdrawn from you, though I am yet here. Malone.

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,[3] that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand[4] until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.[5]

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—ſhe is wronged, ſhe is ſlandered, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties![6] Surely, a princely

[3] ——*in the* height *a villain,*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" He's a traitor to the *height.*"
" *In præcipiti* vitium ſtetit." Juv. I. 149. Steevens.

[4] ——*bear her in hand*—] i. e. delude her by fair promiſes. So, in *Macbeth:*
" How you were *borne in hand,* how croſs'd," &c.
Steevens.

[5] *I would eat his heart in the market-place.*] A ſentiment as ſavage is imputed to Achilles by Chapman, in his verſion of the 22d *Iliad:*
" Hunger for ſlaughter, and a hate that eates thy heart,
to eate
" *Thy foe's heart.*"
With equal ferocity, Hecuba, ſpeaking of Achilles, in the 24th *Iliad,* expreſſes a wiſh to employ *her teeth on his liver.*
Steevens.

[6] ——*and* counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman.* See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* Steevens.

teſtimony, a goodly count-confect;[7] a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies,[8] valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:[9] he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account; As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go, comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[7] ——*a goodly* count-confect;] i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. Steevens.

[8] ——*into* courteſies,] i. e. into ceremonious obeiſance, like the *courteſies* dropped by women. Thus, in *Othello*:

"Very good; well kiſs'd! an excellent *courteſy*!"

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Duck with French nods, and apiſh *courteſy*."

Steevens.

[9] ——*and men are only turned into* tongue, *and trim ones too*:] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only *common*, but *clever* men, &c. Steevens.

SCENE II.[1]

A Priſon.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns*;[2] *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole diſſembly appeared?

[1] *Scene II.*] The perſons, throughout this ſcene, have been ſtrangely confounded in the modern editions. The firſt error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the ſtage-direction, prefixed to this ſcene in the old editions, (*Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne-Clerke, in gownes,*) but no where elſe; nor is there a ſingle ſpeech aſcribed to him in thoſe editions. The part, which he might reaſonably have been expected to take upon this occaſion, is performed by *the Sexton*; who aſſiſts at, or rather directs, the examinations; ſets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been ſtyled *the Town-Clerk*, in the ſtage-direction above-mentioned, from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-Clerk* upon the ſtage, were unwilling, as it ſeems, that the latter ſhould be a mute perſonage; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almoſt all the abſurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *conſtable*. To rectify this confuſion, little more is neceſſary than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this ſcene, for the names of the perſons repreſented; viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly juſt; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them.

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*in* gowns;] It appears from *The Black Book*, 4to. 1604, that this was the dreſs of a conſtable in our author's time: "—when they miſt their *conſtable*, and ſawe the *black gowne* of his office lye full in a puddle——."

The Sexton (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerved) is ſtyled in this ſtage-direction, in the old copies, *the Town-Clerk*, "probably from

Verg. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton![3]

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.[4]

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.——Yours, ſirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, ſir, we hope.

his doing the duty of ſuch an officer." But this error has only happened here; for throughout the ſcene itſelf he is deſcribed by his proper title. By miſtake alſo in the quarto, and the folio, which appears to have been printed from it, the name of Kempe (an actor in our author's theatre) throughout this ſcene is prefixed to the ſpeeches of Dogberry, and that of Cowley to thoſe of Verges, except in two or three inſtances, where either *Conſtable* or *Andrew* are ſubſtituted for Kempe. Malone.

[3] *O, a* ſtool and a cuſhion *for the ſexton!*] Perhaps a ridicule was here aimed at *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"*Hieron.* What, are you ready?

"*Balth.* Bring a *chaire and a cuſhion* for the king."

Malone.

[4] ——*we have the* exhibition *to* examine.] Blunder for *examination* to *exhibit*. See p. 110: "Take their *examination* yourſelf, and *bring it me*." Steevens.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains![5]—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves; and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly. How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Con. Marry, ſir, we ſay we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:[6] Have you writ down—that they are none?

[5] Con. Bora. *Yea, ſir, we hope.*

Dogb. *Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!*] This ſhort paſſage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Beſides, it ſupplies a defect: for without it, the Town-Clerk aſks a queſtion of the priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any anſwer to it. Theobald.

The omiſſion of this paſſage ſince the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21, the ſacred name being jeſtingly uſed four times in one line. Blackstone.

[6] *'Fore God, they are both in a tale:*] This is an admirable ſtroke of humour: *Dogberry* ſays of the priſoners that they are falſe knaves; and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not be ſuppoſed to make, he infers a communion of counſels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. Sir J. Hawkins.

If the learned annotator will amend his comment by omitting the word *guilt*, and inſerting the word *innocence*, it will (except as to the ſuppoſed inference of a communication of counſels, which ſhould likewiſe be omitted or corrected,) be a juſt and pertinent remark. Ritson.

Sexton. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:[7]—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuſe theſe men.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

[7] *Yea, marry, that's the* efteſt *way:*] Our modern editors, who were at a loſs to make out the corrupted reading of the old copies, read *eaſieſt*. The quarto, in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond editions in folio, all concur in reading—*Yea, marry, that's the* efteſt *way*, &c. A letter happened to ſlip out at preſs in the firſt edition; and 'twas too hard a talk for the ſubſequent editors to put it in, or gueſs at the word under this accidental depravation. There is no doubt but the author wrote, as I have reſtored the text—*Yea, marry, that's the* deſteſt *way*, i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* way. The word is pure Saxon. Deaplice, *debite, congrue*, duely, fitly, Gedæthe, *opportune, commode*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly. Vide Spelman's *Saxon Gloſſ.* Theobald.

Mr. Theobald might have recollected the word *deftly* in *Macbeth:*

"Thyſelf and office *deftly* ſhow."

Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, deſigned Dogberry to corrupt this word as well as many others. Steevens.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accuſed, in this very manner refuſed, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly died.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhow him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb![8]

[8] Verg. *Let them be in* band.
Con. *Off, coxcomb!*] The old copies read,
"Let them be in the hands *of coxcomb.*" Steevens.

Mr. Theobald gives theſe words to Conrade, and ſays—*But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his brother officers, there ſeems no reaſon from any ſuperior qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhows of knowing their ignorance.* This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhows as good ſenſe in their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his ſuſpicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanneſs of his name hindered our editor from ſeeing the goodneſs of his ſenſe. But this Sexton was an eccleſiaſtic of one of the inferior orders called the *ſacriſtan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I ſuppoſe the book from whence the poet took his ſub-

Dogb. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let

ject, was ſome old Engliſh novel tranſlated from the Italian, where the word *ſagriſtano* was rendered *ſexton*. As in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Boulogne:*

"When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,
"Up roſe the *Sexton* of that place prophane."

The paſſage then in queſtion is to be read thus:

Sexton. *Let them be in hand.* [Exit.
Con. *Off, coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinioned. The Sexton ſays, it was ſufficient if they were kept in ſafe cuſtody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade ſays, *Off, coxcomb!* as he ſays afterwards to the conſtable, *Away! you are an aſs.*—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the firſt umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What theſe words mean I don't know: but I ſuſpect the old quarto divides the paſſage as I have done. WARBURTON.

Theobald has fairly given the reading of the quarto.

Dr. Warburton's aſſertion, as to the dignity of a *ſexton* or *ſacriſtan*, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the fourth Book of the *Æneid*, where he calls the Maſſylian prieſteſs:

"——in ſoil Maſſyla begotten,
"*Sexten* of Heſperides ſinagog." STEEVENS.

Let them be in hand.] I had conjectured that theſe words ſhould be given to *Verges*, and read thus—*Let them bind their* hands. I am ſtill of opinion that the paſſage belongs to *Verges*; but, for the true reading of it, I ſhould wiſh to adopt a much neater emendation, which has ſince been ſuggeſted to me in converſation by Mr. Steevens—*Let them be in hand.* Shakſpeare, as he obſerved to me, commonly uſes *hand* for *bond*.

TYRWHITT.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"And die in *hands* for this unmanly deed!"

It is plain that they were *bound* from a ſubſequent ſpeech of Pedro: "Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus *bound* to your anſwer?" STEEVENS.

Off, coxcomb!] The old copies read—*of*, and theſe words make a part of the laſt ſpeech, "Let them be in the hands *of coxcomb.*" The preſent regulation was made by Dr. Warburton, and has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. *Off* was formerly ſpelt *of*. In the early editions of theſe plays a broken ſentence (like that before us,—*Let them be in the hands*—) is

him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs. I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

almoſt always corrupted by being tacked, through the ignorance of the tranſcriber or printer, to the ſubſequent words. So, in *Coriolanus*, inſtead of—

"You ſhades of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
"Plaſter you o'er!"

we have in the folio, 1623, and the ſubſequent copies—

"You ſhames of Rome, you! Herd of boils and plagues," &c.

See alſo *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

Perhaps, however, we ſhould read and regulate the paſſage thus:

Ver. *Let them be in the hands of*—[the law, *he might have intended to ſay.*]

Con. *Coxcomb!* Malone.

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this ſcene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cowley* are placed at the beginning of the ſpeeches, inſtead of the proper words. Johnson.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

ANT. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

LEON. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;[9]
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;
Cry—ſorrow, wag! and hem, when he ſhould groan;[1]

[9] *And bid him ſpeak of patience;*] Read—
" And bid him ſpeak *to me* of patience." RITSON.

[1] *Cry—ſorrow, wag! and hem, when he ſhould groan;*] The quarto, 1600, and folio, 1623, read—
" And *ſorrow, wagge,* cry hem," &c.
Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope—
" And *hallow,* wag," &c.
Mr. Theobald—
" And ſorrow *wage,*" &c.
Sir Tho. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton—
" And ſorrow *waive,*" &c.

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk

Mr. Tyrwhitt—
" And ſorrow *gagge*," &c.
Mr. Heath and Mr. T. Warton—
" And *ſorrowing* cry hem," &c.
I had inadvertently offered—
" And, *ſorry* wag!" &c.
Mr. Ritſon—
" And ſorrow *waggery*," &c.
Mr. Malone—
" *In* ſorrow wag," &c.

But I am perſuaded that Dr. Johnſon's explanation as well as arrangement of the original words, is appoſite and juſt: I cannot (ſays he) but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined.

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, ſorrow, wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan, &c.

That is, 'If he will ſmile, and cry *ſorrow be gone!* and hem inſtead of groaning.' The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harſh, and this harſhneſs made the ſenſe miſtaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty.

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
Cry, ſorrow, wag! and hem when he ſhould groan—."

Thus far Dr. Johnſon; and in my opinion he has left ſucceeding criticks nothing to do reſpecting the paſſage before us. Let me, however, claim the honour of ſupporting his opinion.

To cry—*Care away!* was once an expreſſion of triumph. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

" ——I may now ſay, *Care awaye!*"

Again, *ibidem*: " ——Now grievous *ſorrowe and care away!*"

Again, at the concluſion of Barnaby Googe's third *Eglog*:

" Som cheſtnuts have I there in ſtore,
" With cheeſe and pleaſaunt whaye;
" God ſends me vittayles for my nede,
" And I ſynge *Care awaye!*"

Again, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, in George Withers's *Philarete*, 1622:

" Why ſhould we grieve or pine at that?
" *Hang ſorrow!* care will kill a cat."

Sorrow go by! is alſo (as I am aſſured) a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland. *Sorrow wag!* might have been juſt ſuch another. The verb, to *wag*, is ſeveral times uſed by our author in the ſenſe of to *go*, or *pack off*.

With candle-wasters;[2] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:

The Prince, in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* Act II. sc. iv. says—"They cry *hem!* and bid you play it off." And Mr. M. Mason observes that this expression also occurs in *As you like it*, where Rosalind says—"These burs are in my heart;" and Celia replies—"*Hem* them away." The foregoing examples sufficiently prove the exclamation *hem*, to have been of a comic turn.

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*make misfortune drunk*
With candle-wasters;] This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap-dragons in glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I think, been satisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, as little satisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-wasters* is a term of contempt for scholars: thus Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. sc. ii: "—spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a *candle-waster*." In *The Antiquary*, Act III. is a like term of ridicule: "He should more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-wasters* of them all." The sense then, which I would assign to Shakspeare, is this: "If such a one will patch grief with proverbs,—*case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings*;—make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters,—*stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the* lamp, *but not fitted to human nature*." *Patch*, in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i:

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
"Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw."

WHALLEY.

No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel:
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.[3]

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace: I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods,[4]
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.[5]

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

[3] ——*than* advertiſement.] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction*. Johnson.

[4] *However they have writ* the ſtyle of gods,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis, *ex pari, vivit*. Senec. Ep. 59. [1] *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus eſt*. Sapiens *nihilo ſe minoris æſtimat*.—Deus *non vincit* ſapientem *felicitate*. Ep. 73. Warburton.

Shakſpeare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of ſtoiciſm. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an exalted language; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſuperior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldneſs.

Beaumont and Fletcher have the ſame expreſſion in the firſt of their *Four Plays in One*:

"Athens doth make women philoſophers,
"And ſure their children chat *the talk of gods*."

Steevens.

[5] *And made a piſh at* chance and ſufferance.] Alludes to their famous *apathy*. Warburton.

The old copies read—*puſh*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

Leon. Some haſte, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,
Thou, thou[6] doſt wrong me; thou diſſembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me:

[6] *Thou, thou*—] I have repeated the word—*thou*, for the ſake of meaſure. Steevens.

I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt belied mine innocent child;
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes buried with her anceſtors:
O! in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.

D. Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpite his nice fence,[7] and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canſt thou ſo daff me?[8] Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

[7] *Deſpite his nice* fence,] i. e. defence, or ſkill in the ſcience of fencing, or defence. Douce.

[8] *Canſt thou ſo* daff *me?*] This is a country word, Mr. Pope tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the expoſition here: To *daff* and *doff* are ſynonymous terms, that mean to *put off*: which is the very ſenſe required here, and what Leonato would reply, upon Claudio's ſaying, he would have nothing to do with him. Theobald.

Theobald has well interpreted the word. Shakſpeare uſes it more than once. Thus, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed: [9]
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me,—
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me: [1]
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence; [2]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,

"The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
"And his comrades, that *daff'd* the world aſide."

Again, in the comedy before us:

"I would have *daff'd* all other reſpects," &c.

Again, in *The Lover's Complaint*:

"There my white ſtole of chaſtity I *daff'd*."

It is, perhaps, of Scottiſh origin, as I find it in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* Philotus, &c. Edinburgh, 1603:

"Their *daffing* does us ſo undo." Steevens.

[9] Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us*, &c.] This *brother Antony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character of a ſage to comfort his brother, overwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age* and *valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf; and all he can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgment peculiar to Shakſpeare. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted. Warburton.

[1] ——*come, boy, follow me:*] Here the old copies deſtroy the meaſure by reading—

"——come, *ſir* boy, *come*, follow me:"

I have omitted the unneceſſary words. Steevens.

[2] ——foining *fence*;] *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means *thruſting*. Douce.

As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkſops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling,[3] out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs,[4]
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.[5]

[3] *Scambling,*] i. e *ſcrambling*. The word is more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the firſt ſpeech of the play of *King Henry V.* and likewiſe the Scots proverb,—"It is well ken'd your father's ſon was never a *ſcambler*." A *ſcambler*, in its literal ſenſe, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Iriſh called a *coſherer*. Steevens.

[4] ——*ſhow* outward hideouſneſs,] i. e. what in *King Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. is called—

"——a *horrid ſuit* of the camp." Steevens.

[5] ——*we will not* wake *your patience.*] This conveys a ſentiment that the ſpeaker would by no means have implied,—That the patience of the two old men was not exerciſed, but aſleep, which upbraids them for inſenſibility under their wrong. Shakſpeare muſt have wrote:

——*we will not* wrack—

i. e. deſtroy your patience by tantalizing you. Warburton.

This emendation is very ſpecious, and perhaps is right; yet the preſent reading may admit a congruous meaning with leſs difficulty than many other of Shakſpeare's expreſſions.

My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Brother, away:[6]—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Antonio.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, ſee; here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, ſignior! what news!

Bene. Good day, my lord.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. Johnson.

Wake, I believe, is the original word. The ferocity of wild beaſts is overcome by not ſuffering them to ſleep. *We will not* wake *your patience*, therefore means, we will forbear any further provocation. Henley.

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Othello*:

"Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
"Than anſwer my *wak'd* wrath." Steevens.

[6] *Brother, away:*—] The old copies, without regard to metre, read—

"Come, *brother, away*," &c.

I have omitted the uſeleſs and redundant word—*come*.
Steevens.

D. Pedro. Welcome, ſignior: You are almoſt come to part almoſt[7] a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels;[8] draw, to pleaſure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat,[9] thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

[7] —— *to part* almoſt—] This ſecond *almoſt* appears like a caſual inſertion of the compoſitor. As the ſenſe is complete without it, I wiſh the omiſſion of it had been licenſed by either of the ancient copies. Steevens.

[8] *I will bid thee* draw, *as we do the* minſtrels;] An alluſion perhaps to the itinerant *ſword-dancers*. In what low eſtimation *minſtrels* were held in the reign of Elizabeth, may be ſeen from Stat. Eliz. 39, c. iv. and the term was probably uſed to denote any ſort of vagabonds who amuſed the people at particular ſeaſons. Douce.

[9] *What though* care killed a cat,] This is a proverbial expreſſion. See Ray's *Proverbs*. Douce.

This proverb is recognized by Cob the water bearer, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. ſc. iv. Reed.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it againſt me:—I pray you, chooſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.[1]

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[2]

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

[1] *Nay, then give him another ſtaff*; &c.] An alluſion to *tilting*. See note, *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. iv. Warburton.

[2] —— *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. Johnson.

A correſponding expreſſion is to this day uſed in Ireland—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himſelf till he is in a better.

Dr. Farmer furniſhes me with an inſtance of this proverbial expreſſion as uſed by Claudio, from *Winwood's Memorials*, fol. edit. 1725, Vol. I. p. 453. See letter from Winwood to Cecyll, from Paris, 1602, about an affront he received there from *an Engliſhman:* "I ſaid what I ſpake was not to make *him* angry. He replied, if I were angry, *I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.*" So likewiſe, Cowley *On the Government of Oliver Cromwell:* "The next month he ſwears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does ſo in his princely way of threatening, bidding them *turne the buckles of their girdles* behind them." Steevens.

Again, in *Knavery in all Trades, or the Coffee-Houſe*, 1664, ſign. E: "Nay, if the gentleman be angry, let him turn *the buckles of his girdle behind him.*" Reed.

Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wreſtling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adverſary a fairer graſp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. Holt White.

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right,[3] or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have killed a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid[4] me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?[5]

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praiſed thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; *True,* ſays ſhe, *a fine little one: No,* ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right,* ſays ſhe, *a great groſs one: Nay,* ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt,* ſaid ſhe, *it hurts no body: Nay,* ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*; *Certain,* ſaid ſhe,

[3] *Do me right,*] This phraſe occurs in Juſtice Silence's ſong in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. iii. and was the uſual form of challenge to pledge a bumper toaſt in a bumper. See note on the foregoing paſſage. Steevens.

[4] ——*bid*—] i. e. invited. So, in *Titus Andronicus,* Act I. ſc. ii:

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." Reed.

[5] *Shall I not find a* woodcock *too?*] A *woodcock,* being ſuppoſed to have no brains, was a proverbial term for a fooliſh fellow. See *The London Prodigal,* 1605, and other comedies. Malone.

A *woodcock,* means one caught in a ſpringe; alluding to the plot againſt Benedick. So, in *Hamlet,* ſc. *ult.*

"Why, as a *woodcock* to my own ſpringe, Oſrick."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act IV. ſc. iii. Biron ſays—

"——four *woodcocks* in a diſh." Douce.

a wiſe gentleman:[6] *Nay,* ſaid I, *he hath the tongues; That I believe,* ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forſwore on Tueſday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you: I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina: you have, among you, killed a ſweet

[6] —— *a wiſe gentleman:*] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read—*a wiſe gentleman*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *ſilly fellow.* Johnson.

We ſtill ludicrouſly call a man deficient in underſtanding—*a wiſe-acre.* Steevens.

and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. PEDRO. He is in earneſt.

CLAUD. In moſt profound earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. PEDRO. And hath challenged thee?

CLAUD. Moſt ſincerely.

D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit! [7]

[7] *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!*] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well-turned *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the doublet and hoſe without a cloak. WARBURTON.

I doubt much concerning this interpretation, yet am by no means confident that my own is right. I believe, however, theſe words refer to what Don Pedro had ſaid juſt before—"And hath *challenged* thee?"—and that the meaning is, What a pretty thing a man is, when he is ſilly enough to throw off his cloak, and go in his doublet and hoſe, to *fight* for a woman? In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, when Sir Hugh is going to engage with Dr. Caius, he walks about in his doublet and hoſe: "*Page.* And youthful ſtill in your *doublet and hoſe*, this raw rheumatick day!"—"There is reaſons and cauſes for it," ſays Sir Hugh, alluding to the duel he was going to fight.—I am aware that there was a particular ſpecies of ſingle combat called *rapier and cloak*; but I ſuppoſe, nevertheleſs, that when the ſmall ſword came into common uſe, the cloak was generally laid aſide in duels, as tending to embarraſs the combatants. MALONE.

Perhaps the whole meaning of the paſſage is this:—What an inconſiſtent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the ſame time diveſts himſelf of his underſtanding! STEEVENS.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

D. PEDRO. But, ſoft you, let be;[8] pluck up, my heart, and be ſad![9] Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

DOGB. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance:[1] nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be looked to.

[8] *But, ſoft you,* let be;] The quarto and firſt folio read corruptly—*let* me *be,* which the editor of the ſecond folio, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, converted to—*let me* ſee. I was once idle enough to ſuppoſe that copy was of ſome authority; but a minute examination of it has ſhewn me that all the alterations made in it were merely arbitrary, and generally very injudicious. *Let be* were without doubt the author's words. The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act IV. ſc. iv:

" What's this for? Ah, *let be, let be.*" MALONE.

If *let be,* is the true reading, it muſt mean, *let things remain as they are.* I have heard the phraſe uſed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf. Mr. Henley obſerves, that the ſame expreſſion occurs in *St. Matt.* xxvii. 49.—I have ſince met with it in an ancient metrical romance, MS. entitled the *Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c.:

" Speke we now of ſir Laban,
" And *let* Charles and Gy *be.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. i:

" ——and they were ratified,
" As he cried, Thus, *let be.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act V. ſc. iii. Leontes ſays, " *Let be, let be.*" REED.

[9] ——*pluck up, my heart, and be ſad!*] i. e. rouſe thyſelf, my heart, and be prepared for ſerious conſequences! STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ne'er weigh more* reaſons *in her balance:*] A quibble between *reaſons* and *raiſons.* RITSON.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.[2]

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander[3] the lady

[2] ——*one meaning well suited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dresses*; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech. Johnson.

[3] ——incensed *me to slander* &c.] That is, incited me. The word is used in the same sense in *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* M. Mason.

See Minsheu's Dict. in v. Malone.

Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgraced her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and, briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I loved it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath-haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chooſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance[4] your invention
Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

D. Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people[5] in Meſſina here

[4] Impoſe *me to what penance*—] i. e. *command* me to undergo whatever penance, &c. A taſk or exerciſe preſcribed by way of puniſhment for a fault committed at the Univerſities, is yet called (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved in a former note) an *impoſition*. Malone.

[5] Poſſeſs *the people* &c.] To *poſſeſs*, in ancient language, ſignifies, to *inform*, to make acquainted with. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Is he yet *poſſeſs'd* how much you would?"

Again, *ibid*:

"I have *poſſeſs'd* your grace of what I purpoſe."

Steevens.

How innocent ſhe died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;[6]
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,[7]
Hir'd to it by your brother.

[6] *And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have forgot what he had made Leonato ſay, in the fifth ſcene of the firſt Act to Antonio: "How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided the muſick?" Anonymous.

[7] *Who, I believe, was* pack'd *in all this wrong,*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. So, in Lord Bacon's Works, Vol. IV. p. 269, edit. 1740: "If the iſſue ſhall be this, that whatever ſhall be done for him, ſhall be thought done for a number of perſons that ſhall be laboured and *packed*—." Malone.

So, in *King Lear*:

"——ſnuffs and *packings* of the dukes." Steevens.

Again, in Melvill's *Memoirs*, p. 90: "—he was a ſpecial inſtrument of helping my Lord of Murray and Secretary Lidington to *pack* up the firſt friendſhip betwixt the two queens," &c. Reed.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembered in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;[8]

[8] —— *he wears a* key in his ear, *and a* lock *hanging by it;*] There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatirize the *faſhion*; whom they took to be a man ſurnamed *Deformed*. This the conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Againſt this faſhion William Prynne wrote his treatiſe, called, *The Unlovelyneſs of Love-Locks*. To this fantaſtick mode Fletcher alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge*: "This morning I brought him a new perriwig with *a lock at it*—And yonder's a fellow come has *bored a hole in his ear*." And again, in his *Woman-Hater*: "If I could endure an ear with a *hole* in it, or a platted *lock*," &c. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has here (as he frequently does) refined a little too much. There is no alluſion, I conceive, to the faſhion of wearing rings in the ears (a faſhion which our author himſelf followed). The pleaſantry ſeems to conſiſt in Dogberry's ſuppoſing that the *lock* which Deformed wore, muſt have a key to it.

Fynes Moryſon, in a very particular account that he has given of the dreſs of Lord Montjoy, (the rival, and afterwards the friend, of Robert, Earl of Eſſex,) ſays, that his hair was "thinne on the head, where he wore it ſhort, except a *lock under his left eare*, which he nouriſhed the time of this warre, [the Iriſh War, in 1599,] and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe." Itinerary, P. II. p. 45. When he was not on ſervice, he probably wore it in a different faſhion. The portrait of Sir

and borrows money in God's name;[9] the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation![1]

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worſhip; which, I beſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your worſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſhed, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry, Verges, *and* Watch.

Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorſet, painted by Vandyck, (now at Knowle,) exhibits this lock with a large knotted ribband at the end of it. It hangs under the ear on the left ſide, and reaches as low as where the ſtar is now worn by the knights of the garter.

The ſame faſhion is alluded to in an epigram already quoted:

"Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-tail-*lock*," &c.

Malone.

[9] ——*and* borrow's *money in* God's name;] i. e. is a common beggar. This alludes, with too much levity, to the 17th verſe of the xixth chapter of *Proverbs*: "He that giveth to the poor, *lendeth unto the Lord*." Steevens.

[1] *God ſave the* foundation!] Such was the cuſtomary phraſe employed by thoſe who received alms at the gates of religious houſes. Dogberry, however, in the preſent inſtance, might have deſigned to ſay—"God ſave the *founder*!" Steevens.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro *and* Claudio.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

[2] ——lewd *fellow.*] *Lewd,* in this, and ſeveral other inſtances, has not its common meaning, but merely ſignifies—*ignorant.* So, in *King Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii:

"But you muſt trouble him with *lewd* complaints."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne,* MS:

"That witneſſith both lerned and *lewde.*"

Again, *ibid:*

"He ſpared neither *lewde* ner clerke." Steevens.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?[3]

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.[4]

[3] *To have no man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *ſtairs?*] I ſuppoſe, every reader will find the meaning. Johnson.

Leſt he ſhould not, the following inſtance from Sir Aſton Cockayne's *Poems* is at his ſervice:

"But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,
"Her he *o'er-came*, for he got her with child."

And another, more appoſite, from Marſton's *Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"Alas! when we are once o'the falling hand,
"A man may eaſily *come over* us." Collins.

Mr. Theobald, to procure an obvious ſenſe, would read—*above* ſtairs. But there is danger in any attempt to reform a joke two hundred years old.

The ſenſe, however, for which Mr. Theobald contends, may be reſtored by ſuppoſing the loſs of a word; and that our author wrote—"Why, ſhall I always keep *men* below ſtairs?" i.e. never ſuffer them to come up into my bed-chamber, for the purpoſes of love. Steevens.

[4] ——*I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment. Johnson.

Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, uſes the ſame expreſſion: "At this his maſter laught, and was glad, for further advantage, to *yield the bucklers* to his prentiſe."

Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632: "—into whoſe hands ſhe thruſts the weapons firſt, let him *take up the bucklers*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "Charge one of them to *take up the bucklers* againſt that hair-monger Horace."

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [Singing.]
That ſits above,[5]
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam car-

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:
"And now I lay *the bucklers* at your feet."
Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:
"——if you lay down *the bucklers*, you loſe the victory."
Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. X. ch. xxi: "—it goeth againſt his ſtomach (the cock's) to yeeld the gantlet and *give the bucklers*." Steevens.

[5] *The god of love*, &c.] This was the beginning of an old ſong, by W. E. (William Elderton) a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of *The Complaint of a Sinner, &c. Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy, for Richard Applow*, is ſtill extant. The words in this moraliſed copy are as follows:
"*The god of love, that ſits above,*
"*Doth know us, doth know us,*
"*How ſinful that we be.*" Ritson.

In *Bacchus' Bountie*, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1593, is a ſong, beginning—
"*The gods of love*
"*Which raigne above.*" Steevens.

pet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turned over and over as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhow it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in feſtival terms.[6]—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I called thee?

BEAT. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

BENE. O, ſtay but till then!

BEAT. *Then*, is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for,[7] which is, with knowing what hath paſſed between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſſed.

BENE. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell

[6] —— *in* feſtival terms.] i. e. in ſplendid phraſeology, ſuch as differs from common language, as holidays from common days. Thus, Hotſpur, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"With many *holiday* and lady *terms*." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *with that I came* for,] *For*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;[8] and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpite it for my ſake, I will ſpite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion: there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[9] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:[1] Therefore it is moſt ex-

[8] ——undergoes *my challenge*;] i. e. is ſubject to it. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. v: "—*undergo* thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee." Steevens.

[9] ——*in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humorous. Warburton.

pedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you.

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home:[2] it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accuſed, the Prince and Claudio mightily abuſed; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Queſtion?—*Why, an hour* &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk? But the Oxford editor, not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in Engliſh,) has fairly ſtruck it out. Warburton.

The phraſe occurs frequently in Shakſpeare, and means no more than—*you aſk a queſtion,* or *that is the queſtion.* Ritson.

[2] ——old coil *at home:*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv: "By the maſs, here will be *old* Utis." See note on this paſſage. *Old,* (I know not why,) was anciently a common augmentative in familiar language.

Coil is buſtle, ſtir. So, in *King John:*

"I am not worth this *coil* that's made for me." Steevens.

SCENE III.

The Inſide of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and Attendants, with muſick and tapers.*

CLAUD. Is this the monument of Leonato?

ATTEN. It is, my lord.

CLAUD. [*Reads from a ſcroll.*]

Done to death[3] *by ſlanderous tongues*
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon[4] *of her wrongs*
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—

Now, muſick, ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

[3] *Done to death*—] This obſolete phraſe occurs frequently in in our ancient writers. Thus, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

"His mother's hand ſhall ſtop thy breath,
"Thinking her own ſon is *done to death.*" MALONE.

Again, in the Argument to Chapman's verſion of the twenty-ſecond *Iliad*:

"Hector (in Chi) *to death is done*
"By powre of Peleus angry ſonne."

To *do to death* is merely an old tranſlation of the French phraſe—*Faire mourir.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*in* guerdon—] *Guerdon* is reward, remuneration. See Coſtard's uſe of this word in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. i. The verb, to *guerdon*, occurs both in *King Henry VI.* P. II. and in *King Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight; [5]

[5] *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin* knight;] *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *follower*, or *pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. Helena, in *All's well that ends well*, uſes *knight* in the ſame ſignification. JOHNSON.

Virgin *knight* is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his ſhield, having no right to any till he had deſerved it.

So, in *The Hiſtory of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

"Then as thou ſeem'ſt in thy attire a *virgin knight* to be,
"Take thou this *ſhield* likewiſe *of white*," &c.

It appears, however, from ſeveral paſſages in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. vii. that an *ideal order* of this name was ſuppoſed, as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's virginity:

"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raiſe
"That noble order hight of *maidenhed*."

Again, B. II. c. ii:

"Order of *maidenhed* the moſt renown'd."

Again, B. IV. c. ix:

"And numbred be mongſt knights of *maidenhed*."

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "Pheander the *mayden knight*." STEEVENS.

I do not believe that any alluſion was here intended to Hero's having yet atchieved "no matrimonial adventure." *Diana's knight* or *Virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins, in Shakſpeare's time.

So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"O ſacred, ſhadowy, cold and conſtant queen,
"——who to thy *female knights*
"Allow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
"Which is their order's robe,—."

Again, more appoſitely, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. xii:

"Soon as that *virgin knight* he ſaw in place,
"His wicked bookes in haſt he overthrew." MALONE.

This laſt inſtance will by no means apply; for the *virgin knight* is the maiden Britomart, who appeared in the accoutre-

For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,[6]
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe![7]

[*Exeunt.*

ments of a *knight*, and from that circumſtance was ſo denominated. Steevens.

[6] *Till death be uttered,*] I do not profeſs to underſtand this line, which to me appears both defective in ſenſe and metre. I ſuppoſe two words have been omitted, which perhaps were—
Till ſongs of *death be uttered*, &c.
in *King Richard III:*
"Out on you, owls! nothing but *ſongs of death*"
Steevens

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

FRIAR. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?

LEON. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

ANT. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.

BENE. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

[7] *And, Hymen, now with luckier iſſue* ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!] The old copy has—*ſpeeds.* STEEVENS.

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new propoſed match ſhould have any luckier event than that deſigned with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a wiſh in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us:* and ſo it becomes a prayer to Hymen.
THIRLBY.

The contraction introduced is ſo extremely harſh, that I doubt whether it was intended by the author. However I have followed former editors in adopting it. MALONE.

To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, ſignior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

Bene. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the eſtate of honourable marriage;[8]—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

[8] *In the eſtate of honourable* marriage;] *Marriage*, in this inſtance, is uſed as a triſyllable. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our *marriage*."

STEEVENS.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit* ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:[9]—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;[1]
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

[9] ——*the* savage bull:] Still alluding to the passage quoted in a former scene from Kyd's *Hieronymo*. STEVENS.

[1] *And all* Europa *shall* &c.] I have no doubt but that our author wrote—
And all our *Europe*, &c.
So, in *King Richard II*:
"As were *our* England in reversion his." STEVENS.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies, maſked.*

CLAUD. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?

ANT. This ſame is ſhe,[2] and I do give you her.

CLAUD. Why, then ſhe's mine: Sweet, let me ſee your face.

LEON. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

CLAUD. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your huſband, if you like of me.

HERO. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you loved, you were my other huſband.

CLAUD. Another Hero?

HERO. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

D. PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her ſlander lived.

FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

[2] Ant. *This ſame* &c.] This ſpeech is in the old copies given to Leonato. Mr. Theobald firſt aſſigned it to the right owner. Leonato has in a former part of this ſcene told Antonio, that *he* "muſt be father to his brother's daughter, and *give her* to young Claudio." MALONE.

Mean time, let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; [*Unmaſking*]
What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than reaſon.[3]

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they ſwore you did.[4]

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reaſon.[5]

Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear, you did.

Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me?

[3] *No, no more than reaſon.*] The old copies, injuriouſly to metre, read—*Why*, no, &c. It ſhould ſeem that the compoſitor's eye had caught here the unneceſſary adverb from the following ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[4] ——for *they ſwore you did.*] *For*, which both the ſenſe and metre require, was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, below:

"Are much deceiv'd; *for* they did ſwear you did."
MALONE.

[5] *No, no more than reaſon.*] Here again the metre, in the old copies, is overloaded by reading—Troth, *no, no more*, &c.
STEEVENS.

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompenſe.

Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion;[6] and, partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.[7]—

[*Kiſſing her.*

[6] *I would* not *deny you*; &c.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *is not this mock-reaſoning? She would not deny him, but that ſhe yields upon great perſuaſion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour:* and ſo changes *not* into *yet.* But is not this a *mock-critic?* who could not ſee that the plain obvious ſenſe of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid—*I take thee for pity,* ſhe replies—*I would not deny thee,* i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not* to *yet,* makes it ſuppoſed that *he* had been importunate, and that *ſhe* had often denied, which was not the caſe. Warburton.

[7] Bene. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.* [Kiſſing her.] In former copies:

Leon. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.*

D. Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do propoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that[8] thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruiſed, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

What can Leonato mean by this? "Nay, pray, peace, niece! don't keep up this obſtinacy of profeſſions, for I have proofs to ſtop your mouth." The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon ſaying it, kiſſes Beatrice; and this being done before the whole company, how natural is the reply which the prince makes upon it?

How doſt thou, Benedick, the married man?

Beſides, this mode of ſpeech, preparatory to a ſalute, is familiar to our poet in common with other ſtage-writers. Theobald.

[8] ——*in that*—] i. e. becauſe. So, Hooker: "Things are preached not *in that* they are taught, but *in that* they are publiſhed." Steevens.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick.—
Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipped with horn.[9]

[9] ——*no* ſtaff *more reverend than one* tipped with horn.] This paſſage may admit of ſome explanation that I am unable to furniſh. By accident I loſt ſeveral inſtances I had collected for the purpoſe of throwing light on it. The following, however, may aſſiſt the future commentator.

MS. Sloan, 1691.

"THAT A FELLON MAY WAGE BATTAILE, WITH THE ORDER THEREOF.

"——by order of the lawe both the parties muſt at their owne charge be armed withoute any yron or long armoure, and theire heades bare, and bare-handed and bare-footed, every one of them having a *baſton horned* at ech ende, of one length," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 669: "——his baſton a *ſtaffe* of an elle long, made taper-wiſe, *tipt with horne*, &c. was borne after him." This inſtrument is alſo mentioned in the *Sompnoure's Tale* of Chaucer:

"His felaw had a *ſtaf tipped with horn*." Steevens.

Again, Britton, *Pleas of the Crown*, c. xxvii. f. 18: "Next let them go to combat armed without iron and without linnen armour, their heads uncovered and their hands naked, and on foot, with *two baſtons tipped with horn* of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other armour, whereby any of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other weapon concealed about him, and therewith annoy his adverſary, let it be done as ſhall be mentioned amongſt combats in a plea of land." Reed.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. The alluſion is certainly to the ancient trial by *wager of battel*, in ſuits both criminal and civil. The quotation above given recites the form in the former caſe,—viz. an appeal of felony. The practice was nearly ſimilar in civil caſes, upon iſſue joined in a writ of right. Of the laſt trial of this kind in England, (which was in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth,) our author

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

might have read a particular account in Stowe's *Annales.* Henry Nailor, maſter of defence, was champion for the demandants, Simon Low and John Kyme; and George Thorne for the tenant, (or defendant,) Thomas Paramoure. The combat was appointed to be fought in Tuthill-fields, and the Judges of the Common Pleas and Serjeants at Law attended. But a compromiſe was entered into between the parties, the evening before the appointed day, and they only went through the forms, for the greater ſecurity of the tenant. Among other ceremonies Stowe mentions, that "the gauntlet that was caſt down by George Thorne was borne before the ſayd Nailor, in his paſſage through London, upon a ſword's point, and his baſton (*a ſtaff* of an ell long, made taper-wiſe, *tipt with horn,*) with his ſhield of hard leather, was borne after him," &c. See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. *Combat*; from which it appears that Naylor on this occaſion was introduced to the Judges, with "*three ſolemn congees,*" by a very *reverend* perſon, "Sir Jerome Bowes, ambaſſador from Queen Elizabeth into Ruſſia, who carried a red *baſton* of an ell long, *tipped with horne.*"—In a very ancient law-book entitled *Britton,* the manner in which the combatants are to be armed is particularly mentioned. The quotation from the Sloanian MS. is a tranſlation from thence. By a ridiculous miſtake the words, "ſauns lōge arme," are rendered in the modern tranſlation of that book, printed a few years ago, "without *linnen armour*;" and "a mains nues and pies" [bare-handed and bare-footed] is tranſlated, "and their hands naked, and *on foot.*"

Malone.

This play may be juſtly ſaid to contain two of the moſt ſprightly characters that Shakſpeare ever drew. The wit, the

humouriſt, the gentleman, and the ſoldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the firſt and moſt ſplendid of theſe diſtinctions, is diſgraced by unneceſſary profaneneſs; for the goodneſs of his heart is hardly ſufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too ſarcaſtic levity, which flaſhes out in the converſation of Beatrice, may be excuſed on account of the ſteadineſs and friendſhip ſo apparent in her behaviour, when ſhe urges her lover to riſque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection ſimilar to that which Dr. Johnſon has pointed out in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:—the ſecond contrivance is leſs ingenious than the firſt:—or, to ſpeak more plainly, the ſame incident is become ſtale by repetition. I wiſh ſome other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been ſucceſsfully practiſed on Benedick.

Much Ado about Nothing, (as I underſtand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly paſſed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the ſum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his Majeſty's gratuity, for exhibiting ſix plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy. STEEVENS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.*

* MEASURE FOR MEASURE.] The ſtory is taken from Cinthio's *Novels*, Decad. 8, Novel 5. POPE.

We are ſent to Cinthio for the plot of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and Shakſpeare's judgment hath been attacked for ſome deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from Madam *Iſabella*, in *The Heptameron* of *Whetſtone*, Lond. 4to. 1582.—She *reports*, in the fourth dayes Exerciſe, the rare *Hiſtorie of Promos and Caſſandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetſtone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that ſubject; which likewiſe had probably fallen into the hands of Shakſpeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakſpeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unſkilfulneſs of its editors, by diſtortions of phraſe, or negligence of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's remark is ſo juſt reſpecting the corruptions of this play, that I ſhall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too often rough, redundant, and irregular. Additions and omiſſions (however trifling) cannot be made without conſtant notice of them; and ſuch notices, in the preſent inſtance, would ſo frequently occur, as to become equally tireſome to the commentator and the reader.

Shakſpeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Caſſandra* of George Whetſtone, publiſhed in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a ſeed, is more or leſs prolific, according to the qualities of the ſoil on which it is thrown. This ſtory, which in the hands of Whetſtone produced little more than barren inſipidity, under the culture of Shakſpeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra* exhibits an almoſt complete embryo of *Meaſure for Meaſure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are ſo ſlight, that it is nearly as impoſſible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetſtone opens his play thus:

ACT I.—SCENE I.

" Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde Bearer: one with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos Man.*

" You officers which now in *Julio* ſtaye,
" Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,
" Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you in ſway:
" That ſtyll we may to *Juſtice* have an eye.

" And now to ſhow my rule and power at lardge,
" Attentivelie his letters patents heare:
" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. " As you commaunde I wyll: give heedeful eare.

Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Pattents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. " Loe, here you ſee what is our Soveraignes wyl,
" Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, beare ſwaye:
" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
" To ſcoorge the wights, good lawes that diſobay.
" Such zeale he beares, unto the common weale,
" (How ſo he byds, the ignoraunt to ſave)
" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

Pro. " Both ſwoorde and keies, unto my princes uſe,
" I do receyve, and gladlie take my chardge.
" It reſteth now, for to reforme abuſe,
" We poynt a tyme of councell more at lardge,
" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart,

Al. ſpeake. " To worke your wyll, we yeelde a willing hart.

Exeunt."

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inſerted here. See likewiſe the piece itſelf among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing Croſs. STEEVENS.

Meaſure for Meaſure was, I believe, written in 1603. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincentio, *duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius,* *a gentleman, ſervant to the duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, Peter, } *two friars.*
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, ſervant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved by* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-done, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Eſcalus,—

ESCAL. My lord.

DUKE. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am put to know,[1] that your own ſcience,
Exceeds, in that, the liſts[2] of all advice

[1] *Since I am* put *to know,*] may mean, *I am compelled to acknowledge.*
So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II. ſc. i:
" ——had I firſt been *put to* ſpeak my mind."
Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton:*
" My limbs were *put to* travel day and night."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*liſts*—] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello:*
" Confine yourſelf within a patient *liſt.*"
Again, in *Hamlet:*
" The ocean, over-peering of his *liſt*,—." STEEVENS.

My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains
But that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able.
And let them work.[3] The nature of our people,

[3] —— *Then no more remains,*
But *that to your* ſufficiency, *as your worth is able,*
And let them *work.*] To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and ſays, *What was Eſcalus to put to his ſufficiency? why, his ſcience: But his ſcience and ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative* them *depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropped, which he attempts to reſtore thus:

But that to your ſufficiency you add
Due diligence, *as your worth is able,* &c.

Nodum in ſcirpo quærit. And all for want of knowing, that by *ſufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke to Eſcalus. The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your ſkill in governing* (ſays the Duke) *to the power which I give you to exerciſe it, and let them work together.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was loſt, endeavours to ſupply it thus:

—— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you join
A will to ſerve us, as *your worth is able.*

He has, by this bold conjecture, undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps, not even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakſpeare.

That the paſſage is more or leſs corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is loſt, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after ſome other editor, [Rowe,] will amend the fault. There was probably ſome original obſcurity in the expreſſion, which gave occaſion to miſtake in repetition or tranſcription. I therefore ſuſpect that the author wrote thus:

—— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiencies *your worth is* abled,
And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now inveſted with power equal to your knowledge and wiſdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may eaſily be conceived how *ſufficiencies* was, by an

Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms[4]

inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *ſufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unuſual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, or nearly the ſame, with the Duke. As for *ſufficiencies*, D. Hamilton, in his dying ſpeech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the* virtues *and* ſufficiencies *of his father*. JOHNSON.

——*Then no more remains,*
But that ſufficiency, as worth is able,
And let them work.] Then no more remains to ſay, but that your political ſkill is on a par with your private integrity, and let theſe joint qualifications exert themſelves in the public ſervice.

But that ſufficiency *to your* worth *is abled*,

i. e. a power equal to your deſerts.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obſcurity, of this verſe, may be conſidered as evidence of its corruption. Take away the *ſecond* and *third* words, and the ſenſe joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (ſays the Duke) *no more remains to ſay*,

But your ſufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

i. e. *Your ſkill in government is, in ability to ſerve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future miniſtry.*

The verſification requires that either ſomething ſhould be added, or ſomething retrenched. The latter is the eaſier, as well as the ſafer taſk. I join in the belief, however, that a line is loſt; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition,) will find my opinion juſtified. STEEVENS.

Some words ſeem to be loſt here, the ſenſe of which, perhaps, may be thus ſupplied:

——*Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able,*
And let them work. TYRWHITT.

A phraſe ſimilar to that which Mr. Tyrwhitt would ſupply, occurs in Chapman's verſion of the ſixth *Iliad*:

" ——enough will is not *put*
" To thy abilitie." STEEVENS.

For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in,[5]

I agree with Warburton in thinking that by *ſufficiency* the Duke means authority, or power; and, if that be admitted, a very ſlight alteration indeed will reſtore this paſſage—the changing the word *is* into *be*. It will then run thus, and be clearly intelligible:

——*Then no more remains,*
But that your ſufficiency, as your worth, be *able,*
And let them work.

That is, you are thoroughly acquainted with your duty, ſo that nothing more is neceſſary to be done, but to inveſt you with power equal to your abilities. M. Mason.

——*Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency ** *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the compoſitor's eye glanced from the middle of the ſecond of theſe lines to that under it in the MS. and that by this means two half lines have been omitted. The very ſame error may be found in *Macbeth*, edit. 1632:

" ——which, being taught, return,
" To plague *the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice*
" To our own lips.

inſtead of—

" ——which, being taught, return,
" To plague the *inventor. This even-handed juſtice*
" *Commends the* ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice," &c.

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, edit. 1623, p. 103:

" And I will break with her. Was't not to this end," &c.

inſtead of—

" And I will break with her, *and with her father,*
" *And thou ſhalt have her.* Was't not to this end," &c.

The following paſſage, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. which is conſtructed in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar to the preſent when corrected, appears to me to ſtrengthen the ſuppoſition that two half lines have been loſt:

" Send *danger* from the eaſt unto the weſt,
" So *honour* croſs it from the north to ſouth,
" *And let them grapple.*"

Sufficiency is ſkill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expreſſion; *Let them ferment.* Malone.

[4] ——*the* terms—] *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written

As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;[6]

in Henry the Eighth's time,) was in Shakspeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law.
BLACKSTONE.

[5] ——— *the terms*
For *common justice, you are as* pregnant *in,*] The later editions all give it, without authority—
——*the terms*
Of *justice,*—
and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* signify *bounds* or *limits.* I rather think the Duke meant to say, that Escalus was *pregnant,* that is *ready* and knowing in all the forms of the law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times set apart* for its administration. JOHNSON.

The word *pregnant* is used with this signification in *Ram-Alley,* or *Merry Tricks,* 1611, where a lawyer is represented reading:
" In tricesimo primo Alberti Magni—
" 'Tis very cleare—the place is very *pregnant.*"
i. e. very *expressive, ready,* or very *big with apposite meaning.* Again,
" ——the proof is most *pregnant.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *For you must know, we have with* special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;] By the words *with special soul elected him,* I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart.*
A similar expression occurs in *Troilus and Cressida:*
" ——with *private soul,*
" Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."
Again, more appositely, in *The Tempest:*
" ——for several virtues
" Have I lik'd several women, never any
" With so *full soul,* but some defect," &c. STEEVENS.

Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the obſerver,[7] doth thy hiſtory

Steevens has hit upon the true explanation of the paſſage; and might have found a further confirmation of it in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where, ſpeaking of himſelf, Troilus ſays:

" —— ne'er did young man fancy
" *With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.*"

To do a thing with all one's *ſoul*, is a common expreſſion.

M. Mason.

——*we have with* ſpecial ſoul—] This ſeems to be only a tranſlation of the uſual formal words inſerted in all royal grants:—" De *gratia* noſtra *ſpeciali*, et ex mero motu—."

Malone.

[7] *There is a kind of character in thy life,*
That, to the obſerver, &c.] Either this introduction has more ſolemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot diſcover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the obſerver of his *hiſtory*? Might it be ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote this?

There is a kind of character in thy look.

Hiſtory may be taken in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper.

Johnson.

Shakſpeare muſt, I believe, be anſwerable for the unneceſ-

Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings[8]
Are not thine own ſo proper,[9] as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee.[1]
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues[2]
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,

ſary pomp of this introduction. He has the ſame thought in *Henry IV.* P. II. which affords ſome comment on this paſſage before us:

" There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
" Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
" The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
" With a near aim, of the main chance of things
" As yet not come to life," &c. STEEVENS.

On conſidering this paſſage, I am induced to think that the words *character* and *hiſtory* have been miſplaced, and that it was originally written thus:

There is a kind of hiſtory in thy life,
That to the obſerver doth thy character
Fully unfold.

This tranſpoſition ſeems to be juſtified by the paſſage quoted by Steevens from *The Second Part of Henry IV.* M. MASON.

[8] ——*thy belongings*—] i. e. endowments. MALONE.

[9] *Are not thine own ſo proper,*] i. e. are not ſo much thy own property. STEEVENS.

[1] ——them *on thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*for if our virtues* &c.]

" *Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ*
" *Celata virtus.*" Hor. THEOBALD.

Again, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:

" Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
" And, when we move not forward, we go backward."

Thus, in the Latin adage—*Non progredi eſt regredi.*
STEEVENS.

But to fine iſſues:[3] nor nature never lends[4]
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.[5] But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advértiſe;[6]

[3] ——*to fine iſſues:*] To great conſequences; for high purpoſes. JOHNSON.

[4] ——nor *nature* never *lends*—] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author.
So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
" There is no harm intended to your perſon,
" *Nor* to *no* Roman elſe." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſhe* determines
Herſelf *the glory of a creditor,*
Both thanks and uſe.] i. e. She (Nature) *requires and allots* to *herſelf* the ſame advantages that creditors uſually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments ſhe has beſtowed, and extraordinary exertions in thoſe whom ſhe hath thus favoured, by way of *intereſt* for what ſhe has lent.
Uſe, in the phraſeology of our author's age, ſignified *intereſt of money.* MALONE.

[6] ——*I do bend my ſpeech*
To one that can my part in him advértiſe;] This is obſcure. The meaning is, I direct my ſpeech to one who is able to teach me how to govern; *my part in him*, ſignifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertiſe*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of a deputy or viceroy. *Can advertiſe my part in him*; that is, his repreſentation of my perſon. But all theſe quaintneſſes of expreſſion the Oxford editor ſeems ſworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakſpeare's characteriſtic marks; which, if not one of the comelieſt, is yet one of the ſtrongeſt. So he alters this to—
To one that can, in my part me advertiſe.
A better expreſſion, indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakſpeare's. WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read—
One that can, my part to him advertiſe.
One that can *inform himſelf* of that which it would be otherwiſe *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

Hold therefore, Angelo;[7]
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion,[8] is thy ſecondary:
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evaſion:

To *advertiſe* is uſed in this ſenſe, and with Shakſpeare's accentuation, by Chapman, in his verſion of the eleventh Book of the *Odyſſey*:

"Or, of my father, if thy royal ear
"Hath been *advértis'd*—." Steevens.

I believe, the meaning is—I am talking to one who is himſelf already ſufficiently converſant with the nature and duties of my office;—of that *office, which I have now delegated to him.* So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"It is our *part*, and promiſe to the Athenians,
"To ſpeak with Timon." Malone.

[7] *Hold therefore, Angelo;*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. Johnson.

I believe that—*Hold therefore, Angelo,* are the words which the Duke utters on tendering his commiſſion to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commiſſion.* Steevens.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the Duke may be underſtood to ſpeak of himſelf. *Hold therefore*, i. e Let me therefore hold, or ſtop. And the ſenſe of the whole paſſage may be this.—The Duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himſelf thus: "But I am ſpeaking *to one, that can in him* [in or by himſelf] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to ſay]: I will therefore ſay no more [on that ſubject]." He then merely ſignifies to Angelo his appointment. Tyrwhitt.

[8] ——*firſt in queſtion,*] That is, firſt called for; firſt appointed. Johnson.

We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice[9]
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.[1]

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own;[2]
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:[3]

[9] *We have with a* leaven'd *and prepared choice*—] *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakſpeare's harſh metaphors. His train of ideas ſeems to be this: *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment; a *leavened* choice is, therefore, a choice not haſty, but conſiderate; not declared as ſoon as it fell into the imagination, but ſuffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it ſuits better with *prepared* than *levelled*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*bring you ſomething on the way.*] i. e. accompany you. So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*, by Heywood, 1617: "She went very lovingly to *bring him on his way* to horſe." And the ſame mode of expreſſion is to be found in almoſt every writer of the times. REED.

[2] ——*your* ſcope *is as mine own*;] That is, your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*to* ſtage *me to their eyes*:] So, in one of Queen

Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Elizabeth's ſpeeches to parliament, 1586: "We princes, I tel you, are ſet on *ſtages*, in the ſight and viewe of all the world," &c. See *The Copy of a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earle of Leyceſter*, &c. 4to. 1586. Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludeſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?[4]

[4] ——*in metre?*] In the primers there are metrical graces, ſuch as, I ſuppoſe, were uſed in Shakſpeare's time. JOHNSON.

Lucio. In any proportion,[5] or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpite of all controverſy:[6] As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us.[7]

[5] *In any proportion,* &c.] *Proportion* ſignifies *meaſure*; and refers to the queſtion, *What? in metre?* Warburton.

This ſpeech is improperly given to *Lucio.* It clearly belongs to the *ſecond Gentleman,* who had heard grace "a dozen times at leaſt." Ritson.

[6] *Grace is grace, deſpite of all controverſy:*] Satirically inſinuating, that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain. Warburton.

I am in doubt whether Shakſpeare's thoughts reached ſo far into eccleſiaſtical diſputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profeſſion. The queſtion is, whether the ſecond gentleman has ever heard grace. The firſt gentleman limits the queſtion to *grace in metre.* Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any* form *or language.* The firſt gentleman, to go beyond him, ſays, or *in any religion,* which Lucio allows, becauſe the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagoniſt is a *wicked villain.* Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace,* a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain.* This ſeems to be the meaning, ſuch as it is. Johnson.

[7] —— *there went but a pair of ſheers between us.*] We are both of the ſame piece. Johnson.

So, in *The Maid of the Mill,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"There went but a pair of ſheers and a bodkin between them." Steevens.

The ſame expreſſion is likewiſe found in Marſton's *Malcontent,* 1604: "*There goes but a pair of ſheers* betwixt an emperor and the ſon of a bagpiper; only the dying, dreſſing, preſſing, and gloſſing, makes the difference." Malone.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.[8] Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes![9] I have purchaſed as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to—

[8] ——*pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jeſt about the pile of a French velvet, alludes to the loſs of hair in the French diſeaſe, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman underſtands the diſtemper ſo well, and mentions it ſo *feelingly*, promiſes to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakſpeare's time, that the cup of an infected perſon was contagious. Johnson.

The jeſt lies between the ſimilar ſound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elſewhere explained, under a paſſage in *Henry VIII*:

"*Pill'd* prieſt thou liеſt." Steevens.

[9] *Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!*] In the old copy, this ſpeech, and the next but one, are attributed to Lucio. The preſent regulation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Pope. What Lucio ſays afterwards, "A *French* crown more," proves that it is right. He would not utter a ſarcaſm againſt himſelf. Malone.

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a-year.[1]

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.[2]

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow;[3] impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

[1] *To three thouſand dollars a-year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours.* HANMER.

The ſame jeſt occurred before in *The Tempeſt.* JOHNSON.

[2] *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money ſo called, but that *venereal* ſcab, which among the ſurgeons is ſtyled *corona Veneris.* To this, I think, our author likewiſe makes Quince allude in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:* "Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you will play bare-faced." For where theſe eruptions are, the ſkull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus,* 1606:

"I may chance indeed to give the world a bloody noſe; but it ſhall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other poets *French crowns.*"

Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* 1598:

"——never metſt with any requital, except it were ſome few *French crownes,* pil'd friers crownes," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*thy* bones *are* hollow;] So Timon, addreſſing himſelf to Phrynia and Timandra:

"Conſumptions ſow
"In *hollow bones* of man." STEEVENS.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's Claudio, ſignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat,[4] what with the gallows, and what with po-

[4] ——*what with the* ſweat,] This may allude to the *ſweating ſickneſs*, of which the memory was very freſh in the time of

verty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.[5]

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.[6]

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Shakſpeare: [ſee Dr. Freind's *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, Vol. II. p. 335,] but more probably to the method of cure then uſed for the diſeaſes contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"You are very moiſt, ſir: did you *ſweat* all this, I pray?
"You have not the *diſeaſe*, I hope." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*what has he* done?

Clo. *A woman.*] The ancient meaning of the verb to *do*, (though now obſolete,) may be gueſs'd at from the following paſſages:

"*Chiron.* Thou haſt undone our mother.
"*Aaron.* Villain, I've *done* thy mother."

Titus Andronicus.

Again, in Ovid's *Elegies*, tranſlated by Marlowe, printed at Middlebourg, no date:

"The ſtrumpet with the ſtranger will not *do*,
"Before the room is clear, and door put to."

Again, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act II. *Evadne*, while undreſſing, ſays,—

"I am ſoon undone.

Dula anſwers, "And as ſoon *done*."

Hence the name of Over-*done*, which Shakſpeare has appropriated to his *bawd*. COLLINS.

[6] ——*in a* peculiar *river.*] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not public property. MALONE.

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What, proclamation, man.

Clo. All houſes in the ſuburbs[7] of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clo. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wife burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?[8]

[7] All *houſes in the ſuburbs*—] This is ſurely too general an expreſſion, unleſs we ſuppoſe, that *all* the houſes in the ſuburbs were *bawdy-houſes*. It appears too, from what the *Bawd* ſays below, "But ſhall *all our houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs be pulled down?" that the Clown had been particular in his deſcription of the houſes which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we ſhould read here, *all bawdy-houſes*, or *all houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs.

TYRWHITT.

[8] *But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the* ſuburbs *be pull'd down?*] This will be underſtood from the Scotch law of James's time, concerning *huires* (whores): "that comoun women be put at the *utmoſt endes of townes*, queire leaſt perril of fire is." Hence Urſula the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair*: "I, I, gameſters, mock a plain, plump, ſoft *wench of the ſuburbs*, do!"

FARMER.

So, in *The Malcontent*, 1604, when Altofront diſmiſſes the various characters at the end of the play to different deſtinations, he ſays to Macquerelle the bawd:

"——thou unto the *ſuburbs*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in *the ſuburbs*."

See Martial, where *ſummæniana* and *ſuburbana* are applied to proſtitutes. STEEVENS.

The licenced houſes of reſort at Vienna are at this time all in the ſuburbs, under the permiſſion of the Committee of Chaſtity.

S. W.

Clo. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers. Lucio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.[9]

[9] *Thus can the demi-god, Authority,*
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.] The ſenſe of

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

the whole is this: *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus,—I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can ſay, what doſt thou?—Make us pay down for our offence by weight,* is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not ſo by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies.

WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that a line is loſt. JOHNSON.

It may be read,—*The* ſword *of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight;—
The ſword *of heaven:—on whom,* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the ſword of heaven*, which will ſpare or puniſh, as it is commanded. The alteration is ſlight, being made only by taking a ſingle letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was ſuggeſted to me by the Rev. Dr. Roberts, Provoſt of Eton; and it may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"In brief, they are *the ſwords of heaven* to puniſh."

Sir W. D'Avenant, who incorporated this play of Shakſpeare with *Much Ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a tragi-comedy called *The Law againſt Lovers*, omits the two laſt lines of this ſpeech; I ſuppoſe, on account of their ſeeming obſcurity.

STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation propoſed by Dr. Roberts, is yet more ſtrongly ſupported by another paſſage in the play before us, where this phraſe occurs, (Act III. ſc. laſt):

"He who *the ſword of heaven* will bear,
"Should be as holy, as ſevere."

Yet I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being abſolute in Angelo, is finely ſtiled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To this uncontroulable power, the poet applies a paſſage from *St. Paul to the Romans*, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly ſtyles, *the words of heaven*: "for he ſaith to Moſes, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,"

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue,
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)[1]
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.[2]

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality[3] of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

&c. And again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," &c. Henley.

It ſhould be remembered, however, that the poet is here ſpeaking not of *mercy*, but *puniſhment*. Malone.

Mr. Malone might have ſpared himſelf this remark, had he recollected that the words of St. Paul immediately following, and to which the *&c.* referred, are—"*and whom he will he hardeneth.*" See alſo the preceding verſe. Henley.

[1] *(Like rats that* ravin *down their proper vane,)*] *To ravin* was formerly uſed for eagerly or voraciouſly devouring any thing. So, in Wilſon's Epiſtle to the Earl of Leiceſter, prefixed to his *Diſcourſe upon Uſurye*, 1572: "For theſe bee the greedie cormoraunte wolfes indeed, that *ravyn* up both beaſte and man." Reed.

Again, in the Dedication to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 43:

"——*raveneſt* like a beare," &c.

Ravin is an ancient word for *prey*. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"As well of *ravine*, as that chew the cud." Steevens.

[2] ——*when we* drink, *we die.*] So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"Like poiſon'd rats, which when they've ſwallowed
"The pleaſing bane, reſt not until they *drink*;
"And can reſt then much leſs, until they burſt."
Steevens.

[3] ——*as the* morality—] The old copy has *mortality*. It was corrected by Sir William D'Avenant. Malone.

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me:—Upon a true contráct,
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;[4]
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;[5]

[4] *I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed*; &c.] This ſpeech is ſurely too indelicate to be ſpoken concerning Juliet, before her face; for ſhe appears to be brought in with the reſt, though ſhe has nothing to ſay. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think ſhe was not meant to have made her perſonal appearance on the ſcene. Steevens.

The little ſeeming impropriety there is, will be entirely removed, by ſuppoſing that when Claudio ſtops to ſpeak to Lucio, the Provoſt's officers depart with Julietta. Ritson.

Claudio may be ſuppoſed to ſpeak to Lucio apart. Malone.

[5] ——*this we came not to,*
Only for propagation *of a dower*
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;] This ſingular mode of expreſſion certainly demands ſome elucidation. The ſenſe appears to be this: *We did not think it proper publickly to celebrate our marriage; for this reaſon, that there might be no*

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs;[6]

hindrance to the payment of Julietta's portion, which was then in the hands of her friends; from whom, therefore, we judged it expedient to conceal our love till we had gained their favour." *Propagation* being here uſed to ſignify *payment*, muſt have its root in the Italian word *pagare*. *Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1786.

I ſuppoſe the ſpeaker means—for the ſake of *getting* ſuch a dower as her friends might hereafter beſtow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandeſtine marriage.

The verb—to *propagate*, is, however, as obſcurely employed by Chapman, in his verſion of the ſixteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" ——to try if we,
" Alone, may *propagate* to victory
" Our bold encounters—."

Again, in the fourth *Iliad*, by the ſame tranſlator, 4to. 1598:

" ——I doubt not but this night
" Even to the fleete to *propagate* the Greeks' unturned flight." Steevens.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*only* for *prorogation*. Malone.

[6] ——*the* fault *and* glimpſe *of newneſs*;] *Fault* and *glimpſe* have ſo little relation to each other, that both can ſcarcely be right: we may read *flaſh* for *fault*; or, perhaps, we may read,
Whether it be the fault or *glimpſe*—
That is, whether it be the ſeeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the ſame ſenſe follows in the next lines. Johnson.

Fault, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought,) but to *newneſs*. The *fault and glimpſe* is the ſame as *the faulty glimpſe*. And the meaning ſeems to be—*Whether it be* the fault of newneſs, *a fault ariſing from the mind being dazzled by a* novel

Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour,[7] hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,[8]
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:[9]—'tis ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo

authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpſe,—*has yet taken only a haſty ſurvey; or whether,* &c. Shakſpeare has many ſimilar expreſſions. MALONE.

[7] ——*like* unſcour'd armour,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
"Like *ruſty mail* in monumental mockery."
STEEVENS.

[8] *So long, that* nineteen *zodiacks have gone round,*] The Duke, in the ſcene immediately following, ſays:
"*Which for theſe* fourteen *years we have let ſlip.*"
THEOBALD.

[9] ——*But this new governor*
Awakes *me all the* enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long,——
Now puts the drowſy and neglected *act*
Freſhly on me:] Lord Strafford, in the concluſion of his Defence in the Houſe of Lords, had, perhaps, theſe lines in his thoughts:
"It is now full two hundred and forty years ſince any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myſelf.——Let us reſt contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake* thoſe *ſleeping* lions, to our own deſtruction, by raking up *a few muſty records, that have lain ſo many ages by the walls,* quite *forgotten* and *neglected.*" MALONE.

tickle[1] on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation:[2]
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,[3]

[1] ——*ſo tickle*—] i. e. tickliſh. This word is frequently uſed by our old dramatic authors. So, in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

" —— lords of Aſia
" Have ſtood on *tickle* terms."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

" —— upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *her* approbation:] i. e. enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So again, in this play:

" I, in *probation* of a ſiſterhood."

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

" Madam, for a twelvemonth's *approbation*,
" We mean to make the trial of our child." MALONE.

[3] —— prone *and ſpeechleſs dialect*,] I can ſcarcely tell what ſignification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and tranſlated ſenſes are well known. The author may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as thoſe actions ſeem to which we are *prone*. Either of theſe interpretations is ſufficiently ſtrained; but ſuch diſtortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the ſake of an eaſier ſenſe, we may read:

—— *in her youth*
There is a pow'r, *and ſpeechleſs dialect*,
Such as moves men;

Or thus:

There is a prompt *and ſpeechleſs dialect*. JOHNSON.

Such as moves men; beſide, ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition;[4] as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack.[5] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

Prone, perhaps, may ſtand for *humble*, as *a prone poſture* is *a poſture of ſupplication.*

So, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

"You have *proſtrate* language."

The ſame thought occurs in *The Winter's Tale:*

"The ſilence often of pure innocence
"Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails."

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *ſweet.* I mention ſome of his variations, to ſhew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakſpeare, might be ſuppoſed to have underſtood his language more intimately. Steevens.

Prone, I believe, is uſed here for *prompt, ſignificant, expreſſive*, (though ſpeechleſs,) as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means *ardent, head-ſtrong*, ruſhing forward to its object:

"O that *prone* luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!"

Again, in *Cymbeline:* "Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw any one ſo *prone.*"

Malone.

[4] ——*under grievous* impoſition;] I once thought it ſhould be *inquiſition*, but the preſent reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties impoſed. Johnson.

[5] ——*loſt at a game of* tick-tack.] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. "*Jouer au* tric-trac," is uſed in French, in a wanton ſenſe. Malone.

The ſame phraſe, in Lucio's ſportive ſenſe, occurs in *Luſty Juventus.* Steevens.

SCENE IV.

A Monaſtery.

Enter DUKE *and* Friar Thomas.

DUKE. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete boſom:[6] why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRI. May your grace ſpeak of it?

DUKE. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;[7]

[6] *Believe not that the* dribbling *dart of love*
Can pierce a cómplete *boſom:*] Think not that a breaſt *completely armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

A *dribber*, in archery, was a term of contempt which perhaps cannot be ſatisfactorily explained. Aſcham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 32, obſerves: "—if he give it over, and not uſe to ſhoote truly, &c. he ſhall become of a fayre archer a ſtarke ſquirter and *dribber*."

In the ſecond ſtanza of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the ſame term is applied to the dart of Cupid:

"Not at firſt ſight, nor yet with *dribbed* ſhot,
"Love gave the wound," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the life* remov'd;] i. e. a life of retirement, a life remote, or removed, from the buſtle of the world.

So, in the Prologue to Milton's *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*: I mean the MS. copy in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge:

"——I was not ſent to court your wonder
"With diſtant worlds, and ſtrange *removed* climes."
STEEVENS.

And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery[8] keeps.[9]
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture, and firm abſtinence,)[1]
My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,

[8] —— *witleſs* bravery—] *Bravery*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *ſhowy dreſs*. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

" With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of *bravery*."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *keeps*.] i. e. dwells, reſides. In this ſenſe it is ſtill uſed at Cambridge, where the ſtudents and fellows, referring to their collegiate apartments, always ſay they *keep*, i. e. reſide there. REED.

[1] (*A man of* ſtricture, *and firm abſtinence,*)] *Stricture* makes no ſenſe in this place. We ſhould read—

A man of ſtrict ure *and firm abſtinence.*

i. e. a man of the *exacteſt conduct*, and practiſed in the ſubdual of his paſſions. *Ure* is an old word for uſe, practice: ſo *enur'd*, habituated to. WARBURTON.

Stricture may eaſily be uſed for *ſtrictneſs*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to perſons. JOHNSON.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads—*ſtrictneſs*. *Ure* is ſometimes applied to *perſons*, as well as to things. So, in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

" So ſhall I be ſure
" To keep him in *ure*."

The ſame word occurs in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" The crafty man oft puts theſe wrongs in *ure*."

STEEVENS.

(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,)[2]
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;[3]

[2] (*The needful* bits *and* curbs *for head-ſtrong ſteeds,*)] In the copies—

The needful bits *and* curbs *for head-ſtrong* weeds.

There is no manner of analogy or conſonance in the metaphors here; and, though the copies agree, I do not think the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare perſons of *unbridled licentiouſneſs* to head-ſtrong *ſteeds*; and, in this view, *bridling the paſſions* has been a phraſe adopted by our beſt poets. THEOBALD.

[3] *Which for theſe* fourteen *years we have let* ſleep;] Thus the old copy; which alſo reads—

" —— we have let *ſlip.*" STEEVENS.

For *fourteen* I have made no ſcruple to replace *nineteen*. The reaſon will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke [Claudio] has ſaid in a foregoing ſcene. I have altered the odd phraſe of " *letting the laws* ſlip:" for how does it ſort with the compariſon that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *ſleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the ſimile. It is the metaphor too, that our author ſeems fond of uſing upon this occaſion, in ſeveral other paſſages of this play:

The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept;
—— *'Tis now* awake.

And, ſo again:

—— *but this new governor*
Awakes *me all the enrolled* penalties;
—— *and for a name,*
Now puts the drowſy *and neglected* act
Freſhly on me. THEOBALD.

The latter emendation may derive its ſupport from a paſſage in *Hamlet:*

" —— How ſtand I then,
" That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
" Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
" And *let* all *ſleep?*"

If *ſlip* be the true reading, (which, however, I do not believe,) the ſenſe may be,—which for theſe fourteen years we have ſuffered to *paſs unnoticed, unobſerved*; for ſo the ſame phraſe is uſed in *Twelfth-Night:*—" Let him *let* this matter *ſlip*, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capulet."

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd:[4] ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe,[5] and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this tied-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith[6] 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correſpond with a ſpeech of Claudio's in a former ſcene, but without neceſſity. *Claudio would naturally repreſent the period during which the law had not been put in practice greater than it really was.* Malone.

Theobald's correction is miſplaced. If any correction is really neceſſary, it ſhould have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing ſcene, ſays *nineteen* years. I am diſpoſed to take the Duke's words. Whalley.

[4] Becomes *more mock'd, than fear'd:*] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope, to reſtore ſenſe to the paſſage, ſome ſuch word having been left out. Steevens.

[5] *The baby beats the nurſe,*] This alluſion was borrowed from an ancient print, entitled *The World turn'd upſide down*, where an infant is thus employed. Steevens.

[6] *Sith*—] i. e. ſince. Steevens.

And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it ſlander: [7] And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear [8] me

[7] To *do* it *ſlander:*] The text ſtood:
So *do* in *ſlander:*——
Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus:
To *do* it *ſlander:*
Yet, perhaps, leſs alteration might have produced the true reading:
And yet my nature never, in the fight,
So doing *ſlandered:*——
And yet my nature never ſuffer ſlander, by doing any open acts of ſeverity. JOHNSON.

The old text ſtood,
——————in the *fight*
To do *in* ſlander:——
Hanmer's emendation is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"*Do me* no *ſlander*, Douglas, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

Fight ſeems to be countenanced by the words *ambuſh* and *ſtrike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] ——in *perſon bear*—] Mr. Pope reads—
——my *perſon bear.*
Perhaps the word which I have inſerted in the text, had dropped out while the ſheet was at preſs. A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *The Tempeſt:*
"——ſome good inſtruction give
"How I may *bear me* here."
Sir W. D'Avenant reads, in his alteration of the play:
I may in perſon a true friar ſeem.
The ſenſe of the paſſage (as Mr. Henley obſerves) is—*How I may demean myſelf, ſo as to ſupport the character I have aſſumed.* STEEVENS.

Like a true friar. More reaſons for this action,
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you:
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard[9] with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: Hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

ISAB. And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRAN. Are not theſe large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of ſaint Clare.

LUCIO. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

ISAB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice: Gentle Iſabella,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs:
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhow your face;

[9] *Stands at a guard*—] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

This rather means, to ſtand cautiouſly on his *defence*, than on terms of defiance. M. MASON

Or, if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.

ISAB. Peace and proſperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

ISAB. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

ISAB. Woe me! For what?

LUCIO. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,[1]
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

ISAB. Sir, make me not your ſtory.[2]

[1] For that, which, *if myſelf might be his judge,*] Perhaps theſe words were tranſpoſed at the preſs. The ſenſe ſeems to require—That, for which, &c. MALONE.

[2] —— make *me not your ſtory.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a ſubject for a tale. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourſelf with me, as you would with a ſtory,* do not make me the ſubject of your drama. Benedick talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own ſcorn.

Lucio. It is true.
I would not [3]—though 'tis my familiar ſin

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" If you have any pity, &c.
" You would not *make* me ſuch an *argument.*"

Sir W. D'Avenant reads—*ſcorn* inſtead of ſtory.

After all, the irregular phraſe [*me*, &c.] that, perhaps, obſcures this paſſage, occurs frequently in our author, and particularly in the next ſcene, where Eſcalus ſays: " Come *me* to what was done to her."—" Make *me* not your ſtory," may therefore ſignify—*invent not your ſtory on purpoſe to deceive me.* " *It is true,*" in Lucio's reply, means—*What I have already told you, is true.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon explains this paſſage, " do not make a *jeſt of me.*" REED.

I have no doubt that we ought to read, (as I have printed,) Sir, *mock* me not:—your ſtory.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue:—*thy ſtory* quickly."

In *King Lear* we have—

" Pray, do not *mock* me "

I beſeech you, Sir, (ſays Iſabel) do not play upon my fears; reſerve this idle talk for ſome other occaſion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's ſubſequent words, [" 'Tis true,"—i. e. you are right; I thank you for remembering me;] which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no meaning, are then pertinent and clear. Mr. Pope was ſo ſenſible of the impoſſibility of reconciling them to what preceded in the old copy, that he fairly omitted them.

What Iſabella ſays afterwards fully ſupports this emendation:

" You do blaſpheme the good, in *mocking* me."

I have obſerved that almoſt every paſſage in our author, in which there is either a broken ſpeech, or a ſudden tranſition without a connecting particle, has been corrupted by the careleſſneſs of either the tranſcriber or compoſitor. See a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act. II. ſc. i:

" A man of—ſovereign, peerleſs, he's eſteem'd."

And another on *Coriolanus,* Act I. ſc. iv:

" You ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
" Plaſter you o'er!" MALONE.

[3] *I would not*—] i. e. Be aſſured, I would not mock you.

With maids to ſeem the lapwing,[4] and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins ſo:[5]

So afterwards: "Do not believe it:" i. e. Do not ſuppoſe that I would mock you. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied with the ſenſe afforded by the old punctuation. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *'tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing,] The Oxford editor's note on this paſſage is in theſe words: *The lapwings fly, with ſeeming fright and anxiety, far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young.* And do not all other birds do the ſame? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetual flying ſo low and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſhood; and it ſeems to be a very old one: for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, ſays:

"And *lapwings* that well conith lie." WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole ſimilitude here: they have taken notice of the lightneſs of a ſpark's behaviour to his miſtreſs, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,—"—*and to jeſt.*" [See Ray's *Proverbs.*] "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far* from heart;" i. e. moſt fartheſt from the neſt; i. e. She is, as Shakſpeare has it here,—*Tongue far from heart.* "The farther ſhe is from her neſt, where her heart is with her young ones, ſhe is the louder, or, perhaps, all tongue." SMITH.

Shakſpeare has an expreſſion of the like kind in his *Comedy of Errors:*

"*Adr.* Far from her neſt the *lapwing* cries away;
"My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe."

We meet with the ſame thought in Lyly's *Campaſpe*, 1584, from whence Shakſpeare might borrow it:

"*Alex.* ——you reſemble the *lapwing*, who crieth moſt where her neſt is not, and ſo, to lead me from eſpying your love for *Campaſpe*, you cry *Timoclea.*" GREY.

[5] *I would not—though 'tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins ſo: &c.]
This paſſage has been pointed in the modern editions thus:

I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Isab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth,[6] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover[7] have embrac'd:

'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo:
I hold you, &c.

According to this punctuation, Lucio is made to deliver a ſentiment directly oppoſite to that which the author intended. *Though 'tis my common practice to jeſt with and to deceive* all *virgins, I would not ſo play with all virgins.*

The ſenſe, as I have regulated my text, appears to me clear and eaſy. 'Tis very true, (ſays he,) *I ought indeed, as you ſay, to proceed at once to my ſtory. Be aſſured,* I would not *mock you.* Though it is my familiar practice to jeſt with maidens, and, like the lapwing, to deceive them by my inſincere prattle, *though, I ſay, it is my ordinary and habitual practice* to ſport in this manner with all virgins, *yet I ſhould never think of treating you ſo*; for I conſider you, in conſequence of your having renounced the world, as an immortal ſpirit, as one to whom I ought to ſpeak with as much ſincerity as if I were addreſſing a ſaint. Malone.

Mr. Malone complains of a contradiction which I cannot find in the ſpeech of Lucio. He has not ſaid that it is his practice to jeſt with and deceive *all* virgins. "Though (ſays he) it is my practice with *maids* to ſeem the lapwing, I would not play with *all* virgins ſo;" meaning that ſhe herſelf is the exception to his uſual practice. Though he has treated other women with levity, he is ſerious in his addreſs to her. Steevens.

[6] Fewneſs *and truth,* &c.] i. e. in *few words,* and thoſe true ones. *In few,* is many times thus uſed by Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[7] *Your brother and his* lover—] i. e. his miſtreſs; *lover,* in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the

As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time,[8]
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foiſon; even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My couſin Juliet?

male ſex. Thus, one of his poems, containing the lamentation of a deſerted maiden, is entitled, "A *Lover's* Complaint."

So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, bl. l. no date: "—he ſpide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his *lover's* huſband, to whom he had revealed theſe eſcapes."

MALONE.

[8] ——as *bloſſoming time*,
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foiſon; *even ſo*—] As the ſentence now ſtands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read—
At *bloſſoming time*, &c.
That is, *As they that feed grow full, ſo her womb now* at bloſſoming time, *at that time through which the ſeed time proceeds to the harveſt*, her womb ſhows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrouſly calls pregnancy *bloſſoming time*, the time when fruit is promiſed, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, inſtead of *brings*, *bring*. *Foizon* is *plenty*. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"——nature ſhould bring forth,
"Of its own kind, all *foizon*," &c.
Teeming foizon, is abundant produce. STEEVENS.

The paſſage ſeems to me to require no amendment; and the meaning of it is this: "As bloſſoming time proves the good tillage of the farmer, ſo the fertility of her womb expreſſes Claudio's full tilth and huſbandry." By *bloſſoming time* is meant, the time when the ears of corn are formed.

M. MASON.

This ſentence, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, is apparently ungrammatical. I ſuſpect two half lines have been loſt. Perhaps however an imperfect ſentence was intended, of which there are many inſtances in theſe plays:—or, *as* might have been uſed in the ſenſe of *like*. *Tilth* is *tillage*.

So, in our author's 3d Sonnet:
"For who is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe unear'd *womb*
"Diſdains the *tillage* of thy huſbandry?" MALONE.

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action:[9] but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line[1] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe[2] and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;

[9] *Bore many gentlemen,——*
In hand, and hope of action:] *To bear in hand* is a common phraſe for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we ſhould read:
——with *hope of action.* Johnson.
So, in *Macbeth:*
"How you were *borne in hand,*" &c. Steevens.

[1] ——*with* full line—] With full extent, with the whole length. Johnson.

[2] ——*to give fear to* uſe—] To intimidate *uſe*, that is, practices long countenanced by *cuſtom.* Johnson.

And follows close the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace[3] by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of buſineſs[4] 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

Lucio. Has cenſur'd him[5]
Already; and, as I hear, the provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

[3] *Unleſs you have the grace*—] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So, when ſhe makes her ſuit, the Provoſt ſays:

"Heaven give thee moving *graces!*" Johnson.

[4] ——*my* pith
Of buſineſs—] The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"And enterprizes of great *pith* and moment."
Steevens.

[5] *Has* cenſur'd *him*—] i. e. ſentenced him. So, in *Othello*.

"—— to you, lord governor,
"Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain."
Steevens.

We ſhould read, I think, He *has cenſured him*, &c. In the MSS. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of theſe plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*h'as*. Hence probably the miſtake here.

So, in *Othello*, 4to. 1622:

"And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
"*H'as* done my office."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, p. 247, folio, 1623, we find *H'as* twice, for *He has*. See alſo *Twelfth-Night*, p. 258, edit. 1623: "—*h'as* been told ſo," for "*he has* been told ſo."
Malone.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs[6]
As they themſelves would owe them.[7]

Isab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

Isab. I will about it ſtraight;
No longer ſtaying but to give the mother[8]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good ſir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *All their petitions are as* freely *theirs*—] All their requeſts are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themſelves could wiſh. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—*as* truly *theirs*; which has been followed in all the ſubſequent copies. Malone.

[7] —— *would* owe *them.*] To *owe*, ſignifies in this place, as in many others, to poſſeſs, to have. Steevens.

[8] —— *the mother*—] The abbeſs, or prioreſs. Johnson.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Juſtice, Provoſt,[9] Officers, *and other Attendants.*

ANG. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,[1]
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCAL. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: [2] Alas! this gentleman,

[9] *Provoſt,*] A Provoſt martial, Minſhieu explains, "Prevoſt des mareſchaux: Præfectus *rerum capitalium,* Prætor rerum capitalium." REED.

A *provoſt* is generally the executioner of an army. So, in *The famous Hiſtory of Thomas Stukely,* 1605, bl. l:

"*Provoſt,* lay irons upon him, and take him to your charge."

Again, in *The Virgin Martyr,* by Maſſinger:

"Thy *provoſt,* to ſee execution done
"On theſe baſe Chriſtians in Cæſarea." STEEVENS.

A priſon for military offenders is at this day, in ſome places, called the *Prevôt.* MALONE.

The *Provoſt* here, is not a *military officer,* but a kind of ſheriff or gaoler, ſo called in foreign countries. DOUCE.

[1] —— *to* fear *the birds of prey,*] To *fear* is to *affright,* to *terrify.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—— this aſpect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." STEEVENS.

[2] *Than* fall, *and bruiſe to death:*] I ſhould rather read *fell,* i. e. ſtrike down. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
Let but your honour know,[3]
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him,[4]
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,

" ——All ſave thee,
" I *fall* with curſes." WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame verb active in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" ——as eaſy may'ſt thou *fall*
" A drop of water,—."

i. e. let fall. So, in *As you like it:*

" —— the executioner
" *Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck."
STEEVENS.

Than fall, *and bruiſe to death:*] i. e. fall *the axe*; or rather, let the criminal fall, &c. MALONE.

[3] *Let but your honour* know,] To *know* is here to *examine, to take cogniſance.* So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires;
" *Know* of your youth, examine well your blood."
JOHNSON.

[4] *Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him,*] Some word ſeems to be wanting to make this line ſenſe. Perhaps, we ſhould read:

Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him for.
STEEVENS.

The ſenſe undoubtedly requires, " —which now you cenſure him *for*," but the text certainly appears as the poet left it. I have elſewhere ſhewn that he frequently uſes theſe elliptical expreſſions. MALONE.

May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes.[5] What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves?[6] 'Tis very pregnant,[7]
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had[8] ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Escal. Be it as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

[5] *That juſtice ſeizes.*] For the ſake of metre, I think we ſhould read,—ſeizes *on*; or, perhaps, we ſhould regulate the paſſage thus:

Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
To juſtice, juſtice ſeizes. What know, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*What know the laws,*
That thieves do paſs on *thieves?*] How can the adminiſtrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have juſt mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen, who *decide* on the life or death of thieves, be themſelves as criminal as thoſe whom they try? *To paſs on* is a forenſick term. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. vii:

"Though well we may not *paſs upon* his life."

See my note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[7] *'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis *plain* that we muſt act with bad as with good; we puniſh the faults, as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not ſee we cannot note. JOHNSON.

[8] *For I have had*—] That is, *becauſe, by reaſon that* I have had ſuch faults. JOHNSON.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.[9]

[9] *Some riſe* &c.] This line is in the firſt folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

' *Some run* from *brakes of* ice, *and anſwer none.*

JOHNSON.

The old reading is, perhaps, the true one, and may mean, *ſome run away from danger, and ſtay to anſwer none of their faults, whilſt others are condemned only on account of a ſingle frailty.*

If this be the true reading, it ſhould be printed:

Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] *of ice*, &c.

Since I ſuggeſted this, I have found reaſon to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *ſharp bit*, a *ſnaffle*, but alſo the engine with which farriers confined the legs of ſuch unruly horſes as would not otherwiſe ſubmit themſelves to be ſhod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in ſome places, is ſtill called a ſmith's *brake*. In this laſt ſenſe, Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Underwoods*:

" And not think he had eat a ſtake,
" Or were ſet up in a *brake*."

And, for the former ſenſe, ſee *The Silent Woman*, Act. IV.

Again, for the latter ſenſe, *Buſſy d'Ambois*, by Chapman:

" Or, like a ſtrumpet, learn to ſet my face
" In an eternal *brake*."

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

" He is fallen into ſome *brake*, ſome wench has tied him by the legs."

Again, in Holland's *Leaguer*, 1633:

" —— her I'll make
" A ſtale, to catch this courtier in a *brake*."

I offer theſe quotations, which may prove of uſe to ſome more fortunate conjecturer; but am able myſelf to derive very little from them to ſuit the paſſage before us.

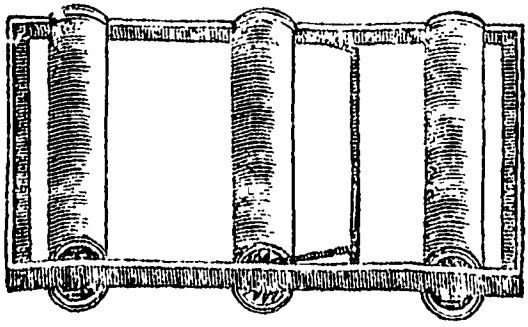
Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, *&c.*

ELB. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe

I likewiſe find from Holinſhed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The ſaid Hawkins was caſt into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Exceſter's daughter, by means of which pain he ſhewed many things," &c.

"When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, (ſays Blackſtone, in his *Commentaries*, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321,) and other miniſters of Henry VI. had laid a deſign to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in deriſion the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and ſtill remains in the Tower of London, where it was occaſionally uſed as an engine of ſtate, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." See Coke's *Inſtit.* 35, Barrington, 69, 385, and Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine ſtill remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it:



It conſiſts of a ſtrong iron frame about ſix feet long, with three rollers of wood within it. The middle one of theſe, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two ſtops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which ſuſpended the powers of the reſt, when the unhappy ſufferer was ſufficiently

their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

ſtrained by the cords, &c. to begin confeſſion. I cannot conclude this account of it without confeſſing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condeſcended to direct my enquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower acceſſible to my reſearches.

I have ſince obſerved that, in *Fox's Martyrs*, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a repreſentation of the ſame kind. To this alſo, Skelton, in his *Why come ye not to Court*, ſeems to allude:

" And with a cole rake
" Bruiſe them on a *brake*."

If Shakſpeare alluded to this engine, the ſenſe of the conteſted paſſage will be: *Some run more than once from engines of puniſhment, and anſwer no interrogatories; while ſome are condemned to ſuffer for a ſingle treſpaſs.*

It ſhould not, however, be diſſembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the ſame words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices. The ſame image occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV:

" Ruſhing into the thickeſt woods of ſpears,
" And *brakes* of ſwords," &c.

That a *brake* meant a buſh, may be known from Drayton's poem on *Moſes and his Miracles*:

" Where God unto the Hebrew ſpake,
" Appearing from the burning *brake*."

Again, in *The Mooncalf* of the ſame author:

" He brings into a *brake* of briars and thorn,
" And ſo entangles."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakſpeare means only the *thorny paths of vice*.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VI. p. 307:

" Look at the falſe and cunning man, &c.—
" Cruſh'd in the ſnakey *brakes* that he had paſt."

STEEVENS.

The words—*anſwer none*, (that is, *make no confeſſion of guilt*,) evidently ſhew that *brake of vice* here means the *engine of torture*. The ſame mode of *queſtion* is again referred to in Act V:

" To the *rack* with him: we'll touze you joint by joint,
" But we will know this purpoſe."

The name of *brake of vice*, appears to have been given this

Ang. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well;[1] here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow?[2]

machine from its reſemblance to *that uſed to ſubdue vicious horſes*; to which Daniel thus refers:

"Lyke as the *brake* within the rider's hande
"Doth *ſtraine* the horſe nye *wood* with grief of paine,
"Not us'd before to come in ſuch a band," &c.

HENLEY.

I am not ſatisfied with either the old or preſent reading of this very difficult paſſage; yet have nothing better to propoſe. The modern reading, *vice*, was introduced by Mr. Rowe. In *King Henry VIII.* we have—

"'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough *brake*
"That virtue muſt go through." MALONE.

[1] *This comes off well;*] This is nimbly ſpoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elſewhere; but in the preſent inſtance it is uſed ironically. The meaning of it, when ſeriouſly applied to ſpeech, is—This is well delivered, this ſtory is well told. STEEVENS.

[2] *Why doſt thou not ſpeak*, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the conſtable. "He cannot, ſir, (quoth the Clown,) he's *out at elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally under-

Clo. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, ſir?

Elb. He, ſir? a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd;[3] one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, ſir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe,[4] which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt[5] before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeſt woman,—

hood: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The Conſtable, in his account of maſter Froth and the Clown, has a ſtroke at the Puritans, who were very zealous againſt the ſtage about this time: "Preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have." Farmer.

[3] ——*a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd*;] This we ſhould now expreſs by ſaying, *he is* half-tapſter, half-bawd. Johnson.

Thus, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——a *parcel*-gilt goblet." Steevens.

[4] ——*ſhe profeſſes a* hot-houſe,] A *hot-houſe* is an Engliſh name for a *lagnio*. So, Ben Jonſon:

"Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
"A purging bill now fix'd upon the door,
"Tells you it is a *hot-houſe*: ſo it may,
"And ſtill be a whore-houſe." Johnson.

Again, in Goulart's *Admirable Hiſtories*, &c. 1607: "—hearing that they were together in a *hot-houſe* at an old woman's that dwelt by him." Steevens.

[5] ——*whom I* deteſt—] He deſigned to ſay *proteſt*. Mrs. Quickly makes the ſame blunder in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. iv: "But, I *deteſt*, an honeſt maid," &c. Steevens.

I think that Elbow, in both inſtances, uſes *deteſt* for *atteſt*; that is, to call witneſs. M. Mason.

Escal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Escal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanlineſs there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Overdone's means:[6] but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he miſplaces? [*To* Angelo.

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence,) for ſtew'd prunes,[7] ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a

[6] *Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Overdone's means:*] Here ſeems to have been ſome mention made of Froth, who was to be accuſed, and ſome words therefore may have been loſt, unleſs the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the conſtable. Johnson.

[7] ——*ſtew'd prunes;*] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel.

So, in *Maroccus Extaticus*, or *Bankes's Bay Horſe in a Trance*, 1595: "With this flocke of wenches will this truſtie Roger and his Bettrice ſet up, forſooth, with their pamphlet pots and *ſtewed prunes*, &c. in a *ſinful ſaucer*," &c.

See a note on the 3d ſcene of the 3d Act of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are ſpelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewyns*. Steevens.

fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes,[8] but very good diſhes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clo. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly;—for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

[8] —— *not* China *diſhes*,] A *China* diſh, in the age of Shakſpeare, muſt have been ſuch an uncommon thing, that the Clown's exemption of it, as no utenſil in a common brothel, is a ſtriking circumſtance in his abſurd and tautological depoſition. STEEVENS.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair,[9] ſir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit: Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Escal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.

Now, ſir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

[9] ——*in a* lower chair,] Every houſe had formerly, among its other furniture, what was called—a *low chair*, deſigned for the caſe of ſick people, and, occaſionally, occupied by lazy ones. Of theſe conveniencies I have ſeen many, though, perhaps, at preſent they are wholly diſuſed. Steevens.

Clo. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Escal. Well, ſir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you, ſir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good maſter Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do ſo.

Clo. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be ſuppoſed[1] upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter Froth do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he married with her.

[1] *I'll be ſuppoſed*—] He means *depoſed*. MALONE

Escal. Which is the wiſer here? Juſtice, or Iniquity? [2]—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! [3] I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhould do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it:—Thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come

[2] *Juſtice, or Iniquity?*] Theſe were, I ſuppoſe, two perſonages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now loſt. JOHNSON.

Juſtice, or Iniquity?] i. e. The Conſtable or the Fool. Eſcalus calls the latter, *Iniquity*, in alluſion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb-ſhews. *Juſtice* may have a ſimilar alluſion, which I am unable to explain. *Iniquitie* is one of the perſonages in the "worthy interlude of *Kynge Darius*," 4to. bl. l. no date. And in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* Prince Henry calls Falſtaff,—"that reverend *Vice*, that grey *Iniquity*." RITSON.

[3] ——*Hannibal!*] Miſtaken by the Conſtable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.[4]

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, ſir.

Escal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, ſir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, ſir? [*To the* Clown.

Clo. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Escal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clo. Miſtreſs Over-done.

Escal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clo. Nine, ſir; Over-done by the laſt.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you,[5] maſter Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

[4] ——*thou art to* continue.] Perhaps Elbow, miſinterpreting the language of Eſcalus, ſuppoſes the Clown is to *continue in confinement*; at leaſt, he conceives ſome ſevere puniſhment or other to be implied by the word—*continue*. Steevens.

[5] ——*they will* draw *you*,] *Draw* has here a cluſter of ſenſes. As it refers to the tapſter, it ſignifies *to draw, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*. In Froth's anſwer, it is the ſame as *to bring along by ſome violence or power*. Johnson.

Escal. Well; no more of it, maſter Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.]—Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clo. Pompey.[6]

Escal. What elſe?

Clo. Bum, ſir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you;[7] ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe,

[6] *Pompey.*] His miſtreſs, in a preceding ſcene, calls him *Thomas.* Ritson.

[7] ——*greateſt thing about you*;] Greene, in one of his pieces, mentions the "*great bumme of Paris.*"

Again, in *Tyro's Roaring Megge*, 1598:

"Tyro's round breeches have a *cliffe* behind."

Steevens.

Harriſon, in his *Deſcription of Britain*, prefixed to Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, condemns the exceſs of apparel amongſt his countrymen, and thus proceeds: "Neither can we be more juſtly burdened with any reproche than inordinate behaviour in apparell, for which moſt nations deride us; as alſo for that *we men doe ſeeme to beſtowe moſt coſt upon our arſes*, and much more than upon all the reſt of our bodies, as women do likewiſe upon their heads and ſhoulders." Should any curious reader wiſh for more information upon this ſubject, he is referred to *Strutt's Manners and Cuſtoms of the Engliſh*, Vol. III. p. 86. Douce.

But perhaps an ancient MS. ballad, entitled, *A lamentable Complaint of the poor Country Men againſte* great Hoſe, *for the Loſſe of their Cuttelles Tailes*, Muſ. Brit. MS. Harl. 367, may throw further light on the ſubject. This ballad conſiſts of 41 ſtanzas. From theſe the following are ſelected:

5. "For proude and paynted parragenns,
"And *monſtrous breched* beares,
"This realme almoſt hath cleane diſtroy'd,
"Which I reporte with teares.——

9. "And chefely thoſe of eache degree
"Who *monſtrous hoſe* delyght,
"As monſters fell, have done to us
"Moſt grevus hurte and ſpyte.——

you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being

11. " As now of late in leſſer thinges
" To furnyſhe forthe theare pryde,
" With woole, with flaxe, with hare alſo,
" To make theare *bryches wyde.*

12. " What hurte and damage doth enſew
" And fall upon the poore,
" For want of woll and flax of late,
" Which *monnſtrus hoſe* devore.——

14. " But heare hath ſo poſſeſſed of late
" The *bryche of every knave,*
" That none one beaſt nor horſe can tell
" Which waye his tale to ſaufe.——

23. " And that with ſpeede to take awaye
" *Great bryches* as the cauſe
" Of all this hurte, or ealſe to make
" Some ſharpe and houlſome lawes,——

39. " So that in fyne the charytie
" Whiche Chryſten men ſhoulde ſave.
" By dyvers wayes is blemyſhed,
" To *houlſter breaches* brave.

40. " But now for that noe remedye
" As yet cann wel be founde,
" I wolde that ſuche as weare this heare
" Weare well and trewly bounde,

41. " With every heare a louſe to have,
" To *ſtuffe their breyches* oute;
" And then I truſt they wolde not weare
" Nor beare *ſuche baggs* about.

" Finis."

See alſo, in the *Perſones Tale* of Chaucer: —" and eke the *buttokkes* of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a ſhe ape in the ful of the mone."

In conſequence of a diligent inſpection of ancient pictures and prints, it may be pronounced that this ridiculous faſhion appeared in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, then declined, and recommenced at the beginning of that of James the Firſt. STEEVENS.

a tapſter. Are you not? come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, ſir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſpay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order[8] for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay:[9] If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, Pompey told you ſo.

[8] ——*take order*—] i. e. *take meaſures*. So, in *Othello*: "Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for't." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay*:] A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the beſt conception that ever I could obtain is, that it is the ſpace between the main beams of the roof; ſo that a barn croſſed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, maſter Elbow; come hither, maſter Conſtable. How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Escal. I thought, by your readineſs[1] in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: You ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, ſir.

"——that by the yearly birth
"The large-*bay'd* barn doth fill," &c.

I forgot to take down the title of the work from which this inſtance is adopted. Again, in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. IV.

"His rent in faire reſpondence muſt ariſe,
"To double trebles of his one yeares price;
"Of *one bayes* breadth, God wot, a ſilly cote
"Whoſe thatched ſpars are furr'd with ſluttiſh foote."

STEVENS.

[1] ——*by* your *readineſs*—] Old copy—*the* readineſs. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MSS. of our author's age, *ye*. and *yr*. (for ſo they were frequently written) were eaſily confounded.

MALONE

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Escal. To my houſe: Fare you well. [*Exit.* Elbow.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, ſir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Provoſt *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour![2] [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.[3]—[*To* Isab.] You are welcome: What's your will?

[2] *Save* your honour!] *Your honour,* which is ſo often repeated in this ſcene, was in our author's time the uſual mode of addreſs to a *lord*. It had become antiquated after the Reſtoration; for Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, has ſubſtituted *your excellence* in the room of it. Malone.

[3] *Stay a little while.*] It is not clear why the Provoſt is bidden to ſtay, nor when he goes out. Johnson.

The entrance of Lucio and Iſabella ſhould not, perhaps, be made till after Angelo's ſpeech to the Provoſt, who had only announced a lady, and ſeems to be detained as a witneſs to the purity of the deputy's converſation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Iſabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reaſon to think he departs before. Ritson.

Isab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Isab. There is a vice, that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.[4]

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.[5]

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Stay a little while, is ſaid by Angelo, in anſwer to the words, "*Save your honour*;" which denoted the Provoſt's intention to *depart*. Iſabella uſes the ſame words to Angelo, when ſhe *goes out*, near the concluſion of this ſcene. So alſo, when ſhe offers to retire, on finding her ſuit ineffectual: "Heaven keep your honour!" Malone.

[4] *For which I muſt not plead, but that I am*
At war, 'twixt will, *and* will not.] This is obſcure; perhaps it may be mended by reading:
For which I muſt now *plead*; *but* yet *I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Yet and *yt* are almoſt undiſtinguiſhable in an ancient manuſcript. Yet no alteration is neceſſary, ſince the ſpeech is not unintelligible as it now ſtands. Johnson.

For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, *and* will not.] i. e. for which I muſt not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breaſt betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of ſuch a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter. Malone.

[5] —— *let it be his fault,*
And not my brother.] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or extir[illegible]ted, but let not my brother himſelf ſuffer. Malone.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults,[6] whose fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give't not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Isab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

[6] *To* find *the faults*,] The old copy reads—To *fine*, &c. Steevens.

To *fine* means, I think, to pronounce the *fine* or ſentence of the law, appointed for certain crimes. Mr. Theobald, without neceſſity, reads *find*. The repetition is much in our author's manner. Malone.

Theobald's emendation may be juſtified by a paſſage in *King Lear*:

"All's not *offence* that indiſcretion *finds*,
"And dotage terms ſo." Steevens.

If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe[7]
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* Isabella.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again:[8] Well believe this,[9]
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel! ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aſide.*

[7] —— *touch'd with that* remorſe—] *Remorſe*, in this place, as in many others, ſignifies *pity*.

So, in the fifth Act of this play:

"My ſifterly *remorſe* confutes my honour,
"And I did yield to him."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"The perfect image of a wretched creature,
"His ſpeeches beg *remorſe*."

See *Othello*, Act III. Steevens.

[8] *May call it* back *again*:] The word *back* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre.
Malone.

Surely, it is added for the ſake of *ſenſe* as well as *metre*.
Steevens.

[9] —— Well *believe this*.] Be thoroughly aſſured of this.
Theobald.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were,[1] were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[2]

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.

[1] ——*all the ſouls that* were,] This is falſe divinity. We ſhould read—*are*. WARBURTON.

I fear, the player, in this inſtance, is a better divine than the prelate. The *ſouls that* WERE, evidently refer to Adam and Eve, whoſe tranſgreſſion rendered them obnoxious to the penalty of annihilation, but for the remedy which the Author of their being moſt graciouſly provided. The learned Biſhop, however, is more ſucceſsful in his next explanation. HENLEY.

[2] *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.] This is a fine thought, and finely expreſſed. The meaning is, that *mercy will ſhed ſuch a grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as a man juſt freſh out of the hands of his Creator.* WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the ferocity of your preſent character.* In familiar ſpeech, *You would be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.] You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the firſt man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation. MALONE.

I incline to a different interpretation: *Mercy, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam,* &c. "breathing into his noſtrils the breath of life."

HOLT WHITE.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's ſudden! Spare him,
ſpare him:
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon;[3] ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath ſlept:[4]
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did the edict infringe,[5]
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs,[6] that ſhows what future evils,

[3] ——*of ſeaſon*;] i. e. when it is in ſeaſon. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—buck, and *of the ſeaſon* too it ſhall appear." Steevens.

[4] *The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept*:] *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriantur aliquam*, is a maxim in our law. Hoit Whitt.

[5] *If the firſt man* &c.] The word *man* has been ſupplied by the modern editors. I would rather read—
If he, the firſt, &c. Tyrwhitt.
Man was introduced by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] ——*like a prophet,*
Looks in a glaſs,] This alludes to the ſopperies of the *beril*, much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. Warburton.
See *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. i.
So again, in *Victoria Coromlona*, 1612:
"How long have I beheld the devil *in chryſtal*?"
Steevens.
The *beril*, which is a kind of cryſtal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of aſtrologers, the diſcovery of

(Either now,[7] or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.[8]

Isab. Yet ſhow ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhow it moſt of all, when I ſhow juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,[9]

paſt or future events was ſuppoſed to be the conſequence of looking into it. See Aubrey's *Miſcellanies*, p. 165, edit. 1721. Reed.

[7] (*Either now,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—*Or new*— Steevens.

[8] *But,* where *they live, to end.*] The old copy reads—But, *here* they live, to end. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſubſtituted *ere* for *here*; but *where* was, I am perſuaded, the author's word.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. v:

"——but *there to end,*
"Where he was to begin, and give away
"The benefit of our levies," &c.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"And where *I did begin, there ſhall I end.*"

The prophecy is not, that future evils ſhould end, *ere*, or before they are born; or, in other words, that there ſhould be no more evil in the world (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration ſeems to have underſtood it); but, that they ſhould *end* where they *began*, i. e. with the criminal; who, being puniſhed for his firſt offence, could not proceed by *ſucceſſive degrees* in wickedneſs, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice. So, in the next ſpeech:

"And do him right, that, anſwering *one* foul wrong,
"Lives not to act *another.*"

It is more likely that a letter ſhould have been omitted at the preſs, than that one ſhould have been added.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623, p. 173, col. 2:—"ha, ha, *here* in Genoa,"—inſtead of—"*where?* in Genoa?" Malone.

Dr. Johnſon applauds Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. I prefer that of Mr. Malone. Steevens.

[9] ——*ſhow ſome pity.*
Ang. *I ſhow it moſt of all, when I ſhow juſtice*
For then I pity thoſe I do not know.] This was one of

Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous
To uſe it like a giant.[1]

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,[2] petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt,
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,[3]
Than the ſoft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man![4]

Hale's memorials. *When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country.* JOHNSON.

[1] *To uſe it* like a giant.] Iſabella alludes to the ſavage conduct of *giants* in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*pelting*,] i. e. paltry.
This word I meet with in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"—— will not think the city for a *pelting* jade."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——gnarled *oak*,] *Gnarre* is the old Engliſh word for a *knot in wood*.
So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
"Till by degrees the tough and *gnarly* trunk
"Be riv'd in ſunder."
Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1979:
"With knotty *knarry* barrein trees old." STEEVENS.

[4] *Than the ſoft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!*] The defective metre of this line ſhews that ſome word was acciden-

Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence,—like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; [5] who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.[6]

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven, ſhe win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf: [7]

tally omitted at the preſs; probably ſome additional epithet to *man*; perhaps *weak*,—" but man, *weak*, proud man—." The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect, reads—*O*, but man, &c. which, like almoſt all the other emendations of that copy, is the worſt and the moſt improbable that could have been choſen. MALONE.

I am content with the emendation of the ſecond folio, which I conceive to have been made on the authority of ſome manuſcript, or corrected copy. STEEVENS.

[5] *As make the angels weep*;] The notion of angels weeping for the ſins of men is rabbinical.—*Oh peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magiſtri.*—Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

[6] ——*who, with our ſpleens,*
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.] Mr. Theobald ſays the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, they would laugh themſelves out of immortality*; or, as we ſay in common life, laugh themſelves dead; which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakſpeare meant no ſuch nonſenſe. By *ſpleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a ſpiteful, unſeaſonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, ſays Shakſpeare, they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality, by indulging a paſſion which does not deſerve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen. WARBURTON.

[7] *We cannot weigh our brother with* ourſelf:] We mortals, proud and fooliſh, cannot prevail on our paſſions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty,

Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Isab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: [8] Go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it.[9]——Fare you well.

with ourſelf. We have different names and different judgements for the ſame faults committed by perſons of different condition. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *ourſelf*, which Dr. Warburton changed to *yourſelf*, is ſupported by a paſſage in the fifth Act:

" —— If he had ſo offended,
" He would have *weigh'd* thy *brother* by *himſelf*,
" And not have cut him off." MALONE.

[8] *That ſkins the vice o' the top:*] Shakſpeare is fond of this indelicate metaphor. So, in *Hamlet:*

" It will but *ſkin* and film the ulcerous place."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that my ſenſe* breeds *with it.*] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My ſenſe* breeds *with her ſenſe*, that is, new thoughts are ſtirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we ſay, to *brood* over thought.

JOHNSON.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.

Isab. Not with fond ſhekels[1] of the teſted gold,[2]

Sir William D'Avenant's alteration favours the ſenſe of the old reading—*breeds*, which Mr. Pope had changed to *bleeds*.

——*She ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe*
As with my reaſon breeds *ſuch images*
As ſhe has excellently form'd.— Steevens.

I rather think the meaning is—She delivers her ſentiments with ſuch propriety, force, and elegance, that my *ſenſual deſires* are inflamed by what ſhe ſays. *Senſe* has been already uſed in this play with the ſame ſignification:

"——one who never feels
"The wanton ſtings and motions of the *ſenſe*."

The word *breeds* is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in *The Tempeſt*:

"——Fair encounter
"Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
"On that which *breeds* between them!" Malone.

The ſentence ſignifies, Iſabella does not utter *barren* words, but ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe as *breeds* or *produces a conſequence* in Angelo's mind. Truths which *generate* no concluſion are often termed *barren* facts. Holt White.

I underſtand the paſſage thus:—Her arguments are enforced with ſo much good ſenſe, as to increaſe that ſtock of ſenſe which I already poſſeſs. Douce.

[1] ——fond *ſhekels*—] *Fond* means very frequently in our author, *fooliſh*. It ſignifies in this place *valued* or *prized by folly*. Steevens.

[2] ——teſted *gold*,] i. e. atteſted, or marked with the ſtandard ſtamp. Warburton.

Or ſtones, whoſe rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe; prayers from preſerved ſouls,[3]
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.
[*Aſide to* Isabel.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!

Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aſide.*
Where prayers croſs.[4]

Rather cupelled, brought to the *teſt*, refined. Johnson.

All gold that is *teſted* is not marked with the ſtandard ſtamp. The verb has a different ſenſe, and means tried by the cuppel, which is called by the refiners a *teſt*. Vide Harris's *Lex. Tech.* Voce Cuppell. Sir J. Hawkins.

[3] ——preſerved *ſouls,*] i. e. preſerved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preſerved in ſugar. Warburton.

So, in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

"You do not reckon us 'mongſt marmalade,
"Quinces and apricots? or take us for
"Ladies *preſerved?*" Steevens.

[4] ——*I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers croſs.] Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers croſs* that way, or croſs each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not underſtand.

Iſabella prays that his *honour* may be ſafe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, anſwers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers croſs.*

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isabella, *and* Provoſt.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha![5]
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the ſun,[6]

That is, I am tempted to loſe that honour of which thou implorest the preſervation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou haſt unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uſes the ſame mode of language a few lines lower. Iſabella, parting, ſays:

Save your honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

From thee! even from thy virtue!— Johnson.

The beſt method of illuſtrating this paſſage will be to quote a ſimilar one from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

"*Sola.* "Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, *leſt the devil croſs thy prayer.*"

For the ſame reaſon Angelo ſeems to ſay *Amen to* Iſabella's prayer; but, to make the expreſſion clear, we ſhould read perhaps—Where prayers *are croſſed.* Tyrwhitt.

The petition of the Lord's Prayer—"lead us not into temptation"—is here conſidered as croſſing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting, being a premeditated expoſure of himſelf to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. Henley.

[5] *Ha!*] This tragedy—*Ha!* (which clogs the metre) was certainly thrown in by the player editors. Steevens.

[6] ——— *it is I,*
That lying by the violet, in the ſun, &c.] I am not corrupted by her, but my own heart, which excites ſoul deſires

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs? [7] Having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? [8] O, fy, fy, fy!

under the ſame benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by thoſe beams which increaſe the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

[7] *Can it be,*
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs?] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"I do proteſt her modeſt wordes hath wrought in me a maze,
"Though ſhe be faire, ſhe is not deackt with gariſh ſhewes for gaze.
"Hir bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond ſuits with chaſt diſdain.
"O God, I feele a ſodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne.
"What didſt thou ſay? fie, *Promos* fie," &c. STEEVENS.

Senſe has in this paſſage the ſame ſignification as in that above "—that my *ſenſe* breeds with it." MALONE.

[8] *And pitch our* evils *there?*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"Nor build their *evils* on the graves of great men."

Neither of theſe paſſages appears to contain a very elegant alluſion.

Evils, in the preſent inſtance, undoubtedly ſtand for *foricæ*. Dr. Farmer aſſures me he has ſeen the word *evil* uſed in this ſenſe by our ancient writers; and it appears from Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, &c. that privies were originally ſo ill-contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deſerve the title of *evils* or nuiſances. STEEVENS.

One of Sir John Berkenhead's queries confirms the foregoing obſervation:

"Whether, ever ſince the Houſe of Commons has been locked up, the ſpeaker's chair has not been a *cloſe-ſtool?*"

What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.[9]
[*Exit.*

"Whether it is not ſeaſonable to ſtop the noſe of my *evil?*" TWO CENTURIES OF PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 8vo. no date.
MALONE.

No language could more forcibly expreſs the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's paſſion, which the purity of Iſabella but ſerved the more to inflame.—The deſecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the moſt abject purpoſes of nature, was an eaſtern method of expreſſing contempt. See 2 *Kings*, x. 27. HENLEY.

A Brahman is forbid to drop his ſæces even on "the ruins of a temple." See Sir W. Jones's tranſlation of *Inſtitutes of the Hindu Law, or the Ordinances of Menu*, London edit. p. 95.
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.*] As a day muſt now intervene between this conference of Iſabella with Angelo, and the next, the Act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON

SCENE III.

A Room in a Priſon.

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar, and* Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo, I think you are,

Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſs'd order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon:[1] do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report:[2] She is with child;

[1] *I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits*
Here in *the* priſon:] This is a ſcriptural expreſſion, very ſuitable to the grave character which the Duke aſſumes. "By which alſo he went and preached unto the *ſpirits in priſon.*" 1 *Pet.* iii. 19. Whalley.

[2] *Who falling in the* flames *of her own youth,*
Hath bliſter'd *her report:*] The old copy reads—*flaws.* Steevens.

And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.

Who doth not ſee that the integrity of the metaphor requires we ſhould read:

——flames *of her own youth?* Warburton.

Who does not ſee that, upon ſuch principles, there is no end of correction? Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that Sir William D'Avenant reads *flames* inſtead of *flaws*, in his *Law againſt Lovers*, a play almoſt literally taken from *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Farmer.

Shakſpeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*; and Greene, in his *Never too late*, 1616, ſays—"he meaſured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders." *Bliſter'd her report*, is *diſfigur'd her fame*. *Bliſter* ſeems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A ſimilar uſe of this word occurs in *Hamlet*:

"——takes the roſe
"From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
"And ſets a *bliſter* there." Steevens.

In ſupport of this emendation, it ſhould be remembered, that *flawes* (for ſo it was anciently ſpelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently miſtaken at the preſs. The ſame miſtake is found in *Macbeth*, Act II. ſc. i. edit. 1623:

"——my ſteps, which *may* they walk,"—

inſtead of—which *way*. Again, in this play of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. i. edit. 1623:—"give *we* your hand;" inſtead of *me*.—In a former ſcene of the play before us we meet with "*burning* youth." Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"——Yet, in his idle *fire*,
"To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear."

To *fall* in (not *into*) was the language of the time. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——almoſt ſpent with hunger,
"I am fallen *in* offence." Malone.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter: But leſt you do repent,[3]
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,—

[3] ——*But leſt you do repent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Mr. Pope, read:

"——*But repent you not,*"

But leſt you do repent is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœniteat,*—and means, repent not on this account. Steevens.

I think that a line at leaſt is wanting after the firſt of the Duke's ſpeech. It would be preſumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the ſenſe, I am perſuaded, is eaſily recoverable out of Juliet's anſwer. I ſuppoſe his advice, in ſubſtance, to have been nearly this: "Take care, *leſt you repent* [not ſo much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's anſwer is explicit to this point:

I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the ſhame with joy. Tyrwhitt.

Which ſorrow is always toward ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not ſpare heaven,[4] as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt.[5]
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!*[6] [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! O, injurious love,[7]

[4] *Showing, we'd not* ſpare *heaven,*] The modern editors had changed this word into *ſeek.* STEEVENS.

Showing, we'd not ſpare *heaven,*] i. e. ſpare to *offend* heaven. MALONE.

[5] *There reſt.*] Keep yourſelf in this temper. JOHNSON.

[6] *Grace go with you!* Benedicite!] The former part of this line evidently belongs to Juliet. *Benedicite* is the Duke's reply. RITSON.

This regulation is undoubtedly proper: but I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have written—

Juliet. May *grace go with you!*
Duke. Benedicite! STEEVENS.

[7] —— *O, injurious love,*] Her execution was reſpited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love; therefore ſhe calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to ſhame, but that it hindered her freeing herſelf from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law.* JOHNSON.

I know not what circumſtance in this play can authoriſe a ſuppoſition that Juliet was reſpited *on account of her pregnancy*; as her life was in no danger from the law, the ſeverity of which was exerted only on the ſeducer. I ſuppoſe ſhe means that a parent's love for the child ſhe bears is *injurious*, becauſe it makes her careful of her life in her preſent ſhameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the paſſage thus: "O, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that reſpites me a life, which is a burthen to me worſe than death!" STEEVENS.

That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo.[8]

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilſt my invention,[9] hearing not my tongue,

Both Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage, and Steevens's refutation of it, prove the neceſſity of Hanmer's amendment, which removes every difficulty, and can ſcarcely be conſidered as an alteration, the trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being ſo nearly alike.—The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as ſhe wiſhed to die with him. M. Mason.

[8] *Enter* Angelo.] *Promos*, in the play already quoted, has likewiſe a ſoliloquy previous to the ſecond appearance of *Caſſandra*. It begins thus:

"Do what I can, no reaſon cooles deſire:
"The more I ſtrive my fond affectes to tame,
"The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
"Within my breaſt, vaine thoughts to forge and frame,"
&c. Steevens.

[9] *Whilſt my* invention,] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expreſſion. [Dr. Warburton means—*intention*, a word ſubſtituted by himſelf.] But the old blundering folio having it—*invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to ſenſe. Warburton.

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this inſtance, more than its common meaning, and ſignifies eagerneſs of deſire.

Anchors on Iſabel: [1] Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; [2] yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, [3] change for an idle plume,

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" ——courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch greedineſs of *intention.*"

By *invention,* however, I believe the poet means *imagination.* STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

" ——a face,
" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

" O for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
" The brighteſt heaven of *invention!*" MALONE.

Steevens ſays that *intention,* in this place, means eagerneſs of deſire;—but I believe it means *attention* only, a ſenſe in which the word is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and the other writers of his time.—Angelo ſays, he *thinks* and prays to ſeveral ſubjects; that Heaven has his prayers but his thoughts are fixed on Iſabel.—So, in *Hamlet,* the King ſays:

" My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
" Words, without thoughts, never to Heaven go."
M. MASON.

[1] Anchors *on Iſabel:*] We have the ſame ſingular expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" There would he *anchor* his aſpect, and die
" With looking on his life." MALONE.

The ſame phraſe occurs again in *Cymbeline:*

" Poſthumus *anchors* upon Imogen." STEEVENS.

[2] *Grown* fear'd *and tedious;*] We ſhould read *feared,* i. e. old. So, Shakſpeare uſes *in the fear,* to ſignify old age. WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may ſtand. What we go to with reluctance may be ſaid to be *fear'd.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*with* boot,] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. So, in M. Kyffin's tranſlation of *The Andria of Terence,* 1588: " You

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form![4]

obtained this at my hands, and I went about it while there was any *boot*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Then lift to me: Saint Andrew be my *boot*,
"But I'll raze thy caſtle to the very ground."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*change for an idle plume,*
Which the air beats for vain. *O place! O form!* &c.] There is, I believe, no inſtance in Shakſpeare, or any other author, of "*for* vain" being uſed for "*in* vain." Beſides; has the air or wind *leſs* effect on a feather than on twenty other things? or rather, is not the reverſe of this the truth? An *idle plume* aſſuredly is not that "ever-fixed mark," of which our author ſpeaks elſewhere, "that looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or weather-cock was formerly ſpelt. [See Minſhieu's DICT. 1617, in verb. So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. i. edit. 1623: "What *vaine?* what weathercock?"] I would therefore read—*vane*. I would exchange my gravity, ſays Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind, ſerves, to the ſpectator, for a *vane* or weathercock. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am a *feather* for each *wind* that blows."

And in *The Merchant of Venice* we meet with a kindred thought:

"——I ſhould be ſtill
"Plucking the *graſs*, *to know where ſits the wind*."

The omiſſion of the article is certainly awkward, but not without example. Thus, in *King Lear*:

"Hot queſtriſts after him met him *at gate*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Go, ſee him out at *gates*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Aſcend, fair queen, *Pantheon*."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Pray heartily, he be *at palace!*"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Nor tent, to *bottom*, that."

The author, however, might have written:

——*an idle plume,*
Which the air beats for vane o' the *place.—O form,*
How often doſt thou—&c.

The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me ſtrongly to ſupport ſuch a regulation. MALONE.

How often doſt thou with thy caſe,[5] thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? [6] Blood, thou ſtill art blood: [7]

I adhere to the old reading. As *fair* is known to have been repeatedly uſed by Shakſpeare, Marſton, &c. for *fairneſs*, *vain* might have been employed on the preſent occaſion, inſtead of *vanity*. *Pure* is alſo ſubſtituted for *purity* in *England's Helicon*.

In Chapman's verſion of the firſt *Iliad*, "the *clear*" is uſed for the *clearneſs* of the evening:

"When —— twilight hid the *clear*,
"All ſoundly on their cables ſlept—."

See likewiſe notes on *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act I. ſc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. i. Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *foul* is given, as a ſubſtantive, to expreſs *foulneſs*.

The air is repreſented by Angelo as chaſtiſing the plume for being vain. A feather is exhibited by many writers as the emblem of vanity. Shakſpeare himſelf, in *King Henry VIII.* mentions *fool* and *feather*, as congenial objects.

That the air beats the plume for its vainneſs, is a ſuppoſition fanciful enough; and yet it may be paralleled by an image in *King Edward III.* 1599. where flags are made the aſſailants, and "cuff the air, and beat the wind," that ſtruggles to kiſs them.

The pronoun *thou*, referring to the double antecedents *place* and *form*, ought to be no objection; for, a little further on, the Duke ſays:

"O *place* and *greatneſs!* millions of falſe eyes
"Are ſtuck upon *thee*."

We have all heard of *Town-bulls*, *Town-halls*, *Town-clocks*, and *Town-tops*; but the *vane o' the place* (meaning a thing of general property, and proverbially diſtinct from private ownerſhip) is, to me at leaſt, an idea which no example has hitherto countenanced. I may add, that the *plume* could be no longer *idle*, if it ſerved as an index to the wind; and with whatever propriety the *vane* in ſome petty market-town might be diſtinguiſhed, can we conceive there was only a ſingle weathercock in ſo large a city as Vienna, where the ſcene of this comedy is laid? STEEVENS.

[5] —— *caſe*,] For outſide; garb; external ſhew. JOHNSON.

[6] *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls*
To thy falſe ſeeming?] Here Shakſpeare judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's creſt.[8]

minds. Fools are frighted, and wiſe men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendour; thoſe who conſider men as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

JOHNSON.

[7] —— *Blood, thou ſtill art blood:*] The old copy reads—*Blood, thou art blood.* Mr. Pope, to ſupply the ſyllable wanting to complete the metre, reads—Blood, thou art *but* blood! But the word now introduced appears to me to agree better with the context, and therefore more likely to have been the author's.—*Blood* is uſed here, as in other places, for *temperament of body.*

MALONE.

[8] *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*
'Tis not the devil's creſt.] i. e. Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceding words:

—— *O form!*
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming?

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude juſt counter to his own premiſes; by altering it to—

Is't not the devil's creſt?

So that, according to this alteration, the reaſoning ſtands thus: Falſe ſeeming, wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wife. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn,* (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel,) and what then? *Is't not the devil's creſt?* (i. e. he ſhall be eſteemed a devil.)

WARBURTON.

I am ſtill inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his ſeeming character, and his real diſpoſition, obſerves, that he *could change his gravity for a plume.* He then digreſſes into an apoſtrophe, *O dignity, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world!* then returning to himſelf, *Blood* (ſays he) *thou art but blood,* however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is ſtill corrupt, however dignified:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't *not?*—or rather—*'Tis* yet *the devil's creſt.*

It may however be underſtood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation: O place, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world by falſe appearances! ſo much, that if we *write good angel on the*

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart;[9]

devil's horn, 'tis not taken any longer to be the *devil's creſt*. In this ſenſe—

Blood, thou art but blood!

is an interjected exclamation. Johnson.

A Hebrew proverb ſeems to favour Dr. Johnſon's reading:

"——'Tis *yet* the devil's creſt."

"A nettle ſtanding among myrtles, doth *notwithſtanding* retain the name of a nettle." Steevens.

This paſſage, as it ſtands, appears to me to be right, and Angelo's reaſoning to be this: "O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiſer ſouls to your falſe ſeeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or conſtitutions of thoſe who poſſeſs, or aſſume you. Though we ſhould write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, ſo as to give him a right to wear that creſt." It is well known that the creſt was formerly choſen either as emblematical of ſome quality conſpicuous in the perſon who bore it, or as alluding to ſome remarkable incident of his life; and on this circumſtance depends the juſtneſs of the preſent alluſion.

My explanation of theſe words is confirmed by a paſſage in Lyly's *Midas*, quoted by Steevens, in his remarks on *King John*: "Melancholy! is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? Thou ſhouldſt ſay, heavy, dull, and doltiſh: melancholy is the *creſt* of courtiers." M. Mason.

It ſhould be remembered, that the devil is uſually repreſented with *horns* and cloven feet. The old copy appears to me to require no alteration. Malone.

[9] ——*to my heart*:] Of this ſpeech there is no other trace in *Promos and Caſſandra*, than the following:

"Both hope and dreade at once my harte doth tuch."

Steevens.

Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all the other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,[1]

[1] *The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,*] The later editions have—"ſubjects;" but the old copies read:

The general ſubject *to a well-wiſh'd king.*—

The *general ſubject* ſeems a harſh expreſſion, but *general ſubjects* has no ſenſe at all, and *general* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*; ſo that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude, ſubject* to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleaſed not the *million*: 'twas caviare to the *general*." JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone obſerves, that the uſe of this phraſe, "*the general*," for the people, continued ſo late as to the time of Lord Clarendon: "as rather to be conſented to, than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer." *Hiſt.* B. V. p. 530, 8vo. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a ſlight change in the punctuation:

The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,
Quit, &c.,

i. e. the *generality* who are *ſubjects*, &c.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uſes *ſubject* for *ſubjects*:

"So nightly toils the *ſubject* of the land." Act I. ſc. i.

Again, Act I. ſc. ii:

"The lifts and full proportions, all are made
"Out of his *ſubject*."——

The *general ſubject* however may mean the *ſubjects in general*. So, in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the *general world*."

STEEVENS.

So the Duke had before (Act I. ſc. ii.) expreſſed his diſlike of popular applauſe:

"I'll privily away. I love the people,
"But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes.
"Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
"Their loud applauſe and *aves* vehement:
"Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
"That does affect it."

I cannot help thinking that Shakſpeare, in theſe two paſſages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakneſs of James the Firſt,

Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

ISAB. I am come to know your pleaſure.

ANG. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even ſo?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

ANG. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he muſt die.

ISAB. Under your ſentence?

ANG. Yea.

which made him ſo impatient of the crouds that flocked to ſee him, eſpecially upon his firſt coming, that, as ſome of our hiſtorians ſay, he reſtrained them by a proclamation. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*,* has a remarkable paſſage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the King going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "ſpake lovingly to the people, and ſaid, God bleſs ye, God bleſs ye;" he adds theſe words, "contrary to his former haſty and paſſionate cuſtom, which often, in his ſudden diſtemper, would bid a pox or a plague on ſuch as flocked to ſee him."

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's appoſite remark might find ſupport, if it needed any, from the following paſſage in *A true Narration of the Entertainment of his Royall Majeſtie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinbrogh, till his receiving in London*, &c. &c. 1603: "—he was faine to publiſh an inhibition againſt the inordinate and dayly acceſſe of peoples comming," &c.

STEEVENS

* A Manuſcript in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Isab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fye, theſe filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made,[2] as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image,
In ſtamps that are forbid:[3] 'tis all as eaſy
Falſely to take away a life true made,[4]
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,[5]
To make a falſe one.

[2] ——*that hath from nature ſtolen*
A man already made,] i. e. that hath killed a man. Malone.

[3] *Their ſawcy* ſweetneſs, *that do coin* heaven's image,
In ſtamps *that are* forbid:] We meet with nearly the ſame words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

"——And will your ſacred ſelf
"Commit high treaſon 'gainſt the *King of Heaven*,
"To *ſtamp* his *image* in *forbidden metal?*"

Theſe lines are ſpoken by the Counteſs of Saliſbury, whoſe chaſtity (like Iſabel's) was aſſailed by her ſovereign.

Their *ſawcy ſweetneſs* Dr. Warburton interprets, *their ſawcy indulgence of their appetite.* Perhaps it means nearly the ſame as what is afterwards called *ſweet uncleanneſs.* Malone.

Sweetneſs, in the preſent inſtance, has, I believe, the ſame ſenſe as—*lickeriſhneſs.* Steevens.

[4] Falſely *to take away a life true made,*] *Falſely* is the ſame with *diſhoneſtly, illegally:* ſo *falſe*, in the next line but one, is *illegal, illegitimate.* Johnson.

[5] ——*mettle in reſtrained* means,] In forbidden moulds. I ſuſpect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another. Johnson.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that our author wrote—
——*in reſtrained* mints,
as the alluſion may be ſtill to *coining.* Sir W. D'Avenant omits the paſſage. Steevens.

Isab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.[6]

Mettle, the reading of the old copy, which was changed to *metal* by Mr. Theobald, (who has been followed by the ſubſequent editors,) is ſupported not only by the general purport of the paſſage, (in which our author having already illuſtrated the ſentiment he has attributed to Angelo by an alluſion to coining, would not give the ſame image a ſecond time,) but by a ſimilar expreſſion in *Timon*:

" —— thy father, that poor rag,
" Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpite *put ſtuff*
" To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee,
" Poor rogue hereditary."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" As rank as any flax-wench, that *puts* to,
" Before her troth-plight."

The controverted word is found again in the ſame ſenſe in *Macbeth*:

" —— thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
" Nothing but males."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" —— that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —— Common mother, thou,
" Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
" Teems and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*,
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engenders the black toad," &c.

Means is here uſed for *medium*, or *object*; and the ſenſe of the whole is this: *'Tis as eaſy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child.* The thought is ſimply, that murder is as eaſy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw, is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—*to make a falſe one*—evidently referring to *life*, ſhew that the preceding line is to be underſtood in a natural, and not in a metaphorical, ſenſe.

MALONE.

[6] *'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.*] I would have it conſidered, whether the train of the diſcourſe does not rather require Iſabel to ſay:

'Tis ſo ſet down in earth, *but not in* heaven.

Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,[7]
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.[8]

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.[9]

When ſhe has ſaid this, *Then*, ſays Angelo, *I ſhall poze you quickly*. Would you, who, for the preſent purpoſe, declare your brother's crime to be leſs in the ſight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to ſave your brother's life? To this ſhe anſwers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appoſitely to that which I propoſe:

I had rather give my body than my ſoul. Johnson.

What you have ſtated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of ſcripture*;—but on *earth* the latter offence is conſidered as leſs heinous than the former. Malone.

So, in *King John*:

"Some ſins *do bear their privilege on earth*,
"And ſo doth yours." Steevens.

[7] ——or, *to redeem him*,] The old copy has—*and* to redeem him. The emendation was made by Sir William D'Avenant. Malone.

[8] *I had rather* give my body *than my ſoul*.] Iſabel, I believe, uſes the words, "give my body," in a different ſenſe from that in which they had been employed by Angelo. She means, I think, *I had rather* die, *than forfeit my eternal happineſs by the proſtitution of my perſon*. Malone.

She may mean—I had rather *give up my body to impriſonment, than my ſoul to perdition*. Steevens.

[9] —— *Our compell'd ſins*
Stand more for number *than* accompt.] Actions to which we are compelled, however *numerous*, are not *imputed* to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot ſave your brother but by the loſs of your chaſtity, it is not a voluntary but compelled ſin, for which you cannot be *accountable*. Malone.

Isab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Isab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your ſoul,[1]
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.[2]

The old copy reads—
Stand more for number than for *accompt.*
I have omitted the ſecond *for*, which had been caſually repeated by the compoſitor. Steevens.

[1] *Plea'd you to do't, at peril* &c.] The reaſoning is thus: Angelo aſks, whether there might *not be a charity in ſin to ſave this brother.* Iſabella anſwers, that *if Angelo will ſave him, ſhe will ſtake her ſoul that it were charity, not ſin.* Angelo replies, that if Iſabella would *ſave him at the hazard of her ſoul, it would be not indeed no ſin, but a ſin to which the charity would be equivalent.* Johnson.

[2] *And nothing of* your, *anſwer.*] I think it ſhould be read—
And nothing of yours, *anſwer.*
You, and whatever is *yours*, be exempt from penalty.
Johnson.

And nothing of your anſwer, means, *and make no part of thoſe ſins for which you ſhall be called to anſwer.* Steevens.

This paſſage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo, craftily;[3] and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant,[4] and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhield beauty[5] ten times louder

So that the ſubſtantive *anſwer* may be underſtood to be joined in conſtruction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine anſwer* are the faults *which I am to anſwer for*. Tyrwhitt.

[3] ——*craftily*;] The old copy reads—*crafty*. Corrected by Sir William D'Avenant. Malone.

[4] *Let* me *be ignorant*,] *Me* is wanting in the original copy. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] *Proclaim an* enſhield *beauty*—] An *enſhield beauty* is a *ſhielded beauty, a beauty covered or protected as with a ſhield*. Steevens.

——*as theſe black* maſks
Proclaim an enſhield *beauty*, &c.] This ſhould be written *en-ſhell'd*, or *in-ſhell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. vi:

"Thruſts forth his horns again into the world
"That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."

Theſe *maſks* muſt mean, I think, the *maſks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakſpeare would hardly have been guilty of ſuch an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this paſſage affords ground for ſuppoſing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some ſtrokes of particular flattery to the King I have already pointed out; and there are ſeveral other general reflections, in the character of the Duke eſpecially, which ſeem calculated for the royal ear. Tyrwhitt.

I do not think ſo well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did ſome years ago; and therefore I ſhould wiſh to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of Mr. Ritſon, as I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that Iſabella *had any maſk on her hand*. My notion at preſent is, that the phraſe

Than beauty could diſplayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.[6]

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that,[7] nor any other,

theſe black masks ſignifies nothing more than *black masks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonſtrative pronoun is put for the prepoſitive article. See the Gloſſary to Chaucer, edit. 1775: *This, Thiſe.* Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the ſame idiom not only in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but alſo in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. ſc. iii:

" —— and, but for *theſe* vile guns,
" He would himſelf have been a ſoldier."

With reſpect to the former part of this note, though Mr. Ritſon has told us that " *enſhield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *enſhielded*," I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till ſome authority is produced for ſuch an uſage of *enſhield* or *enſhielded*. TYRWHITT.

There are inſtances of a ſimilar contraction or eliſion, in our author's plays. Thus, *bloat* for *bloated*, *ballaſt* for *ballaſted*, and *waft* for *wafted*, with many others. RITSON.

Sir William D'Avenant reads—*as a black mask*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well ſupported in his firſt ſuppoſition, by a paſſage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Theſe* happy *masks* that kiſs fair ladies' brows
" Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Accountant to the law upon that* pain.] *Pain* is here for *penalty, puniſhment.* JOHNSON.

[7] *As I* ſubſcribe *not that,*] To *ſubſcribe* means, to *ſubmit to*. Milton uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe.

So alſo, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1661:

" *Subſcribe* to his deſires." STEEVENS.

But in the loſs of queſtion,)[8] that you, his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law;[9] and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;[1]
What would you do?

[8] *But in the* loſs *of queſtion,*] The *loſs* of queſtion *I* do *not* well underſtand, and ſhould rather read:

But in the toſs *of queſtion.*

In the *agitation,* in the *diſcuſſion* of the queſtion. To *toſs* an argument is a common phraſe. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion, I believe, means, *but in idle ſuppoſition,* or *converſation that tends to nothing,* which may therefore, in our author's language, be called *the loſs of queſtion.* Thus, in *Coriolanus,* Act III. ſc. i:

"The which ſhall turn you to no other harm,
"Than ſo much *loſs of time.*"

Queſtion, in Shakſpeare, often bears this meaning. So, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

"And after ſupper, long he *queſtioned*
"With modeſt Lucrece," &c. STEEVENS.

Queſtion is uſed here, as in many other places, for *converſation.* MALONE.

[9] *Of the* all-binding *law;*] The old editions read:

——all-building *law.* JOHNSON.

The emendation is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*or elſe let him ſuffer;*] The old copy reads—"or elſe *to* let him," &c. STEEVENS.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads more grammatically—"or elſe let him ſuffer." But our author is frequently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences. I have therefore adhered to the old copy. *You muſt be under the neceſſity* [to let, &c.] muſt be underſtood.

So, in Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland,* p. 150: "—aſleep they were ſo faſt, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, *ſooner* than *to* have awaked them out of their drunken ſleep." MALONE.

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,[2]
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Isab. Ignomy in ranſom,[3] and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin[4] to foul redemption.

The old copy reads—ſuppoſed, not ſuppos'd. The ſecond *to* in the line might therefore be the compoſitor's accidental repetition of the firſt. Being unneceſſary to ſenſe, and injurious to meaſure, I have omitted it.—The pages of the firſt edition of Holinſhed, will furniſh examples of every blunder to which printed works are liable. Steevens.

[2] —— *a brother died* at *once*,] Perhaps we ſhould read:
Better it were, a brother died for *once*, &c. Johnson.

[3] Ignomy *in ranſom*,] So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii:
"Hence, brother lacquey! *ignomy* and ſhame," &c.
Reed.

Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of theſe lines may prove a reaſonably good comment on them:
"Ignoble ranſom no proportion bears
"To pardon freely given." Malone.

The ſecond folio reads—*ignominy*; but whichſoever reading we take, the line will be inharmonious, if not defective.
Steevens.

[4] *Nothing akin*—] The old copy reads—*kin*. For this trivial emendation I am anſwerable. Steevens

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a ſeodary, but only he,[6]

[5] *If not a* feodary, *but only he,* &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were called *feuda* amongſt the Goths. "Now," ſays Angelo, "we are all frail;"—"Yes," replies Iſabella; "if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline:*

"——ſenſeleſs bauble,
"Art thou a *feodarie* for this act?"

Again, in the Prologue to Marſton's *Sophoniſba*, 1606:

"For ſeventeen kings were Carthage *foedars.*"

Mr. M. Maſon cenſures me for not perceiving that *feodary* ſignifies an *accomplice.* Of this I was fully aware, as it ſupports the ſenſe contended for by Warburton, and ſeemingly acquieſced in by Dr. Johnſon.—Every *vaſſal* was an *accomplice* with his lord; i. e. was ſubject to be executor of the miſchief he did not contrive, and was obliged to follow in every bad cauſe which his ſuperior led. STEEVENS.

I have ſhewn in a note on *Cymbeline*, that *feodary* was uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of an *aſſociate*, and ſuch undoubtedly is its ſignification here. Dr. Warburton's note therefore is certainly wrong, and ought to be expunged.

Owe,[6] and ſucceed by weakneſs.[7]

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay; as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;

Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.[8]

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them.[9] Nay, call us ten times frail;

After having aſcertained the true meaning of this word, I muſt own, that the remaining part of the paſſage before us is extremely difficult. I would, however, reſtore the original reading *thy*, and the meaning ſhould ſeem to be this:—We are all frail, ſays Angelo. Yes, replies Iſabella; if he has not one aſſociate in his crime, if no other perſon own and follow the ſame criminal courſes which you are now purſuing, let my brother ſuffer death.

I think it however extremely probable that ſomething is omitted. It is obſervable, that the line—"Owe, and ſucceed thy weakneſs," does not, together with the ſubſequent line,—"Nay, women are frail too,"—make a perfect verſe: from which it may be conjectured that the compoſitor's eye glanced from the word *ſucceed* to *weakneſs* in a ſubſequent hemiſtich, and that by this overſight the paſſage is become unintelligible. Malone.

[6] *Owe,*] 'To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have poſſeſſion. Johnson.

[7] ——by *weakneſs.*] The old copy reads—*thy* weakneſs. Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am by no means ſatisfied with it. *Thy* is much more likely to have been printed by miſtake for *this*, than the word which has been ſubſtituted. Yet *this* weakneſs and *by* weakneſs are equally to be underſtood. Sir W. D'Avenant omitted the paſſage in his *Law againſt Lovers*, probably on account of its difficulty. Malone.

[8] —— *glaſſes* ——

Which are as eaſy broke as they make *forms.*] Would it not be better to read?

——take *forms.* Johnson.

[9] *In profiting by them.*] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. Johnson.

If men mar their own creation, by taking women for their

For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.[1]

Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants,) ſhow it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.[2]

example, they cannot be ſaid to *profit* much by them. Iſabella is deploring the condition of woman-kind, formed ſo frail and credulous, that men prove the deſtruction of the whole ſex, by taking advantage of their weakneſs, and uſing them for their own purpoſes. She therefore calls upon Heaven to aſſiſt them. This, though obſcurely expreſſed, appears to me to be the meaning of this paſſage. M. Mason.

Dr. Johnſon does not ſeem to have underſtood this paſſage. Iſabella certainly does not mean to ſay that men mar their own creation by taking women for examples. Her meaning is, that *men debaſe their nature by taking advantage of ſuch weak pitiful creatures.*—Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786.

Steevens.

[1] *For we are ſoft as our complexions are,*
And credulous to falſe prints.] i. e. take any impreſſion.

Warburton.

So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" How eaſy is it for the proper *falſe*
" *In women's waxen hearts* to ſet their *forms!*
" Alas! our frailty is the cauſe, not we;
" For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be." Malone.

[2] ——*ſpeak the* former *language.*] Iſabella anſwers to his circumlocutory courtſhip, that ſhe has but *one tongue*, ſhe does not underſtand this new phraſe, and deſires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. Johnson.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, Iſabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,[3]
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,[4]
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming![5]—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,

[3] *I know, your virtue hath a* licence *in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by miniſters to their ſpies, to go into all ſuſpected companies, and join in the language of malcontents. WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect Warburton's interpretation to be more ingenious than juſt. The obvious meaning is—*I know your virtue aſſumes an air of licentiouſneſs which is not natural to you, on purpoſe to try me.*—Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[4] *Which ſeems a little fouler* &c.] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*:

"*Caſ.* Renowned lord, you uſe this ſpeech (I hope) your thrall to trye,
"If otherwiſe, my brother's life ſo deare I will not bye."
"*Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray;
"If you miſtruſt, to ſearch my harte, would God you had a kaye." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Seeming, ſeeming!*] Hypocriſy, hypocriſy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

My vouch againſt you,[6] and my place i'the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny.[7] I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:[8]
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,[9]
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,[1]

[6] *My* vouch *againſt you,*] The calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has ſomething fine. *Vouch* is the teſtimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he inſinuates his authority was ſo great, that his *denial* would have the ſame credit that a *vouch* or teſtimony has in ordinary caſes. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch againſt* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

[7] *That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,*
And ſmell of calumny.] A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguiſhed in its own greaſe. STEEVENS.

[8] *And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:*] And now I give my ſenſes the rein, in the race they are now actually running. HEATH.

[9] ——*and* prolixious *bluſhes,*] The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. I find it in *Moſes his Birth and Miracles*, by Drayton:

"Moſt part by water, more *prolixious* was," &c.

Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598:

"——rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbariſm," &c.

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——well known unto them by his *prolixious* ſea-wandering."

Prolixious bluſhes mean what Milton has elegantly called—

"——ſweet reluctant *delay*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*die the death,*] This ſeems to be a ſolemn phraſe for death inflicted by law. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"*Prepare* to die the death." JOHNSON.

It is a phraſe taken from ſcripture, as is obſerved in a note on *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom ſhall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[2] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,[3]
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up.
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt.
[*Exit.*

The phraſe is *a good phraſe*, as Shallow ſays, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *ſcriptural* origin. Chaucer uſes it frequently. See *Canterbury Tales*, ver. 607:

"They were adradde of him, as of *the deth*." ver. 1222.

"*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte ſmite." It ſeems to have been originally a miſtaken tranſlation of the French *La Mort*.

Tyrwhitt.

[2] ——*prompture*—] Suggeſtion, temptation, inſtigation. Johnson.

[3] ——*ſuch a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakſpeare's language, may mean, *ſuch an honourable mind*, as he uſes "*mind of love*," in *The Merchant of Venice*, for *loving mind*. Thus alſo, in *Philaſter*:

"——I had thought, thy *mind*
"Had been *of honour*." Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Priſon.

Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

CLAUD. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

DUKE. Be abſolute for death;[4] either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep:[5] a breath thou art,

[4] *Be abſolute for death*;] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace*,——

"The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome."

JOHNSON.

[5] *That none but fools would keep:*] But this reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, but to the drift of this moral diſcourſe. The Duke, in his aſſumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemned priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *ſuicide*: I make no doubt, but the poet wrote—

That none but fools would reck:——

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loſs of. So, in the tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmund*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"——Not that ſhe *recks* this life."——

And Shakſpeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Recking* as little what betideth me."——

WARBURTON.

(Servile to all the ſkiey influences,)
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,[6]
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill:[7] Thou art not noble;

The meaning ſeems plainly this, that *none but fools* would wiſh *to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep* it, if choice were allowed. A ſenſe which, whether true or not, is certainly innocent. JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not ſignify *preſerve*, but *care for*. "No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*," ſays Æneas, in Chaucer's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*; and elſewhere: "That I *kepe not* rehearſed be;" i. e. which I *care not* to have rehearſed.

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 2240:

"I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe."

Again, in *A mery Jeſte of a Man called Howleglaſs*, bl. l. no date: "Then the parſon bad him remember that he had a ſoule for to *kepe*, and he preached and teached to him the uſe of confeſſion," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

"Faith I could ſtifle him rarely with a pillow,
"As well as any woman that ſhould *keep* him."

i. e. have the care of him. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a paſſage in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, by Webſter, (1623,) an author who has frequently imitated Shakſpeare, and who perhaps followed him in the preſent inſtance:

"Of what is't *fools* make ſuch vain *keeping?*
"Sin their conception, their birth weeping;
"Their *life* a general miſt of error;
"Their death a hideous ſtorm of terror."

See the Gloſſary to Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, v. *kepe*. MALONE.

[6] *That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,*] Sir T. Hanmer changed *doſt* to *do*, without neceſſity or authority. The conſtruction is not, "the ſkiey influences that do," but, "a breath thou art, that doſt," &c. If "Servile to all the ſkiey influences," be incloſed in a parentheſis, all the difficulty will vaniſh. PORSON.

[7] —— *merely, thou art* death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill:] In thoſe old farces called

For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: [8] Thou art by no means
valiant;

Moralities, the *fool* of the piece, in order to ſhow the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool*, at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the repreſentations of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of our anceſtors' publ'ck diverſions, I ſuppoſe it was, that the old proverb aroſe, of *being merry and wiſe*. WARBURTON.

Such another expreſſion as *death's fool*, occurs in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, a comedy, by S. S. 1616:

"Wilt thou be a *fool of fate?* who can
"Prevent the deſtiny decreed for man?" STEEVENS.

It is obſerved by the editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154, that the initial letter of Stow's *Survey*, contains a repreſentation of a ſtruggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were moſt probably copied from thoſe characters as formerly exhibited on the ſtage. REED.

There are no ſuch characters as *Death* and *the Fool*, in any old *Morality* now extant. They ſeem to have exiſted only in the *dumb-ſhows*. The two figures in the initial letter of Stow's *Survey*, 1603, which have been miſtaken for theſe two perſonages, have no alluſion whatever to the ſtage, being merely one of the ſet known by the name of *Death's Dance*, and actually copied from the margin of an old Miſſal. The ſcene in the modern pantomime of *Harlequin Skeleton*, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by ſome playhouſe tradition of *Death and the Fool*.

RITSON.

See *Pericles*, Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[8] *Are nurs'd by* baſeneſs:] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that by *baſeneſs* is meant *ſelf-love*, here aſſigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakſpeare only meant to obſerve, that a minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys that ſplendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can diſplay, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baſeneſs*, by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkneſs of the mine. JOHNSON.

For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: [9] Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more.[1] Thou art not thy-
ſelf; [2]

This is a thought which Shakſpeare delights to expreſs. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— our *dungy earth* alike
" Feeds man as beaſt."

Again:

" Which ſleeps, and never palates more the *dung,*
" *The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the ſoft and tender* fork
Of a poor worm:] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *ſerpent.* Shakſpeare ſuppoſes falſely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a ſerpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* He confounds reality and fiction; a ſerpent's tongue is *ſoft,* but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be ſoft. In *A Midſummer-Night's Dream* he has the ſame notion:

" With *doubler* tongue
" Than thine, O ſerpent, never adder *ſtung.*" JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare mentions the " adders *fork*" in *Macbeth*; and might have caught this idea from old tapeſtries or paintings, in which the tongues of ſerpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,*
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more.] Evidently from the following paſſage of Cicero: " *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulacro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.*" But the Epicurean inſinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a ſentiment worthy of his animadverſion. I cannot without indignation find Shakſpeare ſaying, that *death is only ſleep,* lengthening out his exhortation by a ſentence which in the Friar is impious, in the reaſoner is fooliſh, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an overſight in Shakſpeare; for in the ſecond ſcene

For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not:
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,[3]
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,[4]
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo,[5] and the rheum,

of the fourth Act, the Provoſt ſpeaks of the deſperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken ſleep*. STEEVENS.

I apprehend Shakſpeare means to ſay no more, than that the paſſage from this life to another is as eaſy as ſleep; a poſition in which there is ſurely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE.

[2] ——*Thou art not thyſelf*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance, thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*ſtrange* effects,] For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body variouſly *affected*. So, in *Othello*:

"The young *affects*." JOHNSON.

When I conſider the influence of the *moon* on the human mind, I am inclined to read with Johnſon—*affects* inſtead of—*effects*.—We cannot properly ſay that the mind "ſhifts to ſtrange *effects*." M. MASON.

[4] ——*like an* aſs, *whoſe back with* ingots *bows*,] This ſimile is far more ancient than Shakſpeare's play. It occurs in T. Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion*, &c. 1570:

"Rebellion thus, with paynted vizage brave,
"Leads out poore ſoules (that knowes not *gold* from glas)
"Who beares the packe and burthen *like the aſſe*."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſerpigo*,] The *ſerpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both:[6] for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld;[7] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat,[8] affection, limb, nor beauty,[9]

[6] ——*Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;*
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both:] This is exquiſitely imagined. When we are young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, and miſs the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuſe the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or performances; ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs of the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening.

JOHNSON.

[7] ——*palſied* eld;] *Eld* is generally uſed for *old age, decrepitude.* It is here put for *old people, perſons worn with years.* So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:

"Let colder *eld* their ſtrong objections move."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *eld.*"

Gower uſes it for *age* as oppoſed to *youth*:

"His *elde* had turned into youth."

De Confeſſione Amantis, Lib. V. fol. 106. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, &c.] The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be ſaid to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is—*We have neither youth nor age.* But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed, he proves by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all ſenſe of pleaſure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uſes theſe words:

——*for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld;——

To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,

Out of which, he that can deduce the concluſion, has a better knack at logick than I have. I ſuppoſe the poet wrote—

——*For* pall'd, *thy* blazed *youth*
Becomes aſſuaged; *and doth beg the alms*
Of palſied eld;——

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once aſſuaged, and thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palſy and other nervous diſorders, conſequent on the inordinate uſe of ſenſual pleaſures. This is to the purpoſe; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by ſhewing the ſhort duration of it. WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally miſtaken. Shakſpeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happieſt* time, or which might be the happieſt, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palſied eld*; *muſt beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly ſupplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happineſs which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchaſe of all that formerly excited his deſires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment:

——*has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
To make his riches pleaſant.—

I have explained this paſſage according to the preſent reading, which may ſtand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to perſuade my reader, becauſe I have almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that our author wrote—

——*for all thy* blaſted *youth*
Becomes as aged—. JOHNSON.

The ſentiment contained in theſe lines, which Dr. Johnſon has explained with his uſual preciſion, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. ii: "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to *the beſt of our times*; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them." The words above, printed in Italics, ſupport, I think, the reading of the old copy—"*bleſſed* youth," and ſhew that any emendation is unneceſſary. MALONE.

[9] ——*heat, affection, limb, nor* beauty,] But how does beauty make *riches pleaſant*? We ſhould read *bounty*, which

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: [1] yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: [2] Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

completes the ſenſe, and is this—thou haſt neither the pleaſure of enjoying riches thyſelf, for thou wanteſt vigour; nor of ſeeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wanteſt *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inſeparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely ſatirical, though not altogether juſt. Warburton.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleaſant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not ſuch as that an opportunity of inſerting it ſhould be purchaſed by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confeſſing inſenſibility of what every one feels. Johnson.

By "heat" and "affection" the poet meant to expreſs *appetite*, and by "limb" and "beauty" *ſtrength*. Edwards.

[1] ——more *thouſand deaths:*] For this Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——a *thouſand deaths:*——

The meaning is, not only *a thouſand deaths*, but *a thouſand deaths* beſides what have been mentioned. Johnson.

[2] *To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;*
And, ſeeking death, find life:] Had the Friar, in reconciling Claudio to death, urged to him the certainty of happineſs hereafter, this ſpeech would have been introduced with more propriety; but the Friar ſays nothing of that ſubject, and argues more like a philoſopher, than a Chriſtian divine. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon ſeems to forget that no actual Friar was the ſpeaker, but the Duke, who might be reaſonably ſuppoſed to have more of the philoſopher than the divine in his compoſition. Stevens.

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.[3]

Claud. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Isab. My buſineſs is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, ſignior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them.[4] [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed: [5]

[3] *Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.*] Dear *ſir*, is too courtly a phraſe for the Friar, who always addreſſes Claudio and Iſabella by the appellations of *ſon* and daughter. I ſhould therefore read—dear *ſon*. M. Mason.

[4] *Bring them to ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd*
Yet hear them.] The firſt copy, publiſhed by the players, gives the paſſage thus:

Bring them to hear me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Bring me *to hear* them *ſpeak, where I,* &c. Steevens.

The ſecond folio authorizes the reading in the text.

Tyrwhitt.

The alterations made in that copy do not deſerve the ſmalleſt credit. There are undoubted proofs that they were merely arbitrary; and, in general, they are alſo extremely injudicious.

Malone.

I am of a different opinion, in which I am joined by Dr. Farmer; and, conſequently, prefer the reading of the ſecond folio to my own attempt at emendation, though Mr. Malone has done me the honour to adopt it. Steevens.

[5] —— *as all comforts are; moſt good* in deed:] If this reading be right, Iſabella muſt mean that ſhe brings ſomething

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger:
Therefore your beſt appointment[6] make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

better than *words* of comfort—ſhe brings an aſſurance of *deeds*. This is harſh and conſtrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

——in *ſpeed*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good *indeede.*

I believe the preſent reading, as explained by Dr. Johnſon, is the true one. So, in *Macbeth*:

"We're yet but young *in deed*." STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:

"*Claud.* Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

"*Iſab.* Why, as all comforts are, moſt good. Indeed Lord Angelo," &c.

Indeed is the ſame as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of ſpeeches in Shakſpeare's age. See *Charles the Firſt's Trial*. The King and Bradſhaw ſeldom ſay any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." BLACKSTONE.

[6] ——*an everlaſting* leiger:

Therefore your beſt appointment—] *Leiger* is the ſame with reſident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or ſtate of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *leiger* is thus uſed in the comedy of *Look about you*, 1600:

"Why do you ſtay, Sir?—

"Madam, as *leiger* to ſolicit for your abſent love."

Again, in Leiceſter's *Commonwealth*: "a ſpecial man of that haſty king, who was his *ledger*, or agent, in London," &c. STEEVENS.

——*your beſt* appointment—] The word *appointment*, on this occaſion, ſhould ſeem to comprehend confeſſion, communion, and abſolution. "Let him (ſays Eſcalus) be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without ſuch

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity[7] you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.[8]

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour[9] from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect

preparation, is ſaid to be diſ-*appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more ſimply explained by the following paſſage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"——your lodging
"Is decently *appointed*."

i. e. prepared, furniſhed. Steevens.

[7] Though *all the world's vaſtidity*—] The old copy reads—*Through* all, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] ——*a reſtraint*——
To a determin'd ſcope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be ſuppreſſed nor eſcaped. Johnson.

[9] *Would* bark *your honour*—] A metaphor from ſtripping trees of their *bark*. Douce.

Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[1]

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.[2]

Isab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word

[1] ——*the poor beetle*, &c.] The reaſoning is, *that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſsly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

The meaning is—fear is the principal ſenſation in death, which has no pain; and the giant, when he dies, feels no greater pain than the beetle.—This paſſage, however, from its arrangement, is liable to an oppoſite conſtruction, but which would totally deſtroy the illuſtration of the ſentiment. DOUCE.

[2] *I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,*
And hug it in mine arms.] So, in the Firſt Part of *Jeronimo*, or *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"——— *night*
"That yawning Beldam, with her jetty ſkin,
"'Tis ſhe I *hug* as mine effeminate bride." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— I will be
"*A bridegroom* in my death; and run into't,
"As to a lover's bed." MALONE.

Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,[3]
As falcon doth the fowl,[4]—is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt,[5] he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards![6] Doſt thou think, Claudio,

[3] ——*follies doth* enmew,] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to ſhow themſelves. Johnson.

[4] *As falcon doth the fowl,*] In whoſe preſence the follies of youth are afraid to ſhow themſelves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.

So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI:*

" ——not he that loves him beſt,
" The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
" *Dares ſtir a wing,* if Warwick ſhakes his bells."

To *enmew* is a term in falconry, alſo uſed by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of Malta:*

" ——I have ſeen him ſcale,
" As if a falcon had run up a train,
" Clathing his warlike pinions, his ſteel'd cuiraſs,
" And, at his pitch, *enmew* the town below him."

Steevens.

[5] *His filth within being* caſt,] To *caſt* a pond is to empty it of mud. Mr. Upton reads:

His pond *within being caſt, he would appear*
A filth *as deep as hell.* Johnson.

[6] *The* princely *Angelo?*——
——princely *guards!*] The ſtupid editors, miſtaking *guards* for ſatellites, (whereas it here ſignifies *lace,*) altered *prieſtly,* in both places, to *princely.* Whereas Shakſpeare wrote it *prieſtly,* as appears from the words themſelves:

——*'Tis the cunning* livery *of hell,*
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
With prieſtly *guards.*——

In the firſt place we ſee that *guards* here ſignifies *lace,* as referring to *livery,* and as having no ſenſe in the ſignification of *ſatellites.* Now *prieſtly guards* means *ſanctity,* which is the

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

ſenſe required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a ſenſe the paſſage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of—

This out-ward-ſainted deputy,

demand the reading I have reſtored. Warburton.

The firſt folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. Johnson.

Princely is the judicious correction of the ſecond folio. *Princely guards* mean no more than the badges of royalty, (laced or bordered robes,) which Angelo is ſuppoſed to aſſume during the abſence of the Duke. The ſtupidity of the firſt editors is ſometimes not more injurious to Shakſpeare, than the ingenuity of thoſe who ſucceeded them.

In the old play of *Cambyſes* I meet with the ſame expreſſion. *Siſamnes* is left by *Cambyſes* to diſtribute juſtice while he is abſent; and in a ſoliloquy ſays:

"Now may I wear the brodered *garde*,
"And lye in downe-bed ſoft."

Again, the queen of *Cambyſes* ſays:

"I do forſake theſe broder'd *gardes*,
"And all the facions new." Steevens.

A guard, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; "becauſe (ſays Minſhieu) it *gards* and keeps the garment from tearing." Theſe borders were ſometimes of lace. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——Give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows." Malone.

Warburton reads—*prieſtly*, and, in my opinion, very properly.

The meaning of the ſpeech is, that it is the cunning policy of the devil, to inveſt the damnedeſt bodies in the moſt ſanctified robes; that is to ſay, in *prieſtly* guards, which, when applied to deceitful purpoſes, ſhe calls the livery of hell. By *guards*, Iſabella metaphorically means—outward appearances.

M. Mason.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,[7]
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.[8]

Claud. Thanks, dear Iſabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it?[9] Sure it is no ſin;

[7] ——from *this rank offence,*] I believe means, *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might perſiſt in ſinning with ſafety. The advantages you would derive from my having ſuch a ſecret of his in my keeping, would enſure you from further harm on account of the ſame fault, however frequently repeated. Steevens.

[8] ——*as a* pin.] So, in *Hamlet:*
"I do not ſet my life at a *pin's* fee." Steevens.

[9] *Has he affections* &c.] *Is he actuated by paſſions that impel him to tranſgreſs the law, at the very moment that he is* enforcing *it againſt others?* [I find, he is.] *Surely then,* ſince this is ſo general a propenſity, ſince the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, *it is no ſin, or at leaſt a venial one.* So. in the next Act:
"——A deflower'd maid,
"And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*
"*The law* againſt it."
Force is again uſed for *enforce* in *King Henry VIII:*
"If you will now unite in your complaints,
"And *force* them with a conſtancy."
Again, in *Coriolanus:*
"Why *force* you this?" Malone.

Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.[1]

Isab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable,[2] he, being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? [3]—O Iſabel!

Isab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where; [4]

[1] *Or of the deadly* ſeven &c.] It may be uſeful to know which they are; the reader is, therefore, preſented with the following catalogue of them, viz. Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Covetouſneſs, Gluttony, and Lechery. To recapitulate the puniſhments hereafter for theſe ſins, might have too powerful an effect upon the weak nerves of the preſent generation; but whoever is deſirous of being particularly acquainted with them, may find information in ſome of the old monkiſh ſyſtems of divinity, and eſpecially in a curious book entitled *Le Kalendrier des Bergiers*, 1500, folio, of which there is an Engliſh tranſ[illegible].
Douce.

[2] *If it were damnable*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Iſabella firſt tells him of Angelo's propoſal, he anſwers, with honeſt indignation, agreeably to his ſettled principles—

Thou ſhalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, ſoon furniſhes him with ſophiſtical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the ſoul, ſince Angelo, who is ſo wiſe, will venture it. Johnson.

[3] *Be* perdurably *fin'd?*] *Perdurably* is laſtingly. So, in *Othello:*

"——cables of *perdurable* toughneſs." Steevens.

[4] ——*and go* we know not where;] Dryden has imparted this ſentiment to his *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"Death in itſelf is nothing; but we fear
"To be we know not what, *we know not where.*"
Steevens.

To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit [5]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,[6]
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worſe than worſt

[5] ——*delighted ſpirit*——] i. e. the ſpirit accuſtomed here to eaſe and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the ſharpneſs of the torments ſpoken of. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, becauſe the ſpirit in the body is ſaid to be impriſoned, it was *crouded together* likewiſe; and ſo by death not only ſet free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the leſs ſenſible of pain.
WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps ſtand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The moſt plauſible is that which ſubſtitutes——
——*the* benighted *ſpirit*;
alluding to the darkneſs always ſuppoſed in the place of future puniſhment.

Perhaps we may read:
——*the* delinquent *ſpirit*;
a word eaſily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unſkilful reader. *Delinquent* is propoſed by Thirlby in his manuſcript.
JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* ſpirit is meant, *the ſoul once accuſtomed to delight*, which, of courſe, muſt render the ſufferings, afterwards deſcribed, leſs tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *bleſſed*, in a former ſcene, before he proceeds to ſhow its wants and its inconveniencies.

Mr. Ritſon has furniſhed me with a paſſage which I leave to thoſe who can uſe it for the illuſtration of the foregoing epithet: "Sir Thomas Herbert, ſpeaking of the death of Mirza, ſon to Shah Abbas, ſays, that he gave a period to his miſeries in this world, by ſupping a *delighted* cup of extreame poyſon."
Travels, 1634, p. 104. STEEVENS.

[6] ——viewleſs *winds*,] i. e. unſeen, inviſible. So, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 92:
"——I muſt be *viewleſs* now." STEEVENS.

Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts[7]
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury,[8] and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.[9]

[7] ——*lawleſs and incertain thoughts*—] Conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through poſſibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*penury,*] The old copy has—*perjury*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *To what we fear of death.*] Moſt certainly the idea of the "ſpirit bathing in fiery floods," or of reſiding "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; but I am not ſure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks alſo had their hot and their cold hell; "the fyrſte is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," ſays an old homily:—"The ſeconde is paſſying cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were caſt therin, it ſhold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakſpeare, gives us a dialogue between a biſhop and a ſoul tormented in a piece of ice, which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot; take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us:

"*Si quis dixerit epiſcopum* podagrâ *laborare, anathema ſit.*"

Another tells us of the ſoul of a monk faſtened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may ſee in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miſcellaneous ones ſubjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will ſoon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquiſitive brother-antiquary hath obſerved to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or philoſopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, is repreſented to have ſeen theſe particular modes of puniſhment in the infernal regions:

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live:
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beaſt!
O, faithleſs coward! O, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt,[1] to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs[2]
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:[3]
Die; periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:

"Secondly, I have ſeen in hell a flood frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and their ſuddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right ſore," &c. Steevens.

[1] *Is't not a kind of inceſt,*] In Iſabella's declamation there is ſomething harſh, and ſomething forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we conſider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. Johnson.

[2] ——*a warped ſlip of* wilderneſs—] *Wilderneſs* is here uſed for *wildneſs*, the ſtate of being diſorderly. So, in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

"And throws an unknown *wilderneſs* about me."

Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"But I in *wilderneſs* totter'd out my youth."

The word, in this ſenſe, is now obſolete, though employed by Milton:

"The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
"Will keep from *wilderneſs* with eaſe." Steevens.

[3] *Take my* defiance:] *Defiance* is *refuſal*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I do *defy* thy commiſeration." Steevens.

I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, Hear me, Iſabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye, fye!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade:[4]
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Iſabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Isab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* Claudio, *aſide.*] Son, I have overheard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an eſſay of her virtue, to practice his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures: ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not ſatisfy

[4] —— *but a* trade:] A cuſtom; a practice; an eſtabliſhed habit. So we ſay of a man much addicted to any thing—*he makes* a trade *of it.* Johnson.

your reſolution with hopes that are fallible: [5] to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: [6] Farewell.

[*Exit* Claudio.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind

[5] *Do not* ſatisfy *your reſolution with hopes that are fallible:*] A condemned man, whom his confeſſor had brought to bear death with decency and reſolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occaſioned the advice in the words above. But how did theſe hopes *ſatisfy* his reſolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We muſt certainly read, *Do not* falſify *your reſolution with hopes that are* fallible. And then it becomes a reaſonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *reſolution* which was raiſed only on motives of religion. And this his confeſſor had reaſon to warn him of. The term *falſify* is taken from fencing, and ſignifies the pretending to aim a ſtroke, in order to draw the adverſary off his guard. So, Fairfax:

"Now ſtrikes he out, and now he *falſifieth.*"

Warburton.

The ſenſe is this:—Do not reſt with ſatisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* There is no need of alteration. Steevens.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not ſatisfy or content yourſelf with that kind of reſolution, which acquires ſtrength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the teſt; a hope that, in your caſe, if you rely upon it, will deceive you. Malone.

[6] *Hold you there:*] Continue in that reſolution. Johnson.

promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[7] [*Exit* Provoſt.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother.

Isab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: Yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only.[8]—Therefore, faſten your ear on my adviſings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

[7] *In good time.*] i. e. *à la bonne heure,* ſo be it, very well. Steevens.

[8] —— *he made trial of you only.*] That is, *he will ſay* he made trial of you only. M. Mason.

Isab. Let me hear you ſpeak further; I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath,[9] and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity,[1] her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband,[2] this well-ſeeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour:

[9] ——by *oath,*] *By* inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] ——*and* limit *of the ſolemnity,*] So, in *King John:*

"Preſcribes how long the virgin ſtate ſhall laſt,—
"Gives *limits* unto holy nuptial rites."

i. e. appointed times. Malone.

[2] ——*her* combinate *huſband,*] *Combinate* is *betrothed, ſettled by contract.* Steevens.

in few, beſtowed her on her own lamentation,[3] which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourſelf to this advantage,[4]—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf

[3] ——beſtowed *her on her own lamentation,*] i. e. *left* her to her ſorrows. Malone.

Rather, as our author expreſſes himſelf in *King Henry V:* "*gave* her up" to them. Steevens.

[4] ——*only refer yourſelf to this advantage,*] This is ſcarcely to be reconciled to any eſtabliſhed mode of ſpeech. We may read, *only* reſerve yourſelf to, or *only* reſerve to *yourſelf this advantage.* Johnson.

Refer yourſelf to, merely ſignifies—*have recourſe to, betake yourſelf to,* this advantage. Steevens.

hereafter, it may compel him to her recompenſe; and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled.[5] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat

[5] —— *the corrupt deputy* ſcaled.] *To* ſcale *the deputy*, may be, *to reach him, notwithſtanding the elevation of his place*; or it may be, *to ſtrip him and diſcover his nakedneſs, though armed and concealed by the inveſtment of authority.*

JOHNSON.

To *ſcale*, as may be learned from a note to *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i. moſt certainly means, to *diſorder*, to *diſconcert*, to *put to flight*. An army routed is called by Holinſhed, an army *ſcaled*. The word ſometimes ſignifies to *diffuſe* or diſperſe; at others, as I ſuppoſe in the preſent inſtance, to *put into confuſion*.

STEEVENS.

To *ſcale* is certainly to reach (as Dr. Johnſon explains it) as well as to *diſperſe* or *ſpread abroad*, and hence its application to a routed army which is *ſcattered over the field*. The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *overreached*, as a town is by the ſcalade, or that his true character would be *ſpread* or *laid open*, ſo that his vileneſs would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed*, a meaning which Dr. Johnſon affixes to the word in another place. See *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i.

Scaled, however, may mean—laid open, as a *corrupt ſore* is by removing the ſlough that covers it. The alluſion is rendered leſs diſguſting, by more elegant language, in *Hamlet*:

"It will but *ſkin* and *film* the *ulcerous place*;
"Whiles *rank corruption*, mining all within,
"Infects unſeen." RITSON.

you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange,[6] reſides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and deſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[6] ——*the moated* grange,] A *grange* is a ſolitary farm-houſe. So, in *Othello:*

" ——this is Venice,

" My houſe is not a *grange.*" Steevens.

A *grange* implies ſome one particular houſe immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, ſituated at a ſmall diſtance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as, *Hornby Grange*, *Blackwell Grange*; and is in the neighbourhood ſimply called *The Grange.* Originally, perhaps, theſe buildings were the lord's *granary* or ſtorehouſe, and the reſidence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, from *Granagium*, Lat.) Ritson.

A *grange*, in its original ſignification, meant a farm-houſe of a monaſtery, (from *grana* gerendo,) from which it was always at ſome little diſtance. One of the monks was uſually appointed to inſpect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange;—in barbarous Latin, *Grangiarius.* Being placed at a diſtance from the monaſtery, and not connected with any other buildings, Shakſpeare, with his wonted licence, uſes it, both here and in *Othello*, in the ſenſe of a *ſolitary* farm-houſe.

I have ſince obſerved that the word was uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the contemporary writers. So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, printed about the year 1590:

——" till my return I would have thee ſtay at our little *graunge* houſe in the country."

In Lincolnſhire they at this day call every lone houſe that is unconnected with others, a *grange.* Malone.

SCENE II.

The Street before the Priſon.

Enter Duke, *as a Friar*; *to him* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.[7]

DUKE. O, heavens! what ſtuff is here?

CLO. 'Twas never merry world, ſince, of two uſuries,[8] the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him

[7] ——*baſtard.*] A kind of ſweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian *baſtardo*. WARBURTON.

See a note on *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Baſtard was raiſin wine. See Minſhieu's DICT. in v. and Cole's Latin Dict. 1679. MALONE.

[8] ——*ſince, of two* uſuries,] Here a ſatire on uſury turns abruptly to a ſatire on the perſon of the uſurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be aſſured then, that a line or two, at leaſt, have been loſt. The ſubject of which we may eaſily diſcover was a compariſon between the two uſurers; as, before, between the two uſuries. So that, for the future, the paſſage ſhould be read with aſteriſks, thus—*by order of law, * * * a furr'd gown*, &c. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with leſs pomp: then *ſince of two* uſurers *the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown*, &c. His punctuation is right, but the alteration, ſmall as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Uſury* may be uſed by an eaſy licence for the *profeſſors of uſury*. JOHNSON

warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too,[9] to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father:[1] What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock,[2] which we have ſent to the deputy.

[9] ——*and furr'd with fox* and *lamb-ſkins too,* &c.] In this paſſage the foxes ſkins are ſuppoſed to denote craft, and the lamb-ſkins innocence. It is evident, therefore, that we ought to read, "furred with fox *on* lamb-ſkins," inſtead of "*and* lamb-ſkins;" for otherwiſe, craft will not ſtand for the facing. M. Mason.

Fox-ſkins and lamb-ſkins were both uſed as facings to cloth in Shakſpeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence *fox-furr'd* ſlave is uſed as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled,* 1606, and in other old comedies. See alſo *Characteriſmi, or Lenton's Leaſures,* &c. 1631: "An *Uſurer* is an old *fox,* clad in *lamb-ſkin,* who hath pray'd [prey'd] ſo long abroad," &c. Malone.

[1] ——*and you, good* brother father:] In return to Elbow's blundering addreſs of *good father friar,* i. e. *good father brother,* the Duke humorouſly calls him, in his own ſtyle, *good brother father.* This would appear ſtill clearer in French. *Dieu vous beniſſe,* mon pere frere.—*Et vous auſſi,* mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere.* Tyrwhitt.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's obſervation is confirmed by a paſſage in *The ſtrangeſt Adventure that ever happened,* &c. 4to. 1601:

"And I call to mind, that as the reverend *father brother,* Thomas Sequera, Superiour of Ebora, and mine auncient friend, came to viſite me," &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*a ſtrange* pick-lock,] As we hear no more of this charge, it is neceſſary to prevent honeſt Pompey from being taken for a houſe-breaker. The *locks* which he had occaſion to

Duke. Fye, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.[3]
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir; but yet, ſir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the deputy, ſir; he has

pick, were by no means common, in this country at leaſt. They were probably introduced, with *other Spaniſh cuſtoms*, during the reign of Philip and Mary; and were ſo well known in Edinburgh, that in one of Sir David Lindſay's plays, repreſented to thouſands in the open air, ſuch a *lock* is actually opened on the ſtage. Ritson.

In Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*, Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of theſe contrivances:

"Then, here's a *lock*, which I will hang upon thee."

Steevens.

[3] *I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.*] The old editions have—

I drink, I eat away *myſelf, and live.*

This is one very excellent inſtance of the ſagacity of our editors, and it were to be wiſhed heartily, that they would have obliged us with their phyſical ſolution, how a man can *eat away* himſelf, *and live*. Mr. Biſhop gave me that moſt certain emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the room of the former fooliſh reading; by the help whereof, we have this eaſy ſenſe: that the Clown fed himſelf, and put clothes on his back, by exerciſing the vile trade of a bawd. Theobald.

given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaſter: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from ſeeming, free![4]

[4] *That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,*
Free from our faults, as faults from ſeeming, *free!*] i. e. as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or *ſeeming*. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the deputy's ſanctified hypocriſy; the ſecond to the Clown's beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhyme. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free.

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the ſenſe is trifling, and the expreſſion harſh. To wiſh *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comelineſs*, [inſtead of *void of comelineſs*,] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it ſhould be read:

O that all were, as all would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, or *from* falſe ſeeming *free.*

So in this play:

" O place, O power—how doſt thou
" Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
" To thy *falſe ſeeming!*"

But now I believe that a leſs alteration will ſerve the turn:

Free from all faults, or *faults from ſeeming free.*

That men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, *or* faults from *hypocriſy*. So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocriſy, *ſeeming, ſeeming*. JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read with Sir T. Hanmer:

Free from all faults, as from faults *ſeeming free.*

i. e. *I wiſh we were all as good as we appear to be*; a ſentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Sir T. Hanmer has only tranſpoſed a word to produce a convenient ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Hanmer is right with reſpect to the meaning of this paſſage, but I think his tranſpoſition unneceſſary. The words, as they ſtand, will expreſs the ſame ſenſe, if pointed thus:

Free from all faults, as, faults from, ſeeming free.

Enter LUCIO.

ELB. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.[5]

CLO. I ſpy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

LUCIO. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæſar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,[6] to be had now, for putting the hand in

Nor is this conſtruction more harſh than that of many other ſentences in the play, which, of all thoſe which Shakſpeare has left us, is the moſt defective in that reſpect. M. MASON.

The original copy has not *Free* at the beginning of the line. It was added unneceſſarily by the editor of the ſecond folio, who did not perceive that *our*, like many words of the ſame kind, was uſed by Shakſpeare as a diſſyllable. The reading,—from *all* faults, which all the modern editors have adopted, (I think, improperly,) was firſt introduced in the fourth folio. Dr. Johnſon's conjectural reading, *or*, appears to me very probable. The compoſitor might have caught the word *as* from the preceding line. If *as* be right, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, perhaps, the true one. Would we were all as free from faults, as faults are free from, or deſtitute of comelineſs, or *ſeeming*. This line is rendered harſh and obſcure by the word *free* being dragged from its proper place for the ſake of the rhyme. MALONE.

Till I meet with ſome deciſive inſtance of the pronoun—*our*, uſed as a diſſyllable, I read with the ſecond folio, which I cannot ſuſpect of capricious alterations. STEEVENS.

[5] *His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.*] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waiſt, with a rope. The friars of the Franciſcan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

"*Fac gemant fuis*
"*Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe Shakſpeare meant

the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and

no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your cuſtomers, as freſh and untouched as *Pygmalion's* ſtatue was, at the moment when it became fleſh and blood? The paſſage may, however, contain ſome alluſion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called *The Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* I have never ſeen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its ſubject might be, we learn from an order ſigned by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inſerted at the end of the ſecond volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

If Marſton's *Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it muſt be in the *argument.*—"The *maide* (by the power of Venus) was metamorphoſed into a living *woman.*"

FARMER.

There may, however, be an alluſion to a paſſage in Lyly's *Woman in the Moone,* 1597. The inhabitants of *Utopia* petition *Nature* for females, that they may, like other beings, propagate their ſpecies. *Nature* grants their requeſt; and "they draw the curtins from before *Nature's* ſhop, where ſtands an image clad, and ſome unclad, and they bring forth the cloathed image," &c. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—Is there no courtezan, who being *newly made woman,* i. e. *lately debauched,* ſtill retains the appearance of chaſtity, and looks as cold as a ſtatue, to be had, &c.

The following paſſage in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable,* a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, ſeems to authorize this interpretation:

"*Laz.* Are all theſe *women*?

"*Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.

"*Laz.* You apprehend too faſt. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*"

Mulier in Latin had preciſely the ſame meaning. MALONE.

A pick-lock had juſt been found upon the Clown, and therefore without great offence to his morals, it may be preſumed that he was likewiſe a pick-pocket; in which caſe *Pygmalion's images,* &c. may mean new-coined money with the Queen's image upon it. DOUCE.

method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain?[7] Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, trot?[8] Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way?[9] Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

[7] *What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain?*] Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to priſon, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which when the poor fellow makes no anſwer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this? tune, matter, and method,—is't not? drown'd i' the laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot?* &c. It is a common phraſe uſed in low raillery of a man creſt-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy.* Lucio, therefore, aſks him, whether he was *drown'd in the laſt rain,* and therefore cannot ſpeak.

JOHNSON.

He rather aſks him whether his *anſwer* was not drown'd in the laſt rain, for Pompey returns *no anſwer* to any of his queſtions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miſerable appearance to a *drown'd mouſe.* So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. ſc. ii:

"Or piteous they will look, like *drowned mice.*"

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*what ſay'ſt thou,* trot?] It ſhould be read, I think, *what ſay'ſt thou* to't? the word *trot* being ſeldom, if ever, uſed to a man.

Old *trot,* or *trat,* ſignifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab.* In this ſenſe it is uſed by Gawin Douglas, *Virg. Æn.* B. IV:

"Out on the old *trat,* aged dame or wyffe." GREY.

So, in *Wily Beguiled,* 1613: "Thou toothleſs old *trot* thou."

Again, in *The Wife Woman of Hogsden,* 1638:

"What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot.*"

Trot, however, ſometimes ſignifies a *bawd.* So, in Churchyard's *Tragicall Diſcourſe of a dolorous Gentlewoman,* 1593:

"Awaie old *trots,* that ſets young fleſh to ſale."

Pompey, it ſhould be remembered, is of this profeſſion.

STEEVENS.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honeſt *trout,* is a familiar addreſs to a man among the provincial vulgar.

JOHNSON.

[9] *Which is the* way?] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.[1]

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to priſon, Pompey!

Clo. Yes, faith, ſir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: Farewell: Go; ſay, I ſent thee thither.[2] For debt, Pompey? Or how?[3]

[1] —— *in the* tub.] The method of cure for venereal complaints is groſsly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

It was ſo called from the method of cure. See the notes on "——the *tub-faſt* and the *diet*—" in *Timon*, Act IV. STEEVENS

[2] ——*ſay, I ſent thee thither.*] Shakſpeare ſeems here to allude to the words uſed by Gloſter, in *King Henry VI.* P. III Act V. ſc. vi:

"Down, down to hell; and *ſay—I ſent thee thither.*" REED.

[3] ——*Go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?*] It ſhould be pointed thus: *Go, ſay I ſent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*— i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy caſe, ſay, I ſent thee to priſon for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fancieſt better. The other humorouſly replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true cauſe is the moſt honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON

I do not perceive any neceſſity for the alteration. Lucio firſt offers him the uſe of his name to hide the ſeeming ignominy of his caſe; and then very naturally deſires to be informed of the true reaſon why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

Warburton has taken ſome pains to amend this paſſage, which does not require it; and Lucio's ſubſequent reply to Elbow, ſhows that his amendment cannot be right. When Lucio adviſes Pom-

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon, Pompey: You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe.[4]

Clo. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[5] I will pray, Pompey, to increaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty Pompey.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.[6]—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

pey to ſay he ſent him to the priſon, and in his next ſpeech deſires him to commend him to the priſon, he ſpeaks as one who had ſome intereſt there, and was well known to the keepers. M. Mason.

[4] —— *You will turn good* huſband *now, Pompey; you will* keep *the* houſe.] Alluding to the etymology of the word *huſband*. Malone.

[5] —— *it is not the* wear.] i. e. it is not the faſhion. Steevens.

[6] *Then, Pompey? nor now.*] The meaning, I think, is: *I will neither bail thee* then, nor now. So again, in this play: "*More, nor leſs* to others paying—." Malone.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:[7]
[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.
What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice,[8] and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

[7] *Go,—to* kennel, *Pompey, go:*] It ſhould be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which alluſion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* Johnson.

[8] *It is too general a vice,*] Yes, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd:* &c. As much as to ſay, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greateſt men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke perſonally with it. Edwards.

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.[9]

Duke. You are pleaſant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abſent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand: He had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent duke much detected for women;[1] he was not inclined that way.

[9] ——*and he is a motion* ungenerative, *that's infallible.*] In the former editions:—*and he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.* This may be ſenſe; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more uſe of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote,—*and he is a motion* ungenerative, becauſe Lucio again in this very ſcene ſays,—*this* ungenitured agent *will unpeople the province with continency.*

THEOBALD.

A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the maſculine gender*; a thing that appears to have thoſe powers of which it is not in reality poſſeſſed. STEEVENS.

A *motion ungenerative* is a moving or animated body without the power of generation. RITSON.

[1] ——*much* detected *for women*;] This appears ſo like the language of Dogberry, that at firſt I thought the paſſage corrupt, and wiſhed to read *ſuſpected*. But perhaps *detected* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "An officer whoſe daughter was *detected of* diſhoneſtie, and generally ſo reported." That *detected* is there uſed for *ſuſpected*, and not in the preſent ſenſe of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—

Lucio. O, ſir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her clack-diſh:[2] the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

and ſo generally reported, which ſeem to relate not to a *known* but *ſuſpected* fact. Malone.

In the Statute 3d Edward Firſt, c. 15, the words gentz *rettez* de felonie, are rendered perſons *detected* of felony, that is, as I conceive, *ſuſpected.* Reed.

In this ſenſe, perhaps, it is uſed in the infamous publication entitled *A Detection, &c. of Mary Queen of Scots:* "But quho durſt accuſe the Quene? or (quhill was in maner mair perilous) quho durſt *detect* Bothwell of ſic a horrible offence?"

Again, in *A courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels: &c. Tranſlated from the French, &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton,] *Gentleman,* 4to. 1588: "And in truth women are to be *detected* of no imperfection, jealouſie only excepted." Steevens.

Again, in Rich's *Adventures of Simonides,* 1584, 4to: "—all Rome, *detected* of inconſtancie." Henderson.

Detected, however, may mean, *notoriouſly charged,* or guilty. So, in North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "—he only of all other kings in his time was moſt *detected* with this vice of leacherie."

Again, in Howe's Abridgment of Stowe's *Chronicle,* 1618, p. 303: "In the month of February divers traiterous perſons were apprehended, and *detected* of moſt wicked conſpiracie againſt his Majeſtie:—the 7th of Sept. certaine of them wicked ſubjects were indicted," &c. Malone.

[2] ——*clack-diſh:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, uſed to proclaim their want by a wooden diſh with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to ſhow that their veſſel was empty. This appears from a paſſage quoted on another occaſion by Dr. Grey.

Dr. Grey's aſſertion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love,* 1608:

"Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-diſh?*"

"By a bell and a *clack-diſh?* how's that?"

"Why, by begging, ſir," &c.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: [3] A ſhy fellow was the duke: [4] and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject [5] held the duke to be wiſe.

Again, in Henderſon's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeid:*

"Thus ſhalt thou go a begging from hous to hous,
"With *cuppe* and *clappir* like a lazarous."

And by a ſtage direction in *The Second Part of K. Edward IV.* 1619:

"Enter Mrs. Blague, very poorly, begging with her baſket and a *clap-diſh.*"

There is likewiſe an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the ſame cuſtom:

"He *claps his diſh* at a wrong man's door." STEEVENS.

A cuſtom is ſtill kept up in the villages near Oxford, about Eaſter, for the poor people and children to go *a clacking:* they carry wooden bowls, ſalt boxes, &c. and make a rattling noiſe at the houſes of the principal inhabitants, who give them bacon, eggs, &c. HARRIS.

[3] ——*an* inward *of his:*] *Inward* is intimate. So, in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph,* 1623:

"You two were wont to be moſt *inward* friends."

Again, in Marſton's *Malcontent,* 1604:

"Come we muſt be *inward,* thou and I all one."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*A* ſhy *fellow was the duke:*] The meaning of this term may be beſt explained by the following lines in the fifth Act:

"The wickedſt caitiff on the ground,
"May ſeem as *ſhy,* as grave, as juſt, as abſolute," &c.

MALONE.

[5] ——*The greater* file *of the ſubject*——] The larger liſt, the greater number. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"——the valued *file.*" STEEVENS.

Duke. Wife? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing[6] fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed,[7] muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

[6] ——*unweighing*—] i. e. inconſiderate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "What an *unweighed* behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pick'd out of my converſation," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the buſineſs he hath* helmed,] *The difficulties he hath ſteer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite.[8] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent[9] will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.[1] He's now paſt it; yet,[2] and

[8] ——*oppoſite.*] i. e. opponent, adverſary. So, in *King Lear:*

" ——thou waſt not bound to anſwer

" An unknown *oppoſite.*" Steevens.

The term was in uſe in Charles the Second's time. See *The Woman turn'd Bully*, p. 38. Reed.

[9] ——ungenitur'd *agent*—] This word ſeems to be formed from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, Tom. II. pp. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. Tollet.

[1] ——*eat* mutton *on Fridays.*] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. Theobald.

So alſo in the famous Satire on Cardinal Wolſey. See note on *King Henry VIII.* pp. 84 and 126:

" And namly one that is the cheſe,

" Which is not feld ſo ofte with roſt beſe,

" As with *rawe motton*, ſo God helpe me."

Again, in *Doctor Dunſius*, 1604, Lechery ſays:

" I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of *Friday* ſtock-fiſh." Steevens.

I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick:[3] ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit[4] in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.[5]

[2] *He's* now *paſt it; yet,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*He is not paſt it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but ſeems not neceſſary. It were to be wiſhed, that we all explained more, and amended leſs. Johnson.

If Johnſon underſtood the paſſage as it ſtands, I wiſh he had explained it. To me, Hanmer's amendment appears abſolutely neceſſary. M. Mason.

I have inſerted Mr. M. Maſon's remark; and yet the old reading is, in my opinion, too intelligible to need explanation. Steevens.

[3] ——*though ſhe* ſmelt brown bread and garlick:] This was the phraſeology of our author's time. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Maſter Fenton is ſaid to "*ſmell April and May,*" not "to ſmell *of*," &c. Malone.

[4] ——*forfeit*—] i. e. tranſgreſs, offend; from the French *forfaire.* Steevens.

[5] ——*mercy* ſwear, *and play the tyrant.*] We ſhould read *ſwerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. Warburton.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promiſed her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myſelf; and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar hath been with him, and adviſed him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

There is ſurely no need of emendation. We ſay at preſent, Such a thing *is enough to make a parſon ſwear*, i. e. deviate from a proper reſpect to decency, and the ſanctity of his character.

The idea of *ſwearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient myſteries. Steevens.

I do not much like *mercy ſwear*, the old reading; or *mercy ſwerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it ſhould be, it is would make mercy *ſevere*. Farmer.

We ſtill ſay, *to ſwear like an emperor*; and from ſome old book, of which I unfortunately neglected to copy the title, I have noted—*to ſwear like a tyrant. To ſwear like a termagant* is quoted elſewhere. Ritson.

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee,[6]
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd:[7] much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

[6] ——*from the* ſee,] The folio reads:
——*from the* ſea. Johnson.

The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's *Chronicle*, *ſea* is often written for *ſee*. Malone.

[7] *There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but* ſecurity *enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd:*] The ſpeaker here alludes to thoſe legal ſecurities into which "fellowſhip" leads men to enter for each other. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: "He would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the *ſecurity*." Falſtaff, in the ſame ſcene, plays, like the Duke, on the ſame word: "I had as lief they ſhould put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with *ſecurity*. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin,—and he ſends me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep in *ſecurity*," &c. Malone.

The ſenſe is, "There ſcarcely exiſts ſufficient honeſty in the world to make ſocial life ſecure; but there are occaſions enough where a man may be drawn in to become *ſurety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendſhips." In excuſe of this quibble, Shakſpeare may plead high authority: "He that hateth *ſuretiſhip* is *ſure*." Prov. xi. 15. Holt White

Escal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he framed to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I, by my good leiſure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolved[8] to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—juſtice.[9]

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenced himſelf.

Escal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: Fare you well.

[8] ——*reſolved*—] i. e. ſatisfied. So, in Middleton's *More Diſſemblers beſides Women*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"The bleſſing of perfection to your thoughts lady;
"For I'm *reſolved* they are good ones." Reed.

[9] ——*he is indeed*—juſtice.] Summum jus, ſumma injuria. Steevens.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escalus *and* Provoſt.

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;[1]

[1] *Pattern in himſelf to know,*
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;] Theſe lines I cannot underſtand, but believe that they ſhould be read thus:

Patterning *himſelf to know,*
In *grace to ſtand,* in *virtue go.*

To *pattern* is *to work after a pattern,* and, perhaps, in Shakſpeare's licentious diction, ſimply to *work.* The ſenſe is, *he that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be holy as well as ſevere; one that after good examples labours to know himſelf, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* Johnson.

This paſſage is very obſcure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphraſe than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be not leſs holy than ſevere: ſhould be able to diſcover in himſelf a pattern of ſuch grace as can avoid temptation, together with ſuch virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of ſeduction.* Steevens.

Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;] This laſt line is not intelligible as it ſtands; but a very ſlight alteration, the addition of the word *in,* at the beginning of it, which may refer to *virtue* as well as to *grace,* will render the ſenſe of it clear. "Pattern in himſelf to know," is to feel in his own breaſt that virtue which he makes others practiſe. M. Mason.

"*Pattern* in himſelf to know," is, to experience in his own boſom an *original* principle of action, which, inſtead of being borrowed or copied from others, might ſerve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in *The Winter's Tale,* has again uſed the ſame kind of imagery:

"By the *pattern* of mine own thoughts I cut out
"The purity of his."

In *The Comedy of Errors* he uſes an expreſſion equally hardy and licentious:

"And will have no *attorney* but *myſelf;*"

which is an abſolute catachreſis; an attorney importing preciſely a perſon appointed to act for *another.* In *Every Woman in her Humour,* 1609, we find the ſame expreſſion:

More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow![2]
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide![3]
How may likeneſs,[4] made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,

" ——he hath but ſhown
" *A pattern in himſelf,* what thou ſhall find
" In others." MALONE.

[2] *To weed* my *vice, and let his grow!*] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himſelf in his own private vices. So, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell,* &c. 1560:

" For Cato doth affyrme
" Ther is no greater ſhame,
" Than to reprove a vyce
" And your ſelves do the ſame." STEEVENS.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the Duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to an indefinite perſon. The meaning ſeems to be—*To deſtroy by extirpation* (as it is expreſſed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to ſuffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height. The ſpeaker, for the ſake of argument, puts himſelf in the caſe of an offending perſon. MALONE.

The Duke is plainly ſpeaking in his own perſon. What he here terms " *my* vice," may be explained from his converſation in Act I. ſc. iv. with Friar Thomas, and eſpecially the following line:

" ——'twas *my* fault to give the people ſcope."

The *vice of Angelo* requires no explanation. HENLEY.

[3] *Though* angel *on the outward ſide!*] Here we ſee what induced our author to give the outward-ſainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

[4] ——*likeneſs,*] i. e. comelineſs—appearance; as we ſay " a *likely* man." STEEVENS.

Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things! 5

How may likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings,
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!] The old copy reads—" To *draw with*," &c. STEEVENS.

Thus all the editions read corruptly; and ſo have made an obſcure paſſage in itſelf, quite unintelligible. Shakſpeare wrote it thus:

How may that *likeneſs, made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
Draw——

The ſenſe is this. How much wickedneſs may a man hide *within*, though he appear angel *without*. How may *that likeneſs made in crimes*, i. e. by hypocriſy, [a pretty paradoxical expreſſion, *an angel made in crimes*,] by impoſing upon the world, [thus emphatically expreſſed, *making practice on the times*,] draw with its falſe and feeble pretences [finely called *ſpiders' ſtrings*] the moſt pondrous and ſubſtantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c.

WARBURTON.

The *Reviſal* reads thus:

How may ſuch *likeneſs* trade *in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings*
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!

Meaning by *pond'rous and ſubſtantial things*, pleaſure and wealth. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Making* practice, &c. which renders the paſſage ungrammatical, and unintelligible. For the emendation now made, [*mocking*,] I am anſwerable. A line in *Macbeth* may add ſome ſupport to it:

" Away, and *mock the time* with faireſt ſhow."

There is no one more convinced of the general propriety of adhering to old readings. I have ſtrenuouſly followed the courſe which was pointed out and ſucceſsfully purſued by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, that of elucidating and ſupporting our author's genuine text by illuſtrations drawn from the writings of his contemporaries. But in ſome caſes alteration is a matter not of

Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lie

choice, but neceſſity; and, ſurely, the preſent is one of them. Dr. Warburton, to obtain ſome ſenſe, omitted the word *To* in the third line; in which he was followed by all the ſubſequent editors. But omiſſion, in my apprehenſion, is, of all the modes of emendation, the moſt exceptionable. In the paſſage before us, it is clear, from the context, that ſome *verb* muſt have ſtood in either the firſt or ſecond of theſe lines. Some years ago I conjectured that, inſtead of *made*, we ought to read *wade*, which was uſed in our author's time in the ſenſe of *to proceed*. But having ſince had occaſion to obſerve how often the words *mock* and *make* have been confounded in theſe plays, I am now perſuaded that the ſingle error in the preſent paſſage is, the word *Making* having been printed inſtead of *Mocking*, a word of which our author has made very frequent uſe, and which exactly ſuits the context. In this very play we have had *make* inſtead of *mock*. [See my note on p. 220.] In the hand-writing of that time, the ſmall *c* was merely a ſtraight line; ſo that if it happened to be ſubjoined and written very cloſe to an *o*, the two letters might eaſily be taken for an *a*. Hence I ſuppoſe it was, that theſe words have been ſo often confounded. The awkwardneſs of the expreſſion—"*Making* practice," of which I have met with no example, may be likewiſe urged in ſupport of this emendation.

Likeneſs is here uſed for *ſpecious* or *ſeeming* virtue. So, before: "O ſeeming, ſeeming!" The ſenſe then of the paſſage is,—How may perſons, aſſuming the *likeneſs* or ſemblance of virtue, *while they are in fact guilty of the groſſeſt crimes, impoſe with this* counterfeit *ſanctity upon the world*, in order *to draw to themſelves by the ſlimſieſt pretenſions the moſt ſolid advantages*; i. e. pleaſure, honour, reputation, &c.

In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have a ſimilar thought:

"O, what authority and ſhow of truth
"Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!" MALONE.

I cannot admit that *make*, in the ancient copies of our author, has been ſo frequently printed inſtead of *mock*; for the paſſages in which the one is ſuppoſed to have been ſubſtituted for the other are ſtill unſettled. But, be this as it may, I neither comprehend the drift of the lines before us as they ſtand in the old edition, or with the aid of any changes hitherto attempted; and muſt, therefore, bequeath them to the luckier efforts of future criticiſm. STEEVENS.

His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd,[6]
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's *Houſe.*

MARIANA *diſcovered ſitting; a Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

Take, oh take thoſe lips away,[7]
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain,
ſeal'd in vain.

By *made in crimes*, the Duke means, trained in iniquity, and perfect in it. Thus we ſay—a *made* horſe; a *made* pointer; meaning one well trained. M. MASON.

[6] *So* diſguiſe *ſhall, by the* diſguis'd,] So *diſguiſe* ſhall, by means of a perſon *diſguiſed*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit perſon*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Take, oh take* &c.] This is part of a little ſong of Shakſpeare's own writing, conſiſting of two ſtanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other:

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:

Hide, oh hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

This ſong is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakſpeare's Poems. The latter ſtanza is omitted by Mariana, as not ſuiting a female character. THEOBALD.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakſpeare's Poems, they have done the ſame to ſo many other pieces, of which the real authors are ſince known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of our author's Sonnets, which was printed during his life-time.

Our poet, however, has introduced one of the ſame thoughts in his 142d Sonnet:

" —— not from thoſe lips of thine
" That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
" And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine."
STEEVENS.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure *lips*, ſweet *ſeals* in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing."
MALONE.

The ſame image occurs alſo in the old black-letter tranſlation of *Amadis of Gaule*, 4to. p. 171: " —rather with *kiſſes* (which are counted the *ſeales of love*) they choſe to confirm their unanimitie, than otherwiſe to offend a reſolved pacience." REED.

This ſong is found entire in Shakſpeare's Poems, printed in 1640; but that is a book of no authority: yet I believe that both theſe ſtanzas were written by our author. MALONE.

Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,—
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.[8]

Duke. 'Tis good: though muſick oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do conſtantly[9] believe you:—The time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,[1]
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;

[8] *My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the muſick ſoothed my ſorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. Johnson.

[9] ——*conſtantly*—] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Could ſo much turn the conſtitution
"Of any *conſtant* man." Steevens.

[1] ——circummur'd *with brick*,] *Circummured*, walled round.

"He cauſed the doors to be *mured* and caſed up."
Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. Johnson.

And to that vineyard is a planched gate,[2]
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.[3]

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,[4] he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

[2] ——*a* planched *gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche,* French.

A *plancher* is a plank. So, in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphoſis,* 1600:

" ——upon the ground doth lie
" A hollow *plancher.*"——

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

" Yet with his hoofes doth beat and rent
" The *planched* floore, the barres and chaines."

STEEVENS.

[3] *There have I* &c.] In the old copy the lines ſtand thus:

There have I made my promiſe upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

STEEVENS.

The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] *In action all of precept,*] i. e. ſhewing the ſeveral turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained ſo many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we ſhould read—

In precept of all action,——

that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute ſigns.*

JOHNSON.

And that I have poſſeſs'd him,[5] my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me;[6] whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Isabella.

[5] ——*I have* poſſeſs'd *him,*] I have made him clearly and ſtrongly comprehend. Johnson.

To *poſſeſs* had formerly the ſenſe of *inform* or *acquaint.* As in *Every Man in his Humour,* Act I. ſc. v. Captain Bobadil ſays: "*Poſſeſs* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging." Reed.

[6] *That* ſtays upon *me*;] So, in *Macbeth:*
"Worthy Macbeth, we *ſtay upon* your leiſure."
Steevens.

Duke. O place and greatneſs,[7] millions of falſe eyes[8]
Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report,
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts[9]

[7] *O place and greatneſs,*] It plainly appears that *this* fine ſpeech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding ſcene between the Duke and Lucio: for they are abſolutely foreign to the ſubject of this, and are the natural reflections ariſing from that. Beſides, the very words—

Run with theſe *falſe and moſt contrarious queſts,*

evidently refer to Lucio's ſcandals juſt preceding; which the Oxford editor, in his uſual way, has emended, by altering *theſe* to *their*. But that ſome time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I ſuppoſe, took part of the ſpeech, beginning at *No might nor greatneſs*, &c. and put it here, without troubling themſelves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places.

WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that theſe lines are placed here by the players. The ſentiments are common, and ſuch as a prince, given to reflection, muſt have often preſent. There was a neceſſity to fill up the time in which the ladies converſe apart, and they muſt have quick tongues and ready apprehenſions if they underſtood each other while this ſpeech was uttered. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*millions of falſe eyes*—] That is, eyes inſidious and traiterous. JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's *Sompnoures Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 7633:

"Ther is *ful many an eye*, and many an ere,
"Awaiting on a lord," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*contrarious queſts*—] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"The ſenate has ſent out three ſeveral *queſts*."

In our author's *King Richard III.* is a paſſage in ſome degree ſimilar to the foregoing:

"My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
"And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
"And every tale condemns—." STEEVENS.

I incline to think that *queſts* here means *inquiſitions*, in which ſenſe the word was uſed in Shakſpeare's time. See Minſhieu's

Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit[1]
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies![2]—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

ISAB. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

DUKE. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him

DICT. in v. Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "A *queſt*," by "*examen, inquiſitio.*" MALONE.

Falſe and contrarious queſts, in this place, rather mean *lying and contradictory meſſengers*, with whom *run volumes of report*. An explanation, which the line quoted by Mr. Steevens will ſerve to confirm. RITSON.

[1] ——'ſcapes *of wit*—] i. e. ſallies, irregularities. So, in *King John*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"No *'ſcape* of nature, no diſtemper'd day." STEEVENS.

[2] *And* rack *thee in their fancies!*] Though *rack*, in the preſent inſtance, may ſignify *torture* or *mangle*, it might alſo mean *confuſe*; as the *rack*, i. e. fleeting cloud, renders the object behind it obſcure, and of undetermined form. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"That which was now a horſe, even with a thought,
"The *rack* diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct,
"As water is in water." STEEVENS.

Doth flouriſh the deceit.[3] Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to ſow.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Doth* flouriſh *the deceit.*] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarſe ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanſhip. WARBURTON.

Flouriſh is *ornament in general.* So, in our author's *Twelfth Night:*

" —— empty trunks *o'erflouriſh'd* by the devil."
STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's illuſtration of [illegible] metaphor ſeems to be inaccurate. The paſſage from anot[illegible]hakſpeare's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, ſuggeſts to us the true one.

The term—*flouriſh,* alludes to the flowers impreſſed on the waſte printed paper and old books, with which trunks are commonly lined. HENLEY.

When it is proved that the practice alluded to, was as ancient as the time of Shakſpeare, Mr. Henley's explanation may be admitted. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*for yet our* tithe's *to ſow.*] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *prieſtly* Angelo, ſo here they have made a *prieſt* of the *prince.* We ſhould read *tilth,* i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain from which we expect our harveſt, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty ſophiſm. We ſhould read *tilth,* i. e. our *tillage is to make.* But in the text it is *to ſow*; and who has ever ſaid that his *tillage* was to *ſow?* I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expreſſion is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an eaſy metonymy, for *harveſt.*
JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do juſtice to his own conjecture; and no wonder, therefore, that Dr. Johnſon has not.—*Tilth* is provincially uſed for *land till'd,* prepared for ſowing. Shakſpeare, however, has applied it before in its uſual acceptation. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be ſupported by many inſtances in Markham's *Engliſh Husbandman,* 1635: "After the beginning of March you ſhall begin to ſowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth* or fallow field." In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs: "As before, I ſaid beginne to fallow your *tithe* field;" which is undoubtedly miſprinted for *tilth* field. TOLLET.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, ſir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping;[5] for you have been a notorious bawd.

Tilth is uſed for *crop*, or *harveſt*, by Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 93, b:

"To ſowe cockill with the corne,
"So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne,
"Which Chriſt *ſew* firſt his owne honde."

Shakſpeare uſes the word *tilth* in a former ſcene of this play; and, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) in its common acceptation:

"——her plenteous womb
"Expreſſeth its full *tilth* and huſbandry."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——bound of land, *tilth*, vineyard, none."

But my quotation from Gower ſhows that, to *ſow tilth*, was a phraſe once in uſe. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. MALONE.

[5] ——*an* unpitied *whipping*;] i. e. an unmerciful one. STEEVENS.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorſon! Where's Abhorſon, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? Fye upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, ſir, by your good favour, (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour[6] you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, ſir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, ſir; a myſtery.

Clo. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a

[6] ——*a good* favour—] *Favour* is countenance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——why ſo tart a *favour*,
To publiſh ſuch good tidings." Steevens.

myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.[7]

[7] ——*what myſtery* &c.] Though I have adopted an emendation independent of the following note, the omiſſion of it would have been unwarrantable. STEEVENS.

——*what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clo. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief:*

Clo. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*] Thus it ſtood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be underſtood. The plain and humorous ſenſe of the ſpeech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Becauſe, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchaſe too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough: i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we ſee, that the pleaſantry of the joke conſiſts in the equivocal ſenſe of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald ſays, he can ſee no ſenſe in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus:

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reaſon.—*I am ſatisfied the poet intended a* regular ſyllogiſm; *and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not reſtored that wit and humour which was quite loſt in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, though Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us conſider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a miſtery: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in theſe words, *Every true man's apparel*, &c. but this proves the *thief's* trade a miſtery, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears, that the ſpeech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a miſtery, is loſt. The very words it is impoſſible to retrieve, but one may eaſily underſtand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very ſame the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a miſtery; namely, *that all ſorts of*

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

clothes fitted the hangman. The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I ſuppoſe, to this effect: *Why, by the ſame kind of reaſoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a miſtery.* The other aſks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little,* &c. The jocular concluſion from the whole being an inſinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a ſpirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its preſent mangled condition, is altogether wanting; and ſhews why the argument of *every true man's apparel,* &c. was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewiſe that the preſent reading of that argument is the true. Warburton.

If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profeſſion to be a myſtery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundleſs ſuppoſition, "that part of the dialogue had been loſt or dropped."

The argument of the Hangman is exactly ſimilar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the myſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the myſtery of fitters of apparel, or tailors. The reading of the old editions is, therefore, undoubtedly right; except that the laſt ſpeech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by miſtake, as the reader's own ſagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a myſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I muſt do Dr. Warburton the juſtice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended and explained the force of the Hangman's argument. Heath.

There can be no doubt but the word *Clown,* prefixed to the laſt ſentence, *If it be too little,* &c. ſhould be ſtruck out. It makes part of Abhorſon's argument, who has undertaken to prove that hanging was a myſtery, and convinces the Clown of it by this very ſpeech. M Mason.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief:[8] If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.[9]

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

[8] *Every* true man's *apparel fits your thief:*] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, the Hangman ſays:

"Here is nyne and twenty ſutes of apparell for my ſhare."

True man, in the language of ancient times, is always placed in oppoſition to *thief*.

So, in Churchyard's *Warning to Wanderers abroade*, 1593:

"The priuy *thiefe* that ſteales away our wealth,
"Is ſore afraid a *true man's* ſteps to ſee." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens ſeems to be miſtaken in his aſſertion that *true man* in ancient times was always placed in oppoſition to *thief*. At leaſt in the Book of *Geneſis*, there is one inſtance to the contrary, ch. xlii. v. 11: "We are all one man's ſons: we are all *true men*; thy ſervants are no *ſpies*." Henley.

[9] ——*aſk forgiveneſs.*] So, in *As you like it*:

"——The common executioner,
"Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
"But firſt *begs pardon*." Steevens.

Clo. I do deſire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare:[1] for, truly ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn.[2]

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly[3] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. But hark, what noiſe?

[*Knocking within.*

[1] ——*yare:*] i. e. handy, nimble in the execution of my office. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—diſmount thy tuck, be *yare* in thy preparation." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"His ſhips are *yare*, yours heavy." Steevens.

[2] ——*a good turn.*] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phraſe according to its common acceptation. Farmer.

[3] ——*ſtarkly*—] Stiffly. Theſe two lines afford a very pleaſing image. Johnson.

So, in *The Legend of Lord Haſtings*, 1575:

"Leaſt *ſtarke* with reſt they ſinew'd waxe and hoare."

Again, in an ancient Poem quoted in MS. Harl. 4690:

"Alle diſplayedde on the grounde,
"And layne *ſtarkly* on blode,—."

Again, Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Booke of Notable Thinges*:—"Synewes cutte, *ſtarke*, or ſprayned in travell." Steevens.

Heaven give your ſpirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.
By and by:—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

DUKE. The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provoſt! Who call'd here of late?

PROV. None, ſince the curfew rung.

DUKE. Not Iſabel?

PROV. No.

DUKE. They will then,[4] ere't be long.

PROV. What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE. There's ſome in hope.

PROV. It is a bitter deputy.

DUKE. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke[5] and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify[6] in others: were he meal'd[7]

[4] They *will then,*] Perhaps—*ſhe* will then. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The Duke expects Iſabella and Mariana. A little afterward he ſays:

" ——Now are *they* come." RITSON.

[5] *Even with the* ſtroke—] *Stroke* is here put for the *ſtroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

[6] *To* qualify—] To temper, to moderate, as we ſay wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON.

Thus before in this play:

" So to enforce, or *qualify* the laws."

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so,[8] he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.*—Provost *goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.[9]

Again, in *Othello*:

"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*were he* meal'd—] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our author uses in *Macbeth*:

"The *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." JOHNSON.

More appositely, in *The Philosophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"As if their perriwigs to death they gave,
"To *meale* them in some gastly dead man's grave."

STEEVENS.

Mealed is mingled, compounded; from the French *mesler*. BLACKSTONE.

[8] *But this being so,*] The tenor of the argument seems to require—But this *not* being so,——. Perhaps, however, the author meant only to say—But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's just. MALONE.

[9] *That spirit's possess'd with haste,*
That wounds the unsisting postern *with these strokes.*] The line is irregular, and the old reading, *unresisting postern*, so strange an expression, that want of measure, and want of sense, might justly raise suspicion of an error; yet none of the later editors seem to have supposed the place faulty, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads:

——*the* unresting *postern*—

The three folios have it—

——unsisting *postern*—

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unresisting*, and the rest followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer seems to have supposed *unresisting* the word in the copies, from which he plausibly enough ex-

Provoſt *returns, ſpeaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, ſir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,[1]
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.[2]

tracted *unreſting*; but he grounded his emendation on the very ſyllable that wants authority. What can be made of *unſiſting* I know not; the beſt that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. Johnson.

Unſiſting may ſignify "never at reſt," always opening. Blackstone.

I ſhould think we might ſafely read:

——unliſt'ning *poſtern, or* unſhifting *poſtern.*

The meaſure requires it, and the ſenſe remains uninjured.

Mr. M. Maſon would read *unliſting*, which means *unregarding*. I have, however, inſerted Sir William Blackſtone's emendation in the text. Steevens.

[1] ——ſiege *of juſtice,*] i. e. ſeat of juſtice. *Siege,* French. So, in *Othello:*

"——I fetch my birth
"From men of royal *ſiege.*" Steevens.

[2] *This is his lord*ſhip's *man.*] The old copy has—his *lord's* man. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. plays of our author's

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.[3]

Mess. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin, [*Aſide.*

For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

time they often wrote *Lo.* for Lord, and *Lord.* for Lordſhip; and theſe contractions were ſometimes improperly followed in the printed copies. Malone.

[3] *Enter a* Meſſenger.

Duke. *This is his lordſhip's man.*

Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*] The Provoſt has juſt declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the firſt appearance of the Meſſenger, he immediately gueſſes that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the ſpeakers are miſplaced. If we ſuppoſe the Provoſt to ſay:

This is his lordſhip's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to ſubjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reaſonable grounds, that Angelo had now ſent the pardon. It appears that he did ſo, from what he ſays to himſelf, while the Provoſt is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin. Tyrwhitt.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provoſt ſees the Meſſenger, he ſuppoſes the Duke to have *known ſomething*, and changes his mind. Either reading may ſerve equally well. Johnson.

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[4] methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not uſed it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*
What ſay you to this, ſir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurſed up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old.[5]

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

[4] ——*putting on:*] i. e. ſpur, incitement. So, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. iii:
"——the powers above
"*Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*one that is a priſoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has been confined theſe nine years. So, in *Hamlet:* "Ere we were two days *old* at ſea, a pirate of very warlike preparation," &c. MALONE.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.[6]

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon; give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhow'd him a ſeeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but

[6] —— *deſperately* mortal.] This expreſſion is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally deſperate*. *Mortally* is in low converſation uſed in this ſenſe, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *deſperately mortal* means *deſperately miſchievous*. Or *deſperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *deſperate ſtate*, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe firſt affixed to it by Dr. Johnſon, which I believe to be the true one.

So, in *Othello*:

" And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c. MALONE.

As our author, in *The Tempeſt*, ſeems to have written " harmonious charmingly," inſtead of " harmoniouſly charming," he may, in the preſent inſtance, have given us " deſperately mortal," for " mortally deſperate:" i. e. deſperate in the extreme. In low provincial language,—*mortal* ſick, *mortal* bad, *mortal* poor, is phraſeology of frequent occurrence. STEEVENS.

in the boldneſs of my cunning,[7] I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath ſentenced him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.[8]

Duke. O, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard;[9] and

[7] —— *in the* boldneſs *of my* cunning,] i. e. in *confidence* of my *ſagacity*. Steevens.

[8] —— *the favour.*] See note G, p. 346. Steevens.

[9] —— *and* tie *the beard*;] The *Revifal* recommends Mr. Simpſon's emendation, die *the beard*, but the preſent reading may ſtand. Perhaps it was uſual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is ſaid to have been ludicrouſly careful about this ornament of his face. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that it was alſo the cuſtom *to die beards*.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?

"A black man's, I think.

"I think, a *red*; for that is moſt in faſhion."

ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bared[1] before his death: You know, the courſe is common.[2] If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Again, in *The Silent Woman*: "I have fitted my divine and canoniſt, *dyed their beards and all.*"

Again, in *The Alchemiſt*: "—he had *dy'd his beard*, and all."

STEEVENS.

A beard *tied* would give a very new air to that face, which had never been ſeen but with the beard looſe, long, and ſqualid.

JOHNSON.

[1] ——*to be ſo* bared—] Theſe words relate to what has juſt preceded—*ſhave the head.* The modern editions, following the fourth folio, read—to be ſo *barb'd*; but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard; and to ſay it was in ſtratagem." MALONE.

[2] ——*You know, the courſe is common.*] P. Mathieu, in his *Heroyke Life and deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth, of France*, ſays, that Ravaillac, in the midſt of his tortures, lifted up his head and ſhook a ſpark of fire from his *beard*. "This unprofitable care, (he adds,) to ſave it, being noted, afforded matter to divers to praiſe *the cuſtome in Germany, Swiſſerland*, and divers other places, *to ſhave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of thoſe who are convicted for any notorious crimes."

Grimſton's Tranſlation, 4to. 1612, p. 181. REED.

This alludes to a practice frequent amongſt Roman Catholicks, of deſiring to receive the *tonſure* of the Monks before they die. It cannot allude to the cuſtom which Mr. Reed tells us was eſtabliſhed in ſome parts of Germany, that of ſhaving criminals previous to their execution, as here the penitent is ſuppoſed to be *bared* at his own requeſt. M. MASON.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.[3] Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd:[4] Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a

[3] ——*nothing of what is writ.*] We ſhould read—*here writ*; the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd:*]

"The ſtar, that bids the ſhepherd fold,
"Now the top of heaven doth hold." Milton's *Comus.* STEEVENS.

"So doth the evening ſtar preſent itſelf
"Unto the careful ſhepherd's gladſome eyes,
"By which unto the fold he leads his flock."
Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613. MALONE

better place. Yet you are amazed; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you.[5] Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion:[6] one would think, it were miſtreſs Overdone's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh;[7] he's in for a commodity of brown paper

[5] ——*this ſhall* abſolutely reſolve *you.*] That is, ſhall *entirely convince* you. M. Mason.

[6] ——*in our houſe of* profeſſion:] i. e. in my late miſtreſs's houſe, which was a *profeſſed*, a notorious bawdy-houſe. Malone.

[7] *Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh*; &c.] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the priſon affords a very ſtriking view of the practices predominant in Shakſpeare's age. Beſides thoſe whoſe follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. Johnson.

Raſh was the name of ſome kind of ſtuff. So, in *An Aprill Shower, ſhed in Abundance of Teares, for the Death and incomparable Loſſe, &c. of Richard Sacvile, &c. Earl of Dorſet, &c.* 1624:

"For with the plaineſt plaine yee ſaw him goe,
"In ciuill blacke of *Raſh*, of Serge, or ſo;
"The liuerie of wiſe ſtayednеſſe—." Steevens.

If this term alludes to the ſtuff ſo called, (which was probably one of the commodities fraudulently iſſued out by money-lenders,) there is nevertheleſs a pun intended. So, in an old MS. poem, entitled, *The Deſcription of Women*:

"Their head is made of *Raſh*,
"Their tongues are made of Say." Douce.

and old ginger,[8] nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry,

All the names here mentioned are characteriſtical. *Raſh* was a ſtuff formerly uſed. So, in *A Reply as true as Steele, to a ruſty, rayling, ridiculous, lying Libell, which was lately written by an impudent unfoder'd* Ironmonger, *and called by the Name of* An Anſwer to a fooliſh Pamphlet entitled *A Swarme of Sectaries and Schiſmatiques*. By John Taylour, 1641:

"And with *mockado* ſuit, and judgement *raſh*,
"And tongue of *faye*, thou'lt ſay all is but traſh."

Sericum raſum. See Minſhieu's Dict. in v. *Raſh*, and Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *raſcia*, *raſcetta*. Malone.

[8] ——*a commodity of brown* paper *and old ginger*,] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown* pepper; but the following paſſage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will completely eſtabliſh the original reading:

"I know ſome gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper*."

Again, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"——to have been ſo but already
"With taking up *commodities of brown paper*,
"Button-pots, ribbion, ſilks, and ſattins,
"Babies and children's fiddles, with like traſh
"Took up at a dear rate, and ſold for trifles."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620:

"For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, ſugars, ſpices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever elſe, from ſix months to ſix months: which when the poor gentleman came to ſell again, he could not make three ſcore and ten in the hundred beſides the uſury." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "——ſo that if he borrow an hundred pound, he ſhall have forty in ſilver, and threeſcore in wares; as lute-ſtrings, hobby-horſes, or *brown paper*, or cloth," &c.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthread."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Steele Glaſſe*:

"To teach young men the trade to ſell *brovvne paper*."

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV:

"But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care,
"With a baſe bargaine of his blowen ware,
"Of fuſted hoppes now loſt for lacke of ſayle,
"Or mol'd *browne-paper* that could nought auaile."

then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead.[9] Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy,[1] and young maſter Deep-vow, and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir

Again, in Decker's *Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, 4to. bl. l. 1606: "—and theſe are uſurers, who, for a little money, and a great deale of traſh, (as fire-ſhouels, *browne paper*, motley cloake-bags, &c.) bring yong nouices into a foole's paradice, till they have ſealed the mortgage of their landes," &c.

STEEVENS.

A commodity of brown paper—] Mr. Steevens ſupports this rightly. Lennor aſks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, "ſuppoſe the *commodities* are delivered after Signior Unthrift and Maſter Broaker have both ſealed the bonds, how muſt thoſe hobby-horſes, *reams* of *brown paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles, be ſolde?" FARMER.

In a MS. Letter from Sir John Hollis to Lord Burleigh, is the following paſſage: "Your Lordſhip digged into my aunceſtors graves, and pulling one up from his 70 yeares reſte, pronounced him an abominable uſurer and merchante of *browne paper*, ſo hatefull and contemptible that the players acted him before the kinge with great applauſe." And again: "Nevertheles I denye that any of them were *merchantes of browne paper*, neither doe I thinke any other but your Lordſhip's imagination ever ſawe or hearde any of them playde upon a ſtage; and that they were ſuch uſurers I ſuppoſe your Lordſhip will want teſtimonye."

DOUCE.

[9] ——ginger *was not much in requeſt, for the* old women *were all dead.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I would, ſhe were as lying a *goſſip* in that, as ever knapt *ginger*."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*young* Dizy.] The old copy has—Dizey. This name, like the reſt, muſt have been deſigned to convey ſome meaning. It might have been corrupted from *Dicey*, i. e. one addicted to *dice*; or from *Dizzy*, i. e. giddy, thoughtleſs. Thus, Milton ſtyles the people "—the *dizzy* multitude." STEEVENS.

that kill'd lufty Pudding, and maſter Forthright[2] the tilter, and brave maſter Shoe-tie the great traveller,[3] and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I

[2] ——*maſter* Forthright—] The old copy reads—Forth*l*ight. Dr. Johnſon, however, propoſes to read—*Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thruſt is made. REED.

Shakſpeare uſes the word *forthright* in *The Tempeſt*:

" Through *forthrights* and meanders."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act III. ſc. iii:

" Or hedge aſide from the direct *forthright*."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*and* brave *maſter* Shoe-tie *the great traveller*,] The old copy reads—*Shooty*; but as moſt of theſe are compound names, I ſuſpect that this was originally written as I have printed it. At this time *Shoe-ſtrings* were generally worn.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" I think your wedding *ſhoes* have not been oft *untied*."

Again, in Randolph's *Muſes' Looking Glaſs*, 1638:

" Bending his ſupple hams, kiſſing his hands,
" Honouring *ſhoe-ſtrings*."

Again, in Marſton's 8th Satire:

" Sweet-faced Corinna, daine the *riband tie*
" Of thy corke-*ſhooe*, or els thy ſlave will die."

As the perſon deſcribed was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be ſolicitous about the minutiæ of dreſs; and the epithet *brave*, i. e. *ſhowy*, ſeems to countenance the ſuppoſition.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's ſuppoſition is ſtrengthened by Ben Jonſon's Epigram upon *Engliſh Monſieur*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VI. p. 253:

" That ſo much ſcarf of France, and hat and feather,
" And *ſhoe*, and *tye*, and garter, ſhould come hither."

TOLLET.

The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tie* was uſed on the ſtage in his time. " Would not this, ſir, (ſays Hamlet,) and a foreſt of feathers,—with two *Provencial roſes* on my raz'd *ſhoes*, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players, ſir?" MALONE.

The *roſes* mentioned in the foregoing inſtance were not the ligatures of the ſhoe, but the ornaments above them.

STEEVENS

think, forty more; all great doers in our trade,[4] and are now for the Lord's ſake.[5]

[4] ——*all great* doers *in our trade,*] The word *doers* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. See Mr. Collins's note, Act I. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[5] ——*for the Lord's ſake.*] i. e. to beg for the reſt of their lives. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expreſſion intended to ridicule the Puritans, whoſe turbulence and indecency often brought them to priſon, and who conſidered themſelves as ſuffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men impriſoned for other crimes might repreſent themſelves to caſual enquirers as ſuffering for puritaniſm, and that this might be the common cant of the priſons. In Donne's time, every priſoner was brought to jail by ſuretiſhip. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem,* 1594: "Baudes, if they be impriſoned or carried to bridewell for their baudrie, *they give out they ſuffer for the Church.*"

The word *in* (now expunged in conſequence of a following and appoſite quotation of Mr. Malone's) had been ſupplied by ſome of the modern editors. The phraſe which Dr. Johnſon has juſtly explained is uſed in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil,* 1636: "—I held it, wife, a deed of charity, and did it *for the Lord's ſake.*" STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled *Paper's Complaint,* printed among Davies's Epigrams, [about the year 1611,] that this was the language in which priſoners who were confined for debt addreſſed paſſengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's ſake, for the Lord's ſake,*
"Like *Ludgate priſoner,* lo, I, *begging,* make
"My mone."

The meaning, however, may be, to beg or *borrow* for the reſt of their lives. A paſſage in *Much Ado about Nothing* may countenance this interpretation: "he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging to it, and *borrows* money in *God's name,* the which he hath uſed ſo long, and never paid, that men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing *for God's ſake.*"

Mr. Pope reads—and are now *in* for the Lord's ſake. Perhaps unneceſſarily. In *King Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays,—"there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and *they are for* the town's end,—to beg during life." MALONE.

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

CLO. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BARNAR. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

CLO. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

BARNAR. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

CLO. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

ABHOR. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

CLO. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

CLO. Very ready, ſir.

BARNAR. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

ABHOR. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers;[6] for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNAR. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

[6] —— *to* clap into *your prayers*;] This cant phraſe occurs alſo in *As you like it*: "Shall we *clap into't* roundly, without hawking or ſpitting?" STEEVENS.

Clo. O, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you,
Look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Proveſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows;[7] bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* Abhorson *and* Clown.

[7] *After him, fellows;*] Here is a line given to the Duke, which belongs to the Proveſt. The Proveſt, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the priſoner, cries out:
After him, fellows, &c.
and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. Johnson.

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him[8] in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Deſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in ſecret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The ſun hath made his journal greeting to

I do not ſee why this line ſhould be taken from the Duke, and ſtill leſs why it ſhould be given to the Provoſt, who, by his queſtion to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has paſſed between him and Barnardine.
TYRWHITT.

[8] ——*to* tranſport *him*—] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred ſenſe.
JOHNSON.

The under generation,[9] you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, deſpatch,
And ſend the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provoſt.

[9] *The* under *generation,*] So, Sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgment. It was in all the former editions:

To yonder ——

ye under and *yonder* were confounded. Johnson.

The old reading is not *yonder,* but *yond.* Steevens.

To yond *generation,*] Priſons are generally ſo conſtructed as not to admit the rays of the ſun. Hence the Duke here ſpeaks of its greeting only thoſe *without* the doors of the jail, to which he muſt be ſuppoſed to point when he ſpeaks theſe words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think, without neceſſity, reads—To *the under* generation, which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors.

Journal, in the preceding line, is *daily.* Journalier, French. Malone.

Mr. Malone reads:

To yond *generation, you ſhall find* ——

But ſurely it is impoſſible that *yond* ſhould be the true reading; for unleſs ge-ne-ra-ti-on were ſounded as a word of five ſyllables, (a practice from which every ear muſt revolt,) the metre would be defective. It reminds one too much of Peaſcod, in Gay's *What d'ye call it:*

"The Pilgrim's Progreſs—ighth—e-di-ti-on,
"Lon-don prin-ted for Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton."

By the *under generation* our poet means the *antipodes.* So, in *King Richard II:*

"—— when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
"Behind the globe, and lights the *lower world.*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the nineteenth *Iliad:*

"Gave light to all; as well to gods, as men of th' *under globe.*"

Again, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen:*

"—— clap their wings and ſing
"To all *the under world*——." Steevens.

I perfectly agree with Steevens in this reading. The diameter of the globe may be ſuppoſed to make the people, on each ſide of it, of a different *generation*; but the walls of a priſon ſurely cannot. M. Mason.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provoſt, he ſhall bear them,—whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,[1]
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Iſabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

[1] ——weal-*balanced form,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading; and Hanmer was of the ſame opinion.

In Milton's Ode on *The Nativity*, we alſo meet with the ſame compound epithet:

"And the *well-balanc'd* world on hinges hung."

Steevens.

Weal-balanced is a pompous expreſſion, without any meaning. I agree, therefore, with Heath, in reading—*well*-balanced.

M. Mason.

To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.[2]

Enter ISABELLA.

ISAB. Ho, by your leave.

DUKE. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISAB. The better, given me by ſo holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

DUKE. He hath releas'd him, Iſabel, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to Angelo.

ISAB. Nay, but it is not ſo.

DUKE. It is no other:
Show your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſe patience.

ISAB. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

DUKE. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

ISAB. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Iſabel!
Injurious world! Moſt damned Angelo!

DUKE. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cauſe to heaven.
Mark what I ſay; which you ſhall find
By every ſyllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: Already he hath carried

[2] *When it is leaſt expected.*] A better reaſon might have been given. It was neceſſary to keep Iſabella in ignorance, that ſhe might with more keenneſs accuſe the deputy. JOHNSON.

Notice to Eſcalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go;
And you ſhall have your boſom [3] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he ſent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At Mariana's houſe to-night. Her cauſe, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow [4]
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you [5] with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes

[3] ——*your boſom*—] Your wiſh; your heart's deſire. Johnson.

[4] *I am* combined *by a ſacred vow*,] I once thought this ſhould be *confined*, but Shakſpeare uſes *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement*; ſo he calls Angelo the *combinate* huſband of Mariana. Johnson.

The verb, to *combine*, appears to be as irregularly uſed by Chapman, in his verſion of the ſixteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" ————as thou art mine,
" And as thy veins my own true blood *combine*."

Steevens.

[5] Wend *you*—] To *wend* is *to go*.—An obſolete word. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon *wend*."

Again, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:

" To let his daughter *wend* with us to France."

Steevens.

With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Good even!
Friar, where is the provoſt?

DUKE. Not within, ſir.

LUCIO. O, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical duke of dark corners[6] had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

DUKE. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.[7]

LUCIO. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman[8] than thou takeſt him for.

[6] ——*if the* old &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*the* odd *fantaſtical duke*; but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling*. JOHNSON.

——*duke of dark* corners—] This duke who meets his miſtreſſes in by-places. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
"Deſerves a *corner*." MALONE.

[7] ——*he* lives *not* in *them*.] i. e. his character depends not on them. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"The practice of it *lives in* John the baſtard."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*woodman*—] A *woodman* ſeems to have been an attendant or ſervant to the officer called *Forreſter*. See *Man-*

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee;* I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

wood on the Foreſt Laws, 4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here, however, uſed in a wanton ſenſe, and was, probably, in our author's time, generally ſo received. In like manner in *The Chances*, Act I. ſc. ix. the Landlady ſays:

"——Well, well, ſon John,
"I ſee you are a *woodman*, and can chooſe
"Your deer tho' it be i' th' dark." Reed.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff aſks his miſtreſſes:

"——Am I a *woodman*? Ha!" Steevens.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhow much like to madneſs: pray heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we[9] proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Escal. He ſhows his reaſon for that: to have a deſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well, I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:[1]

[9] Ang. *And why ſhould we* &c.] It is the conſcious guilt of Angelo that prompts this queſtion. The reply of Eſcalus is ſuch as ariſes from an undiſturbed mind, that only conſiders the myſterious conduct of the Duke in a political point of view. Steevens.

[1] —— *let it be proclaim'd:*
Betimes i' the morn, &c.] Perhaps it ſhould be pointed thus:
—— *let it be proclaim'd*
Betimes i' the morn: I'll call you at your houſe.

Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit,[2]
As are to meet him.

Escal. I ſhall, ſir: fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[3]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it!—But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her?
—no:[4]

So above:

"And why ſhould we *proclaim it an hour* before his entering?" Malone.

[2] ——*ſort and ſuit,*] Figure and rank. Johnson.

Not ſo, as I imagine, in this paſſage. In the feudal times all vaſſals were bound to hold *ſuit* and *ſervice* to their over-lord; that is, to be ready at all times to attend and ſerve him, either when ſummoned to his courts, or to his ſtandard in war. *Such men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him,* I preſume, means the Duke's vaſſals or tenants *in capite.*

Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. Steevens.

[3] ——*makes me* unpregnant,] In the firſt ſcene the Duke ſays that Eſcalus is *pregnant,* i. e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant,* therefore, in the inſtance before us, is *unready, unprepared.* Steevens.

[4] ——*Yet reaſon dares her?*—no:] The old folio impreſſions read:

Yet reaſon dares her No.

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumſtances of our caſe are ſuch, that ſhe will never venture to contradict me; *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I ſay. Warburton.

Mr. Theobald reads:

—— *Yet reaſon dares her* note.

Sir Thomas Hanmer:

—— *Yet reaſon dares her: No.*

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,

Mr. Upton:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her—No.*

Which he explains thus: " *Were it not for her maiden modeſty, how might the lady proclaim my guilt? Yet (you'll ſay) ſhe has reaſon on her ſide, and that will make her dare to do it. I think not; for my authority is of ſuch weight,* &c. I am afraid *dare* has no ſuch ſignification. I have nothing to offer worth inſertion. JOHNSON.

To *dare* has two ſignifications; to *terrify*, as in *The Maid's Tragedy:*

" ——thoſe mad miſchiefs
" Would *dare* a woman."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the eleventh *Iliad:*

" ——the wound did *dare* him ſore."

In *King Henry IV.* Part I. it means, to *challenge*, or *call forth:*

" Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother *dare*
" To gentle exerciſe," &c.

I would therefore read:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her* not,
For my authority &c.

Or perhaps, with only a ſlight tranſpoſition:

——— *Yet* no *reaſon dares her,* &c.

The meaning will then be—*Yet reaſon does not challenge, call forth, or incite her to appear againſt me, for my authority is above the reach of her accuſation.* STEEVENS.

——— *Yet reaſon dares her No.*] Dr. Warburton is evidently right with reſpect to this reading, though wrong in his application. The expreſſion is a provincial one, and very intelligible:

——— *But that her tender ſhame*
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her No.

That is, reaſon dares her to do it, as by this means ſhe would not only publiſh her " maiden loſs," but alſo as ſhe would certainly ſuffer from the impoſing credit of his ſtation and power, which would repel with diſgrace any attack on his reputation:

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.——— HENLEY.

But it confounds the breather.[5] He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!

We think Mr. Henley rightly underſtands this paſſage, but has not ſufficiently explained himſelf. Reaſon, or reflection, we conceive, perſonified by Shakſpeare, and repreſented as *daring* or *overawing* Iſabella, and crying *No* to her, whenever ſhe finds herſelf prompted to "tongue" Angelo. *Dare* is often met with in this ſenſe in Shakſpeare. Beaumont and Fletcher have uſed the word *No* in a ſimilar way in *The Chances*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"I wear a ſword to ſatisfy the world *no*."

Again, in *A Wife for a Month*, Act IV:

"I'm ſure he did not, for I charg'd him *no*."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

—— *Yet reaſon dares her?* no:] Yet does not reaſon *challenge* or *incite her* to accuſe me?—no. (anſwers the ſpeaker,) for my authority, &c. To *dare*, in this ſenſe, is yet a ſchool-phraſe: Shakſpeare probably learnt it there. He has again uſed the word in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

"What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk *dare him?*"

MALONE.

[5] —— *my authority bears a* credent *bulk*,
That no particular *ſcandal* &c.] *Credent* is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, *not queſtionable*. The old Engliſh writers often confound the active and paſſive adjectives. So Shakſpeare, and Milton after him, uſe *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*.
Particular is *private*, a French ſenſe. No ſcandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—"bears *of* a credent bulk." If *of* be any thing more than a blunder, it muſt mean—bears *off*, i. e. *carries with it*. As this monoſyllable, however, does not improve our author's ſenſe, and clogs his metre, I have omitted it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Angelo means, that his authority will ward off or ſet aſide the weighteſt and moſt probable charge that can be brought againſt him. MALONE.

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.[6]
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. Theſe letters[7] at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provoſt knows our purpoſe, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench from this to that,[8]

[6] —— *we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the Act ſhould end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a ceſſation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the paſſages of this ſcene, and thoſe of the next. The next Act beginning with the following ſcene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

[7] *Theſe letters*—] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his ſtory without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

The firſt clauſe of this remark is undoubtedly juſt; but, reſpecting the ſecond, I wiſh our readers to recollect that all the plays of Shakſpeare, before they reached the preſs, had paſſed through a dangerous medium, and probably experienced the injudicious curtailments to which too many dramatic pieces are ſtill expoſed, from the ignorance, caprice, and preſumption, of tranſcribers, players, and managers. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *you do* blench *from this to that,*] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to fly off. So, in *Hamlet:*

"——if he but *blench,*
"I know my courſe." STEEVENS.

As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice,
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Craſſus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But ſend me Flavius firſt.

F. Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.
[*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella *and* Mariana.

Isab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loath;
I would ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He ſays, to veil full purpoſe.[9]

[9] *He ſays, to* veil *full purpoſe.*] Mr. Theobald alters it to—*He ſays,* t'availful *purpoſe.* becauſe he has no idea of the common reading. A good reaſon! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is uſed for *beneficial*; and the meaning is—*He ſays, it is to hide a beneficial purpoſe, that muſt not yet be revealed.* Warburton.

To veil full purpoſe, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our deſign,* and therefore the reading may ſtand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with ſuch

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Beſides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.[1]

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the duke,
He ſhall not paſs you; Twice have the trumpets ſounded;

laxity, as to make *full* the ſame with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all neceſſity of emendation, for any word may then ſtand in the place of another. Johnson.

I think Theobald's explanation right, but his amendment unneceſſary. We need only read *vailful* as one word. Shakſpeare, who ſo frequently uſes *cite* for *excite*, *bate* for *abate*, *force* for *enforce*, and many other abbreviations of a ſimilar nature, may well be ſuppoſed to uſe *vailful* for *availful*. M. Mason.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word ſhould be written—*veil*, as it is now printed in the text.

That *vail* was the old ſpelling of *veil*, appears from a line in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623:

"*Vailing* an Indian beauty—."

for which, in the modern editions, *veiling* has been rightly ſubſtituted. Malone.

[1] *Enter Friar* Peter.] This play has two friars, either of whom might ſingly have ſerved. I ſhould therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the firſt Act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why ſhould the Duke unneceſſarily truſt two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore ſeems arbitrarily placed at the head of the ſcene.

Johnson.

The generous[2] and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates,[3] and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *The* generous &c.] i. e. the *moſt noble*, &c. *Generous* is here uſed in its Latin ſenſe. "*Virgo* generoſa *et nobilis.*" Cicero. Shakſpeare uſes it again in *Othello*:

"——the *generous* iſlanders
"By you invited—." STEEVENS.

[3] *Have* hent *the gates,*] Have ſeized or taken poſſeſſion of the gates. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the 4th Book of *Lucan*:

"——— did prevent
"His foes, ere they the hills had *hent.*"

Again, in T. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Lament thee, Roman land,
"The king is from thee *hent.*"

Again, in the black-letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

"But with the childe homeward gan ryde
"That fro the gryſſon was *hent.*"

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Some by the arms *hent* good Guy," &c.

Again:

"And ſome by the bridle him *hent.*"

Spenſer often uſes the word *hend* for to *ſeize* or *take*, and *over-hend* for to *overtake.*" STEEVENS.

Hent, henten, hende, (ſays Junius, in his *Etymologicon,*) *Chaucero eſt, capere, aſſequi, prehendere, arripere, ab A. S. hendan.* MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, (*veil'd,*) ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a diſtance. Enter at oppoſite doors,* Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provoſt, Officers, *and* Citizens.

DUKE. My very worthy couſin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

ANG. and ESCAL. Happy return be to your royal grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

ANG. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

DUKE. O, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. PETER. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

ISAB. Juſtice, O royal duke! Vail your regard[4]
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid!
O worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice!

DUKE. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

ISAB. O, worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

ANG. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:

[4] ——Vail *your regard*—] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice deſcend upon a wronged woman. To *vail* is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expreſſions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" —— *vail* thou thine ears."

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

" —— *Phrygio liceat* ſervire *marito*."

" Let Dido *vail* her heart to bed-fellow Trojan."

STEEVENS.

Thus alſo, in *Hamlet*:

" Do not for ever, with thy *vailed lids*,
" Seek for thy noble father in the duſt." HENLEY.

She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Isab. By courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Isab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak:
That Angelo's forſworn; is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, ten times ſtrange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.[5]

Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.

Isab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,

[5] ——— *truth is truth*
To the end of reckoning.] That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increaſe can be ſo much what it is, as *truth* is *truth*. There may be a *ſtrange* thing, and a thing *more ſtrange*, but if a propoſition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. Johnson.

May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,[6]
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings,[7] charačts,[8] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.[9]

[6] ——*as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,*] *As ſhy*; as reſerved, as abſtracted: *as juſt*; as nice, as exact: *as abſolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. Johnson.

[7] *In all his* dreſſings, &c.] In all his ſemblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. Johnson.

[8] ——*charačts,*] i. e. characters. See Dugdale, *Orig. Jurid.* p. 81: "That he uſe ne hide, no charme, ne *carečte*."
Tyrwhitt.

So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. I:
"With his *carečte* would him enchaunt."
Again, B. V. fol. 103:
"And read his *carečte* in the wiſe."
Again, B. VI. fol. 140:
"Through his *carečtes* and figures."
Again:
"And his *carečte* as he was taught,
"He rad," &c. Steevens.

Charač ſignifies an inſcription. The ſtat. 1 Edward VI. c. 2, directed the ſeals of office of every biſhop to have "certain *charačts* under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the dioceſe." *Characters* are the letters in which the inſcrip ion is written. *Characery* is the materials of which characters are compoſed.
"Fairies uſe flowers for their *characery*."
Merry Wives of Windſor. Blackstone.

[9] *As* e'er *I heard* &c.] I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote:
As ne'er *I heard in madneſs.* Malone.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality: [1] but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
And hide the falſe, ſeems true.[2]

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.—What would you ſay?

Isab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the meſſenger;—

[1] ——*do not baniſh* reaſon
For inequality:] Let not the high quality of my adverſary prejudice you againſt me. JOHNSON.

Inequality appears to me to mean, in this place, *apparent inconſiſtency*; and to have no reference to the high rank of Angelo, as Johnſon ſuppoſes. M. MASON.

I imagine the meaning rather is—*Do not* ſuppoſe I am mad, becauſe I ſpeak paſſionately and *unequally*. MALONE.

[2] And hide *the falſe, ſeems true.*] And for ever *hide*, i. e. plunge into eternal darkneſs, the falſe *one*, i. e. Angelo, who now ſeems honeſt. Many other words would have expreſſed our poet's meaning better than *hide*; but he ſeems to have choſen it merely for the ſake of oppoſition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unneceſſarily reads—*Not* hide the falſe,—which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

I do not profeſs to underſtand theſe words; nor can I perceive how the meaning ſuggeſted by Mr. Malone is to be deduced from them. STEEVENS.

I agree with Theobald in reading—
Not hide the falſe ſeems true.
which requires no explanation. I cannot conceive how the word—*hide*, can mean to "plunge into eternal darkneſs," as Mr. Malone ſuppoſes. M. MASON.

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phraſe is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me,[3] and how I reply'd;

[3] *How he* refell'd *me,*] To *refel* is to refute. "Refellere *et coarguere mendacium.*" Cicero pro Ligario.

(For this was of much length,) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,[4]
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe[5] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting,[6] he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true![7]

Ben Jonſon uſes the word:

"Friends not to *refel* you,
"Or any way quell you."

Again, in *The Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *refell*
"The allegation."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ninth *Iliad*:

"——as thou then didſt *refell*
"My valour," &c.

The modern editors changed the word to *repel*. Steevens.

[4] *To his* concupiſcible &c.] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively ſubſtitute *concupiſcent*. Steevens.

[5] *My ſiſterly* remorſe—] i. e. *pity*. So, in *King Richard III*:
"And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorſe*." Steevens.

[6] *His purpoſe* ſurfeiting,] Thus the old copy. We might read *forfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakſpeare to be rejected. So, in *Othello*:
"——my hopes not *ſurfeited* to death." Steevens.

[7] *O, that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] *Like* is not here uſed for *probable*, but for *ſeemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it into another ſenſe; of which there are a great many examples in Shakſpeare, and the writers of that time. Warburton.

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch,[8] thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour,
In hateful practice:[9] Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh:—next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

I do not ſee why *like* may not ſtand here for *probable*, or why the lady ſhould not wiſh, that ſince her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we ſhould read:

O! that it were as likely, *as 'tis true!*

Likely I have never found for *ſeemly*. Johnson.

Though I concur in Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I cannot help obſerving, that *likely* is uſed by Shakſpeare himſelf for *ſeemly*. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act III. ſc. ii: "Sir John, they are your *likelieſt* men." Steevens.

The meaning, I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance*, as it has of the *reality*, of truth! Malone.

[8] ——fond *wretch*,] *Fond* wretch is *fooliſh* wretch. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable ſtrokes." Steevens.

[9] *In hateful* practice:] *Practice* was uſed by the old writers for any unlawful or inſidious ſtratagem. So again:

"This muſt needs be *practice*."

And again:

"Let me have way to find this *practice* out." Johnson.

In countenance![1]—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To priſon with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice.[2]
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick,

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar

[1] *In countenance!*] i. e. in partial favour. Warburton.

Countenance, in my opinion, does not mean partial favour, as Warburton ſuppoſes, but *falſe appearance, hypocriſy*. Iſabella does not mean to accuſe the Duke of partiality; but alludes to the ſanctified demeanour of Angelo, which, as ſhe ſuppoſes, prevented the Duke from believing her ſtory. M. Mason.

[2] ——*practice.*] *Practice*, in Shakſpeare, very often means *ſhameful artifice*, unjuſtifiable ſtratagem. So, in *King Lear*;

"——This is *practice*, Gloſter."

Again, in *King John*:

"It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand,
"The *practice* and the purpoſe of the king."

Steevens.

I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that ſhe ſpeaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,[3]
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,

[3] ——*nor a* temporary *medler,*] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its uſual ſenſe, as oppoſed to *perpetual,* it cannot be uſed here. It may ſtand for *temporal:* the ſenſe will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* ſecular *affairs.* It may mean *temporiſing: I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporiſe, *or take the opportunity of your abſence to defame you.* Or we may read:

Not ſcurvy, nor a tamperer and *medler:*

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a falſe evidence againſt your deputy. Johnson.

Peter here refers to what Lucio had before affirmed concerning Friar Lodowick. Hence it is evident that the phraſe "*temporary medler,*" was intended to ſignify *one who introduced himſelf,* as often as he could find opportunity, *into other men's concerns.* See the context. Henley.

Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt,[4]
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he's convented.[5] Firſt, for this woman;
(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[6] and perſonally accus'd,)

[4] —— *his* mere *requeſt,*] i. e. his *abſolute requeſt.* So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Some *mere* friends, ſome honourable Romans."

Again, in *Othello:*

"The *mere* perdition of the Turkiſh fleet." STEEVENS.

[5] *Whenſoever he's* convented.] The firſt folio reads, *conuented,* and this is right: for to *convene* ſignifies to aſſemble; but *convent,* to cite, or ſummons. Yet becauſe *convented* hurts the meaſure, the Oxford editor ſticks to *conven'd,* though it be nonſenſe, and ſignifies, *Whenever he is aſſembled together.* But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing, and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his ſenſe, and the editor, quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the meaſure; which Shakſpeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has ſpruced him up with all the exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, ſhall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. WARBURTON.

The foregoing account of the meaſure of Shakſpeare, and his contemporaries, ought indeed to be forgotten, becauſe it is untrue.

To *convent* is no uncommon word. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock,* 1612:

"—— left my looks
"Should tell the company *convented* there," &c.

To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the ſame Latin verb, and have exactly the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

[6] *So* vulgarly—] Meaning either ſo *groſsly,* with ſuch *indecency* of invective, or by ſo *mean* and inadequate witneſſes. JOHNSON.

Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[Isabella *is carried off, guarded; and* Mariana *comes forward.*

Do you not ſmile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us ſome ſeats.—Come, couſin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cauſe.[7]—Is this the witneſs, friar?

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uſes *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

"——and which pleaſes *vulgarly*." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

"A *vulgar* comment will be made of it;
"And that ſuppoſed by the *common rout*,—
"That may," &c.

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"——for 'tis a *vulgar* proof,
"That very oft we pity enemies." Malone.

[7] ——*Come, couſin Angelo;*
In this I'll be impartial; *be you judge*
Of your own cauſe.] Surely, ſays Mr. Theobald, this Duke had odd notions of impartiality! He reads therefore—*I will be partial*, and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the obſervation unanſwerable. But ſee the uncertainty of criticiſm! *impartial* was ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam, the Woman Hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree againſt the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
"From you to judges more indifferent." Farmer.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part, 1602:

"There's not a beauty lives,
"Hath that *impartial* predominance
"O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjuſt, *impartial* deſtinies!"

Firſt, let her ſhow her face;[8] and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhow my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?[9]

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe
To prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was married;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid:
I have known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Again:

"——this day, this unjuſt, *impartial* day."

In the language of our author's time, *im* was frequently uſed as an augmentative or intenſive particle. Malone.

[8] ——her *face*;] The original copy reads—*your* face. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phraſe, to be found in Ray's *Collection*. Steevens.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe:[1]—Let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe,[2]
In her imagin'd perſon.

[1] *This is a ſtrange* abuſe:] *Abuſe* ſtands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——my ſtrange and ſelf *abuſe*,"

means, *this ſtrange* deception *of myſelf*. Johnson.

[2] *And did ſupply thee at thy* garden-houſe,] A *garden-houſe* in the time of our author was uſually appropriated to purpoſes

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition;[3] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalued
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

of intrigue. So, in Skialethia, or *A Shadow of Truth, in certain Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598:

"Who, coming from the Curtain, ſneaketh in
"To ſome old *garden* noted *houſe* for ſin."

Again, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or *garden-houſe*, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret ſervice." Malone.

See alſo an extract from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 4to. 1597, p. 57; quoted in Vol. V. of Dodſley's *Old Plays*, edit. 1780, p. 74. Reed.

[3] ——*her promiſed* proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition;] Her fortune, which was promiſed *proportionate* to mine, fell ſhort of the *compoſition*, that is, contract or bargain. Johnson.

But Tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women[4] are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.—
Thou fooliſh friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone! think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,[5]
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit,

[4] *Theſe poor* informal *women*—] *Informal* ſignifies *out of their ſenſes.* In *The Comedy of Errors,* we meet with theſe lines:

"——I will not let him ſtir,
"Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
"With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
"To make of him a *formal* man again."

Formal, in this paſſage, evidently ſignifies *in his ſenſes.* The lines are ſpoken of Antipholis of Syracuſe, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
"Not like a *formal* man." STEEVENS.

[5] *Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act I. ſc. iii;

"Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods."
STEEVENS

That's ſeal'd in approbation?[6]—You, lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.— [*Exit* Provoſt.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[7]
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit* Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honeſt in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.

Escal. We ſhall entreat you to abide here till

[6] *That's ſeal'd in* approbation?] When any thing ſubject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a ſtamp or *ſeal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and meaſures. So the Duke ſays, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *ſeal'd* in teſtimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things ſo *ſealed*, is no more to be called in queſtion. Johnson.

[7] —— *to hear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; to ſearch it to the bottom. Johnson.

he come, and enforce them againſt him: we ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would ſpeak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe would ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſhamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* Isabella; *the* Duke, *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.[8]

Escal. Come on, miſtreſs: [*To* Isabella.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

Escal. In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

[8] ——*are* light *at midnight.*] This is one of the words on which Shakſpeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

Steevens.

Escal. Come, ſir: Did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne:[9]—
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt:—But, O, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,[1]

[9] *Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil* &c.] I ſuſpect that a line preceding this has been loſt. Malone.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion. *Great place* has reference to the preceding queſtion—"know you *where* you are?"

Shakſpeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Pliny; and in the fifth book and eighth chapter, might have met with his next idea: "The Augylæ *do no worſhip* to any but to the *devils* beneath."

Tyrants, in our ancient romances, have frequently the ſame object of adoration. Thus, in *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 60:

"Then came the biſhop Cramadas,
"And kneled bifore the Sowdon,
"And charged him by *the hye name Sathanas*,
"To ſaven his goddes ychon." Steevens.

[1] ——*to retort your manifeſt* appeal,] To *refer back* to Angelo the cauſe in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. Johnson.

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf;
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe:[2]—What! unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial:[3] My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

[2] —— this *purpoſe:*] The old copy has—*his* purpoſe. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I believe the paſſage has been corrected in the wrong place; and would read:

—— *We'll touze* him *joint by joint,*
But we will know his *purpoſe.* MALONE.

[3] *Nor here* provincial:] Nor here *accountable.* The meaning ſeems to be, I am not one of his natural ſubjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have alſo ſuperiors, ſubordinate to the general, in the ſeveral provinces through which the order may be diſperſed. The Friar therefore means to ſay, that the Duke dares not touch a finger of his, for he could not puniſh him by his own authority, as he was not his ſubject, nor through that of the ſuperior, as he was not of that province.

M. MASON.

Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew:[4] laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,[5]
As much in mock as mark.

[4] ——— boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew:] I fear that, in the preſent inſtance, our author's metaphor is from the kitchen. So, in *Macbeth:*
" Like a hell-*broth, boil and bubble.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,*] Barbers' ſhops were, at all times, the reſort of idle people:
" *Tonſtrina erat quædam: hic ſolebamus ferè*
" *Plerumque eam opperiri*"——.
which Donatus calls *apta ſedes otioſis.* Formerly with us, the better ſort of people went to the barber's ſhop to be trimmed; who then practiſed the under parts of ſurgery: ſo that he had occaſion for numerous inſtruments, which lay there ready for uſe; and the idle people, with whom his ſhop was generally crouded, would be perpetually handling and miſuſing them. To remedy which, I ſuppoſe there was placed up againſt the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preſerve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may ſerve till a better is diſcovered. But whoever has ſeen the inſtruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very eaſily kept out of improper hands in a very ſmall box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

It was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and *ears.* So, in the old play of *Herod and Antipater,* 1622, *Tryphon* the *barber* enters with a caſe of inſtruments, to each of which he addreſſes himſelf ſeparately:
" Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
" Have been her ſweet companions!—" &c.
I have converſed with ſeveral people who had repeatedly read the liſt of forfeits alluded to by Shakſpeare, but have failed in my endeavours to procure a copy of it. The metrical one, publiſhed by the late Dr. Kenrick, was a forgery. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation in the main to be right, only that inſtead of chirurgical inſtruments, the barber's prohibited implements were principally his razors; his whole

Escal. Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſhmonger, a fool, and a coward,[6] as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

ſtock of which, from the number and impatience of his cuſtomers on a Saturday night or a market morning, being neceſſarily laid out for uſe, were expoſed to the idle fingers of the bye-ſtanders, in waiting for ſucceſſion to the chair.

Theſe forfeits were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both becauſe the barber had no authority of himſelf to enforce them, and alſo as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have ſeen them in Devonſhire, (printed like King Charles's Rules,) though I cannot recollect the contents. HENLEY.

[6] ——*and a* coward,] So again, afterwards:

"You, ſirrah, that know me for a fool, a *coward*,
"One all of luxury——."

But Lucio had not, in the former converſation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the Duke. Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—Away with thoſe giglots too,[7] and with the other confederate companion. [*The* Provoſt *lays hands on the* Duke.

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir; foh, ſir: Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? Show your knave's viſage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?[8]

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

[7] ——*thoſe* giglots *too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"——young Talbot was not born
"To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd* an hour! *Will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phraſe on ſuch occaſions is ſimply: *ſhow your ſheep-biting face and be hanged.* The words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom. I ſuppoſe it was written thus: *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged—an how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obſtruction or reſiſtance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's alteration is wrong. In *The Alchemiſt* we meet with "a man that has been *ſtrangled an hour.*"

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er made a duke.——
Firſt, Provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:——
Sneak not away, ſir; [*To* Lucio.] for the friar and you
Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—— [*To* Escalus.
We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To* Angelo.
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?[9] If thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,

"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. Farmer.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:

"Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curſt a-while.*"
Malone.

Dr. Johnſon is much too poſitive in aſſerting "that the words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom," as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of puniſhing by colliſtrigium, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at preſent which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, ſo that the culprit hung ſuſpended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A diſtinct account of it may be found, if I miſtake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Obſervations on the Statutes.* Henley.

[9] ——*can do thee* office?] i. e. do thee ſervice.
Steevens.

Hath look'd upon my paſſes:[1] Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,[2]
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provoſt.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advértiſing, and holy[3] to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:

[1] ——*my* paſſes:] i. e. what has paſt in my adminiſtration. "Not ſo; (ſays the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786,) *Paſſes* means here *artful devices, deceitful contrivances. Tours de paſſe-paſſe*, in French, are tricks of jugglery." Steevens.

[2] ——*which* conſummate,] i. e. which *being* conſummated. Malone.

[3] *Advértiſing, and holy*—] Attentive and faithful. Johnson.

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.[4]
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,[5]
Than let him ſo be loſt: O, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe:[6] But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provoſt.

ISAB. I do, my lord.

DUKE. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For Mariana's ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,[7]

[4] —— *be you as* free *to us.*] Be as *generous* to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

[5] *Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,*] That is, *a premature diſcovery of it.* M. MASON.

[6] *That* brain'd *my purpoſe:*] We now uſe in converſation a like phraſe: *This it was that knocked my deſign on the head.* Dr. Warburton reads:

—— baned *my purpoſe.* JOHNSON.

[7] —— *and of promiſe*-breach,] Our author ought to have written—" in double violation of ſacred chaſtity, and of *pro-*

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,[8]
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill *for Meaſure.*[9]
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage:[1]
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him,

miſe," inſtead of—promiſe-*breach.* Sir T. Hanmer reads—and *in* promiſe-breach; but change is certainly here improper, Shakſpeare having many ſimilar inaccuracies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Iſabel; yet ſtill ſome difficulty will remain: for then he will be ſaid to be "*criminal* [inſtead of *guilty*] *of* promiſe-breach." MALONE.

[8] ——*even from his* proper *tongue,*] Even from Angelo's *own tongue.* So, above:

"In the witneſs of his *proper* ear
"To call him villain." JOHNSON.

[9] ——Meaſure *ſtill* for Meaſure.] So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI:*

"*Meaſure for Meaſure* muſt be anſwered." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare might have remembered theſe lines in *A Warning for faire Women,* a tragedy, 1599, (but apparently written ſome years before):

"The trial now remains, as ſhall conclude
"*Meaſure for Meaſure,* and loſt blood for blood."
MALONE.

[1] ——*denies thee* vantage:] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage:] The denial of which will avail thee nothing. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Which to deny, concerns more than avails."
MALONE.

Mari. O, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband:
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours,[2]
We do inflate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but loſe your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, [*To* Lucio.] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do impórtune her:[3]

[2] *Although by* confiſcation *they are ours,*] This reading was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right: by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This, however, being rather harſh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. Malone.

I cannot think it even *poſſible* that *confutation* ſhould be the true reading. But the value of the ſecond folio, it ſeems, muſt on all occaſions be diſputed. Steevens.

[3] *Againſt all* ſenſe *you do impórtune her:*] The meaning required is, againſt all reaſon and natural affection; Shakſpeare,

Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
O, Iſabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Moſt bounteous ſir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me;[4] ſince it is ſo,

therefore, judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word that implies both: *ſenſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection. Johnson.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *The Tempeſt*, Act II:

"You cram theſe words into my ears, againſt
"The ſtomach of my *ſenſe*." Steevens.

[4] *Till he did look on me;*] The Duke has juſtly obſerved, that Iſabel is *importuned againſt all ſenſe* to ſolicit for Angelo, yet here *againſt all ſenſe* ſhe ſolicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary:

A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds
Till he did look on me: ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged againſt him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Iſabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were ſuch as muſt ſufficiently juſtify puniſhment, whether its end be to ſecure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels ſome indignation when he finds him ſpared. From what extenuation

Let him not die: My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;[5]
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way:[6] thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provoſt, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

of his crime can Iſabel, who yet ſuppoſes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raiſes the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. Johnson.

It is evident that Iſabella condeſcends to Mariana's importunate ſolicitation with great reluctance. Bad as her argument might be, it is the beſt that the guilt of Angelo would admit. The ſacrifice that ſhe makes of her revenge to her friendſhip ſcarcely merits to be conſidered in ſo harſh a light. Ritson.

[5] *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;*] So, in *Macbeth:*
"The ſlighty purpoſe never is *o'ertook*,
"Unleſs the *deed* go with it." Steevens.

——buried *but as an intent*
That periſh'd by the way:] i. e. like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obſcurely interred, and thought of no more:
Illum exſpirantem ——
Obliti *ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt.* Steevens.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:[7]
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have died,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'ſt done ſo by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Escal. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,

[7] ——*after more advice:*] i. e. after more mature conſideration. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"The Greeks, upon *advice,* did bury Ajax."
Steevens.

That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for thoſe earthly faults,[8] I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:——Friar, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
That ſhould have died when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio, as himſelf.

[*Unmuffles* Claudio.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To* Isabella.] for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe;[9]
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:[1]
Look that you love your wife;[2] her worth, worth yours.[3]—

[8] ——*for thoſe* earthly faults,] Thy faults, ſo far as they are puniſhable on earth, ſo far as they are cogniſable by temporal power, I forgive. Johnson.

[9] ——*perceives he's ſafe;*] It is ſomewhat ſtrange that Iſabel is not made to expreſs either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the ſight of her brother. Johnson.

[1] ——*your evil* quits *you well:*] *Quits you,* recompenſes, requites you. Johnson.

[2] *Look that you love your wife;*] So, in *Promos*, &c.
"Be loving to good Caſſandra, thy wife." Steevens.

[3] ——*her worth, worth yours.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—
Her worth works *yours.*
This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton; but for what reaſon? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth?* it has

I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;[4]—
You, ſirrah, [*To* Lucio.] that knew me for a fool,
a coward,
One all of luxury,[5] an aſs, a madman;
Wherein have I ſo deſerved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick:[6] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipp'd.

only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle; but the ſenſe is plain. *Her worth, worth yours*; that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] The Duke only means to frighten Lucio, whoſe final ſentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other puniſhments are remitted. STEEVENS.

[5] *One all of* luxury,] *Luxury* means *incontinence*. So, in *King Lear*:

"To't, *luxury*, pellmell, for I lack ſoldiers."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *according to the* trick:] To my cuſtom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

Lucio does not ſay *my* trick, but *the* trick; nor does he mean to excuſe himſelf by ſaying that he ſpoke according to his uſual practice, for that would be an aggravation to his guilt, but according to *the* trick and practice of the times. It was probably then the practice, as it is at this day, for the diſſipated and profligate, to ridicule and ſlander perſons in high ſtation, or of ſuperior virtue. M. MASON.

According to the *trick*, is, according to the faſhion of thoughtleſs youth. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—yet I have a *trick* of the old rage." Again, in a collection of epigrams, entitled *Wit's Bedlam*, printed about the year 1615:

"Carnus calls lechery a *trick* of youth;
"So he grows old; but this trick hurts his growth."

MALONE.

Duke. Whipp'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore! Your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompenſe me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:[7]—Take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:[8]

[7] ——*thy other* forfeits:] Thy other puniſhments. Johnson.

To *forfeit* anciently ſignified to *commit a carnal offence*. So, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas, Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "—to affirme by an untrue knight, that the noble queen Beatrice had *forfayted* with a dogge." Again, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Myſteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joſeph:

"I dede nevyr *forfete* with man I wys."

MS. Cott. Veſp. D. viii. Steevens.

[8] *Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:*] I have always thought that there is great confuſion in this concluding ſpeech. If my criticiſm would not be cenſured as too licentious, I ſhould regulate it thus:

There's more behind, that is more gratulate.[9]
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care, and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:—

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs,
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Ang. *The offence pardons itſelf.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*that is more* gratulate.] i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*; meaning, I ſuppoſe, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reaſon to rejoice in conſequence of his upright miniſtry. Eſcalus is repreſented as an ancient nobleman, who in conjunction with Angelo, had reached the higheſt office of the ſtate. He therefore could not be ſufficiently rewarded here, but is neceſſarily referred to a future and more exalted recompenſe. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of Steevens's explanation of this paſſage, which is very far-fetched indeed. The Duke gives Eſcalus thanks for his much goodneſs, but tells him that he had ſome other reward in ſtore for him, more acceptable than thanks; which agrees with what he ſaid before, in the beginning of this Act:

" ——— we hear
" Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
" Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
" *Fore-running more requital.*" M. MASON.

Heywood alſo, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, uſes to *gratulate*, in the ſenſe of to *reward*: "I could not chuſe but *gratulate* your honeſt endeavours with this remembrance."
MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation may be right; but he forgets that the ſpeech he brings in ſupport of it, was delivered before the denouement of the ſcene, and was, at that moment, as much addreſſed to *Angelo* as to Eſcalus; and for *Angelo* the Duke had certainly no reward or honours, in ſtore.—Beſides, I cannot but regard the word—*requital*, as an interpolation, becauſe it deſtroys the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe. "Fore-running more," therefore, would only ſignify—*preceding further thanks.* STEEVENS.

Forgive him; Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.
[*Exeunt.*[1]

[1] I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakſpeare has given turns to this ſtory from what he found it in Giraldi Cinthio's novel. In the firſt place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor ſends his head in a bravado to the ſiſter, after he had debauched her on promiſe of marriage: a circumſtance of too much horror and villainy for the ſtage. And, in the next place, the ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governor, and begs his life of the emperor, though he had unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities the poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our author's fiction.

This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetſtone, in *Two Comical Diſcourſes*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publiſh.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Giraldi Cinthio, from which Shakſpeare is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity Shakſpeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of Cinthio, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that Cinthio was not the author whom Shakſpeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cinthio is named Maximine; the Duke, in Shakſpeare's enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called

Vincentio among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the meer habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of Vincentio Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine Emperor of the Romans.

Of this play, the light or comick part is very natural and pleaſing, but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the Duke and the impriſonment of Claudio; for he muſt have learned the ſtory of Mariana in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved. JOHNSON.

The Duke probably had learnt the ſtory of Mariana in ſome of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed." (Page 213) "And he had a ſuſpicion that Angelo was but a *ſeemer*, (page 218) and therefore he ſtays to watch him."

BLACKSTONE.

The Fable of Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *Hiſtory*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio*, (ſometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* kynge of *Hungarie* and *Bohemia*,) there was a law, that what man ſo ever committed adultery ſhould loſe his head, and the woman offender ſhould weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſly noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome merciſull magiſtrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos'* auctority; who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his ſiſter, named *Caſſandra*: *Caſſandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and ſatisfying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke; and doyng good, that evill might come thereof, for a time he repryved her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking into unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her brother's life: chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſuaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, wonne by the importunitye of hir brother, (pleading for life,) upon theſe conditions ſhe agreed to

Promos. Firſt, that he ſhould pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos*, as ſcareleſs in promiſſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe ſygned her conditions; but worſe then any infydell, his will ſatiſsfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctoritye unſpotted with favour, and to prevent *Caſſandra's* clamors, he commaunded the gayler ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, [touched] with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos'* lewdenes,) by the providence of God provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a felon's head newlie executed; who knew it not, being mangled, from her brother's, (who was ſet at libertie by the gayler). [She] was ſo agreeved at this trecherye, that, at the point to kyl her ſelf, ſhe ſpared that ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos:* and devyſing a way, ſhe concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She, executing this reſolution, was ſo highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he haſted to do juſtice on *Promos:* whoſe judgment was, to marry *Caſſandra*, to repaire her craſed honour; which donne, for his hainous offence, he ſhould loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* wed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the kinge, tendringe the generall benefit of the cõmon weale before her ſpecial caſe, although he favoured her much, would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare hiſtorye, in action livelye followeth."

Whetſtone, however, has not afforded a very correct analyſis of his play, which contains a mixture of comick ſcenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with ſome ſerious ſituations which are not deſcribed. STEEVENS.

One paragraph of the foregoing narrative being ſtrangely confuſed in the old copy, by ſome careleſſneſs of the printer, I have endeavoured to rectify it, by tranſpoſing a few words, and adding two others, which are included within crotchets.

MALONE.

END OF VOL. VI.

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